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IN WAR TIME.

XIX.

EDWARD had insisted upon taking what was properly Arthur's task, — the telling of the latter's engagement to Mrs. Morton. He was well aware that she would listen to her elder son when she would listen to no one else, but he had also other reasons for desiring to come between his mother and brother. Edward was now of age, his own estate was ample, and he knew that she would present arguments about money which his means gave him the ability to put aside; moreover, he had taken this duty on himself with some vague sense of its being, as it were, a penance for the wild desires which still at times shook his firmest resolves.

He found his mother busy in the library.

"I want a few moments of your time, mother," he said.

She turned to listen, with the gentle readiness of attention she had always for him. "What is it, my boy?"

"I have asked Arty to let me tell you of his engagement to Hester. It is a great pleasure to me, for you know I am very, very fond of her."

"Engaged to Arthur! Nonsense, Edward, they are mere children; and if they were not, it is a thing I should totally disapprove, — totally! I shall tell Arthur so. I can understand very

well why he was unwilling to speak to me about it. There was a time when I was consulted about the affairs of my own household."

"But, my dear mother," said Edward, a little amused, despite his sore heart, "these are not children, and you must have seen what was going on. As for Arthur, he has made a name for himself, and so far as I can see has the right every man has to marry whom he will. War ages people fast, mother."

"Marry!" she returned, — "marry, indeed! On what is he to marry? They have neither of them a cent."

"But I don't suppose he wants to marry her to-morrow. Fox wishes him to take a share in his iron works, so as to be himself more at liberty; and I mean, if you don't altogether disapprove, — and you won't, will you, mother? — to give Arty the capital he will require."

"Of course," said Mrs. Morton, petulantly, "it is all to be managed without the slightest reference to me. An unknown girl, half educated, coming from nobody knows where, and brought up by these common Yankee Wendells!"

Clearly Mrs. Morton was angry and unjust.

"They may be plain, but common or vulgar they are not; and really, you know, as to what you say about Hester, my dear mother, that is — well, not

quite true. The Grays are good old Carolina people. Now please don't talk so. It is n't like you. It is n't at *all* like you."

"Still, among them, Ned, they have trapped Arthur; and as to the girl" —

"Stop, mother!" he entreated; "don't say any more. No one has trapped him. You hurt me."

"Hurt you! What do you mean?"

"I had not meant to tell even you, dear mother, but now I must. I loved her myself, mother, — I most dearly loved her! But I am an old, battered, useless man, and no fair young life like that is to be mine."

"You loved her," she said, softly, "and he has taken her from you. Oh, my boy!"

"No, you are again unjust. Neither she nor he knows this, or ever will know it. No one but you knows it."

"My poor Ned! Ah, if only I could help you."

"But you can help me. No one can help me better than by bringing Hester as near to me as it is God's good will that she should be."

"There is nothing you can say, my son, that has not full weight with me; but about this matter I should have been consulted sooner. I must think about it. Oh, if it had been you, Ned, *you* would have told me."

"I don't know that, mother; and you must remember that it is my fault he did not tell you."

"And you loved this girl, my son, and you gave her away."

"No, she went away," said Ned, smiling.

"Who is that on the porch, Ned?"

"It is Miss Ann."

"I don't want to see her. I do not want to see any one. I shall never get over this, Edward, — never."

"She may have come about this very thing. It would be quite like her straightforward ways. I am sure she will feel, mother, that she is in the place of a

mother to Hester, and, knowing how much her brother owes to you, will think as I do, — that we can do nothing without you."

"It would be a very correct and proper feeling for her to have, but I am surprised that any one either thinks or feels correctly nowadays."

"But you will see her?"

"Yes, as you wish it. The servants know that I am at home."

"And shall I go?"

"No. Why should you?"

Miss Ann entered, looking rosy and plump, with her usual expression of undisturbed calm. Duties were not always pleasant to Ann, but they were to be done, and done effectively, like any household tasks. In ordinary social intercourse Mrs. Morton was a trifle dreaded by Ann Wendell, who felt that her own ways were not as the ways of these people; but in matters of graver nature no human being would have awed or stayed the spinster for a moment.

There was a hearty welcome from Edward Morton, and a kind but not over-hearty greeting from his mother, who, as Ned said afterwards, had on a black silk dress and her sternest expression, and who, with the light of battle in her eyes, looked at the rosy, plump little woman as if she were an emissary from the camp of a foe.

Ann Wendell talked very little at any time, and was unskilled in the civilized art of saying non-committal nothings. The winds and the storms interested her, and she spoke of them, but with an uncommon earnestness; and this was because she had been born on Cape Cod, and they had been the rough playmates of her calm and ordered childhood. But her talk about weather was almost the only minor chat she knew how to use. She was disturbed as she came in by the presence of Edward Morton, and thinking he might leave before long was relieved when Mrs. Morton, who felt the need of a little neutral conversation,

began with the usual commonplace introductory.

"Did you walk over, Miss Wendell? What a famous walker you are! In these delicious May days it is a pleasure to breathe. But you ought to wear a veil; the wind burns one so badly."

"Yes, I walked. It is n't very far. I have never been brought up to wear veils;" and then she added with consecutive exactness of reply, "You mentioned the weather; I don't feel quite sure about it. It looks like a northeaster brewing, and you know that makes one anxious. It's so bad for the fishermen."

Mrs. Morton did not know, but she felt faintly amused, which was well just at this time.

"Indeed, I hardly ever notice the weather much. I am luckily one of those happy people who have no interest in the weather-cock."

"I wish I had not," said her son. "I think old Nick invented the east wind."

"The winds are all of God's sending, Edward," returned Ann, gently shaking her head, and with some mild censure in her tones, while Mrs. Morton looked up abruptly, with displeased surprise that this woman should address her eldest son in this familiar fashion. She had heard her do so before, but just now was doubly ready to make disagreeable comments.

"And so are many unpleasant things, Miss Ann," said Edward, smiling. "But you see, if the winds were predestined, I was predestined to abuse them, and so it's all a part of the foreordained arrangements of the universe." He liked to puzzle Ann Wendell.

"Yes, I dare say," returned Ann, seriously, getting her mind in order for a skirmish on free will, and the like.

"My dear Ned," said Mrs. Morton, smiling, "you are a great preacher lost. Won't you take off your cloak, Miss Wendell?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I

have but a few minutes. I came over to talk to you about a thing which has been on my mind; a matter" —

"And shall I leave you with mother?"

"Is it about Miss Hester Gray?" asked Mrs. Morton, who was getting impatient.

"Yes, it is about her; but I was thinking that perhaps your son" —

"If it is about Hester I should prefer that Mr. Morton stayed. We were discussing that very disagreeable affair when you came in, and as Edward represents his father, just now, it is my wish that he remain. Will you have the kindness to go on, Miss Wendell?"

Ann did not like it, but the formal directness of this speech in no way troubled her; and she felt that after all it was a family matter, and that Mrs. Morton had a right to choose who should be present.

"It must be as you like. You know — I suppose you know — that Arthur has asked Hester to marry him, and that she has said she would."

"Yes, I have heard as much," returned Mrs. Morton, stiffly.

"I am sorry, very sorry, about it. I did not think it would have come about so soon, or I should have felt it my duty to speak of it before. I am to blame, because I know, and I think you must know, that it is a thing which can never be."

"Never be!" broke in Edward. "Why, what reason on earth, Miss Ann, can you have to say that?"

"Be so good as to keep quiet, Edward!" exclaimed his mother. "I am glad to hear a little common sense from some one. Pray go on, Miss Wendell. I quite agree with you."

A little puzzled, Ann hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. "I was afraid," she continued, "that I was wrong. It is very difficult to be always right, but I could not see how any one who knew what we know could just look on and say nothing."

"Knew what we know?" repeated Mrs. Morton. "I don't quite clearly understand you."

"Nor I," added Edward.

"And yet you do know that when Captain Gray was dying he said over and over that it was your husband who killed him; and can a dying man lie? The law says he cannot."

"And have you really kept that nonsense in your head all this time?" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"I have had it on my mind," replied Ann. "But it is not nonsense. The law says"—

"But the law deals thus only with the sane!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, bewildered an instant by the firm hold which this incident had obtained on Ann's faith.

"What does this all mean, mother?" said Edward. "I have listened simply with astonishment, but our good friend Miss Ann is not a rash or hasty talker. Please explain it to me. What does it mean?"

"It is easily explained, Edward. Hester's father died delirious at the hospital, and unhappily occupied the bed next to your father. Something your father said put it in Captain Gray's mind that the shot which finally cost him his life was fired by your father. This idea incessantly haunted his brain, and at last was so annoying that we were obliged to move your father before it was quite prudent. I have heard that poor Gray raved about this delusion until he died."

"But"—said Ann.

"One moment, excuse me," continued Mrs. Morton. "This is the simple statement of what happened. Mr. Morton said it was impossible and absurd; Dr. Lagrange and Dr. Wendell said the same; and now comes Miss Wendell to ask us to consider this story from a tragic point of view!"

It certainly did seem to Edward as nearly ludicrous as so grave a matter could be.

"Does n't it seem strange, Miss Ann, that you, of all these various people, should be the only one to continue to think seriously of this matter? Cannot you see in what an exceptional position it places you? Can you be right, and all these others who know more of it than you altogether wrong? Surely you cannot have reflected upon the matter."

"But he said it,—he said it," urged Ann, firmly. For years she had brooded over this, and now it had become for her a fact not to be questioned. To pass it over in silence appeared an inconceivable mode of dealing with what was for her an awful reality.

"Said it! Of course he said it," answered Mrs. Morton; "I heard him say it. But what then? Dying men say many silly things, and Dr. Lagrange told me that this was perfectly nonsensical. In fact, how could the man know who hurt him, in such a scene as that?"

"But Colonel Morton told him it was so," replied Ann.

"Told him! Nonsense. That, at least, is distinctly untrue."

"Your husband will not say so, I am sure," insisted Ann.

"And I am as sure he will," said Edward. "I never heard the story before, but of all the absurd things I ever did hear this seems to me the most so."

"Indeed, I agree with you," said Mrs. Morton.

"And how could you, Miss Ann, of all people," urged Edward, "entertain for a moment such an idea? Cannot you see what an impossible thing it is, and what mischief it may make?"

"We must do our duty, and leave the issues to God. It is true,—I am sure it is true. I think I am sure," she added, recalling what Dr. Lagrange was reported to have said. "Even if you do not credit it, Hester must be enabled to use her own judgment upon it. I shall tell her."

"No, by heavens, no!" cried Edward, angrily.

"But I must."

"You cannot dream of such a course," exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "Remember that my husband, Arthur, all of us, are concerned! It seems to me, Miss Wendell, a strange return for what we have tried to do for your brother."

"Mother, mother!" said Edward.

Ann began to see that there were several sides to this question, clear as it had seemed to her, plain as she had thought that it must be to every one.

"I am not ungrateful. We owe you much," and her eyes filled. "I have not wanted to be unjust, and least of all to you and yours."

"Oh, my mother did not mean that," declared Edward.

"No," assented Mrs. Morton, "I did not; but when such absolute nonsense is talked, how can we stop to choose our words!"

Ann was hurt and troubled. "And what can I do?" she asked, much moved. "I see before me a duty. To you it is absurd. And yet it remains. I ask you, as a Christian woman, what can I do?"

"Do? Do nothing," returned Mrs. Morton.

"Wait, at least, till I hear from my father," urged Edward, sensibly, little knowing the train of events his purpose was to start.

"You will believe him, I presume?" said Mrs. Morton.

"If he can say that it was not so, and can show us that it was not, I shall believe."

Edward was somewhat amused at her doubts, but also much relieved. "That will answer perfectly. And you and I will talk it all over. I am sure I can satisfy you,—quite sure. And you will not speak of this to Hester until we have heard from my father."

"No, I will not; not now, at least."

"Then it is settled?"

"Yes, for the present;" and she rose and went away, not quite as well satisfied with herself as she had been.

"Yet I was right," she thought; "if it were only an accident of war, I should still be right!"

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Morton, rather illogically, "you see what comes of association with such people as these, and how it ends?"

Edward smiled. "Hardly. But, mother, did you ever dream or hear of such inconceivable nonsense? Poor Miss Ann has lived so out of the world that she is really to be excused; but the mischief of it all, mother,—the mischief! Why, the mere whisper of such a thing would craze a girl like Hester; and then—poor Arty!"

"I said it could n't possibly come to any good, and now you see."

"But it must come to good, mother, and it will. And now you are going to try to see it as I do, and think what it will be for me to have a sister like Hester."

"I shall do, as I have always done, the best for my children; but I am sure your father won't like it."

"Wait till he hears what I say," he returned. "I shall write at once. I cannot get this thing out of my head. It seems to me so full of danger."

"It is certainly very disagreeable. You may say to Arthur, Ned, that I will think it over. I cannot see my way to any conclusion as yet; and meanwhile I would rather not talk to him about it."

"But won't he feel hurt?"

"That he should have thought about before," she said, and went upstairs, resolving that she would talk it all over with Alice Westerley, who had heard this strange tale, and who, as her friend remembered, had simply smiled at it as a matter of odd interest.

Edward wrote at once to his father, inclosing a note from Arthur, and with less patience than was usual with him awaited a reply.

XX.

Mrs. Grace by degrees recovered from the shock of her tilt with Mrs. Westerley. Hers was a moral constitution not prone to suffer long from wounds, and she soon began again to take a complacent interest in the affairs of her neighbors. She had not quite liked a letter she had received from Colonel Fox, and had also had some difficulty in explaining to Mr. Grace what she had done to justify her cousin's refusal to act longer as her trustee. At present she was a good deal taken up with her daughter, who was malarious from much furtive ingestion of bon-bons; but the mother still found leisure to do a little dull talk when occasion offered. It had seemed to her that it was wise to ignore Alice Westerley's rebuffs, and she therefore lost no occasion to speak to her, — a course alike unpleasing and amazing to her sensitive victim.

There had been a meeting at Miss Clemson's house, and the rooms had been filled with women interested in the care of the orphans made by the war. As usual Mrs. Morton kept things straight, and so checked diffusive talk that the work was soon over and assigned to committees. Then most of the women went away, and the few who were left fell to chatting.

Miss Clemson looked taller than ever in her small rooms, and also more gaunt, having adopted a new and wholesome but implacable kind of dress, which seemed to have disposed, once for all, of the kindly curves of the human frame.

"Where did you get the pattern of that table cover?" asked Mrs. Grace.

"Is n't it quaint?" said Miss Clemson. "Miss Wendell made it; or rather, to be precise, Miss Gray made it after a design which Miss Wendell gave her; but I added the fringe myself."

"It is very nice," assented Mrs. Grace. "I suppose we shall soon have news of

Hester Gray and Arthur Morton. But how his mother will hate it! Not a cent, my dear. And in her old age, too!"

"Really," returned Miss Clemson, "the interest which marriage appears to possess for some people, Mrs. Grace, is curious to me."

"But why curious?" asked Mrs. Bullock. "I can understand your own indifference to it, my dear. It's a bad habit you acquired young;" which was true, since in her blonde youth Miss Clemson had been fatal; but then and always had vaguely resented the admiration of men.

"Why?" she returned. "If you would read Quetelet or Buckle, you would see that marriage is purely a matter of statistics. Given so many men and women, there will be just so many marriages. The unit in such matters is of mere fractional value."

"I don't think I quite approve of your views," exclaimed Mrs. Grace.

"I dare say," said Miss Clemson, indifferently; and then Mrs. Bullock laughed.

At that moment Alice Westerley, who overheard them, and who was in high good humor, joined the group.

"Don't any of you trust Jane Clemson on the subject of marriage," she said. "After filling her wigwam with countless scalps, she sits down and says that nobody else ought to go on the war-path."

"I don't think," rejoined Miss Clemson, who took all discussion gravely, — "I don't think that marriage should be the single goal of a woman's existence. Let us educate women as well as men are educated, and then they will have so many higher aims in life that they will not condescend to dress and talk and dance merely to please men."

"I should think that just a little ignorance might be conducive to bliss in those days," said Alice. "I should like to start a rival college, with professorships of the art of pleasing. What not

to know should be one branch of study. Your wise girl graduates would be nowhere."

"Men will never truly respect us," returned Miss Clemson, "until we compete with them in their universities and in their professions."

"I shall advise Arty to apply for admission at Vassar."

"I don't think he could pass."

"Perhaps not. It would depend somewhat on the age of the examiners. But I must speak to Helen Morton before I go," and she turned away, laughing.

"It is impossible for Alice to discuss anything seriously," said Miss Clemson. "It is really a sad defect in so fine a nature."

"I quite agree with you," murmured Mrs. Grace, to whom the remark was not addressed.

Miss Clemson rather resented her assenting opinion, but said nothing further.

Then Mrs. Bullock spoke with decisiveness about the warmth of the weather.

"Yes. It seems nearly impossible to regulate the temperature of one's rooms. I looked at my thermometers before you came, but they don't quite agree. One does expect thermometers to agree, even if people do not. Please to open that window behind you, Mrs. Bullock."

"Dr. Withers," remarked Mrs. Grace, "says that I keep my house too cool; but Sarah — she is never hot enough."

"Dr. Withers!" exclaimed Mrs. Bullock. "I thought Dr. Wendell attended you."

"Not now. I could not get him to come into my views. He says Sarah has no liver."

"Rather odd, that, I must say," commented Miss Clemson.

"Yes, was n't it? — when I know she is just all liver and malaria, and that's what's the matter with her. But then he never was of much account about

livers, and they do say his practice is going to pieces. Mrs. Starr has left him, and Mrs. Evans is going to give him up."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Bullock, who had also her views as concerned doctors, — "I am afraid he does n't consider constitutions enough. There is everything in knowing people's constitutions."

"I hope you are both wrong," responded Miss Clemson, who liked Wendell. "I never change my doctor."

"Oh, don't you?" said Mrs. Grace.

"Because I never have one!" cried Miss Clemson, laughing.

During this talk Mrs. Westerley, who was pretending to sympathize with a sad tale of departing cooks, and like grievances, was keenly listening to the chat beside her. She knew that Wendell was not keeping his patients, and a sense of indignant annoyance arose in her mind that this wretched woman should dare to sit in judgment on a man like Wendell. She felt more and more that she, at least, must stand by him. Then a new phase of the talk caught her ear.

"I don't think," continued Miss Clemson, who never allowed abuse of the absent, "that people here appreciate Dr. Wendell's abilities. He ought to be in a great city. I think myself that it is very difficult to judge of a physician. We have n't the opportunities or even the knowledge."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Bullock, who was facile in abandoning her opinions. "And I must say this for Dr. Wendell: he went last week to see my farmer's wife, and she and three of her children had small-pox; and I can tell you if I were a doctor I certainly would not attend cases of small-pox! I did hear that Dr. Withers would n't go."

"Oh, I suppose it is n't his specialty," explained Mrs. Grace; "and after all, it is their business."

"Still, I think it is a brave thing,"

said Miss Clemson, "to face diseases as they do. I call a man brave who just coolly goes as an every-day affair, and takes these risks. It is the only pursuit in quiet times in which the peril is incessant and the call for quiet courage constant."

"Well, I am glad my doctor does n't go to such cases," said Mrs. Grace. "But I must speak to Mrs. Morton."

Alice listened eagerly. It soothed her immeasurably to feel that here was some one who could call Wendell brave. She would have liked to kiss the tall spinster, who had thus ignorantly poured balm on her wounds, but contented herself with saying, as she turned to leave, —

"My dear, how well you look! And what is your secret for keeping a complexion like a baby's? It must be the way you're dressed; but then you women who never think about such things have always the nicest dresses;" for which little fib let us hope the fair widow may be forgiven, and her flattery set down to an honest desire to pay her debts with usury thereto.

Altogether the morning had been a good one for her lover, and with a new tenderness and a pride that set her wondering if Fox himself would have stood this other test of courage, she went out into the May sunshine feeling in pleasant accord with the weather.

Then Mrs. Morton overtook her, and said that she would walk to her house, as she had something to say to her; and so, leaving the other women, they turned into Mrs. Westerley's gate. In the drawing-room they found Hester and Mr. Wilmington, who was apt to make some excuse to see Mrs. Westerley as often as he could. He had not misused his leisure, and in fact preferred, as he said, one woman at a time.

"So, Miss Hester," he had remarked, "Master Arthur has been saying pretty things to you, I hear?"

"Indeed, you must be misinformed,"

replied the young lady, beginning to grow quite unreasonably warm.

"Oh, but he has told me all about it," said Wilmington.

"Then you had best not believe a word he says," she returned, smiling. "I never do."

"Watch him well, my dear; watch him well. The godfather who could renounce for any of that Morton breed the devil and the — What's the rest of it?"

"How should I know?" answered Hester. "I never was a godfather."

"Nor I. But there is something they renounce. I would n't do it for Edward, and I would n't for Arthur. Oh, you are a rash young woman!"

"But I am not to be a godfather; and with your counsel," she returned archly, "and your experience of those things he ought to have had renounced for him, don't you think we may get along?"

"Oh, it's 'we' now! Be very good, and tell me what you want for a wedding present."

"A house, and a carriage and four," she cried, laughing.

"Gracious, I shall be a ruined man! But here come Mrs. Westerley and Mrs. Morton."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hester, who had not seen the latter lady for some time, and who dreaded the encounter. Mrs. Westerley kissed her, and Mrs. Morton asked how she was, and was coldly civil, as such a woman well knows how to be; while poor Hester, who fully understood that she was by no means to be welcomed into the Morton family, felt as if no corner could be undesirably small as a refuge.

Wilmington was aware that there was an unpleasant check in Hester's love affair, and he also liked to annoy Mrs. Morton at times; so partly from disapproval of her present course, and partly from habit, he lapsed into the repetitions which were apt to overtake him

when with more than one person, or when it pleased him not to help the talk.

"I don't think Edward is very well," said Mrs. Morton, speaking past Hester.

"No, he is n't well," muttered Wilmington. "Looks sick."

"And I have lost two cows in a week."

"Two cows in a week!"

"Don't you think that is atrociously bad luck, Mr. Wilmington?"

"Yes, that's bad luck."

Then Mrs. Morton felt forced to fall back on Hester, as Mrs. Westerley, standing apart, had just said, "Pardon me, Helen, I must open these notes." She began to talk to Hester about her studies, and was presently struck with the girl's gentle self-possession.

"And was Edward a good teacher?" she inquired, watching her critically.

"Surely," thought Hester, quite conscious of being under inspection, "a mother-in-law that is to be is terrible;" and then, remembering whose mother she was, her pride melted. "But what woman would want to let a girl like me marry such a son as Arty?" And thinking thus, she replied, "Oh, Mrs. Morton, Mr. Edward was the best of teachers; and who is there like him? I think him the best of men."

Wilmington opened his eyes at her, murmured, "Indeed!" and relapsed into what might have seemed slumber to those who did not know his ways.

"Yes, and life has been hard for him, poor fellow!"

"But perhaps that is why he makes it gentler for every one else. I think in the old Round Table days there might have been people like him, but not now."

Hester had lost her terror in the pleasant task of praising her hero, Edward.

"You are a wise little woman." It was enough to talk about Edward to

satisfy Mrs. Morton, and the girl had been artlessly clever in her speech.

Then Mr. Wilmington woke up. "He is n't worth much compared to Arthur," he said; "rather a sentimental young man."

Mrs. Morton laughed. "Oh," she said, gayly, "that hook was not too well baited! Come and dine with us to-morrow."

"On one condition," he returned, looking, as Mrs. Westerley afterwards declared, as wicked as the scapegoat: "and that is that I may have Miss Hester."

Mrs. Morton was equal to the occasion. "Certainly," she assented, in her most quiet tone, "we shall expect you, Miss Gray."

"But Hester dines with me," rejoined Mrs. Westerley, promptly.

"Then you will both come," continued Mrs. Morton, with frosty politeness. "At seven, dear."

"You are very good, Mrs. Morton," Hester replied, "but I think I promised to dine here with Mr. Edward and Mr. Arthur Morton."

"What, all the family! You will have to endure me quite alone, Mr. Wilmington;" and then Mrs. Morton felt that somehow the battle was not for her to-day, but she had, nevertheless, a distinct sense of approval of the calmness of her young adversary under fire.

In a little while Mr. Wilmington went away with Hester, and made himself pleasant, as he knew full well how to do, and the two elder women were left alone.

"I wonder, Alice, that you allow that woman Mrs. Grace to speak to you. Edward calls her the 'news fiend.' Is n't that delightfully descriptive?"

"My dear, I never cut people now. It is an endless annoyance. You have to be so on your guard not to speak to them. I don't know how it may be with you, but time does betray one so. I want to scalp some woman to-day, and

in a year I only care just to pinch her a little, and in another year I am indifferent about her altogether. I think I like that big angel Ned's views. He told me that he quarreled outright with a man once in Texas, and that it was like having measles: it prevented him from ever quarreling with anybody else."

"Oh, there is no one like that boy. But he can be angry, I assure you."

"Of course he can. A man is worth little who cannot."

"I have always lived with men who were capable enough in that line. And do you know, dear, that is one of the things I never did like about Dr. Wendell. He seems to be quite unable to get into a good honest rage at anything."

"Perhaps he controls himself."

"No, the man is too gentle. He has, I think, a — well, a sleek disposition."

"Oh, what an unpleasant phrase, Helen!" cried her friend, coloring slightly. "I think you are unfair, and this matter of Arty's has made you irritable, too."

"Take care," said Mrs. Morton, playfully shaking her finger at her friend, — "take care! It is n't only Mrs. Grace who talks about you. I have always wanted you to marry, — and it is very good of me, too, dear, — but not Dr. Wendell, Alice. At least marry a gentleman."

"I think he is one," retorted Alice, angry, and governing herself with difficulty.

"A kind of one; not just precisely our kind."

"And pray, Helen, what are our kind like?"

"You know, Alice, quite as well as I do."

"I don't think I do, or if I do I am tired of our kind. When I mean to marry Dr. Wendell or any one, I will let you know."

Then Mrs. Morton understood that she had said enough, and made up her

mind that her friend would marry Wendell.

"Well, I am glad that you are not committed in any way."

"Of that you may rest assured," said Alice. This was hardly true, but she believed that she had a fair right to so construe her present relations. More and more had she felt to-day that she was keeping him and herself in a false position. She was sore, too, from the whips of these idle tongues. Now she would end it all, and do the thing and abide by it, and so put herself where no one could dare to talk thus to her of the man she loved.

"But, Helen," she added, "what was it you wanted to say to me? Of course it was n't about this. I think we may drop Dr. Wendell."

"No, it was quite another matter;" and then she told Alice the story of Miss Ann's visit. "And now what do you think of it? What with these Wendells, and this absurd love affair of Arthur's, and this serio-comic performance of that Yankee old maid, I am what my old nurse used to describe as 'about done out.'"

Alice winced a little, but, keeping her repeated hurts to herself, she answered, "I don't wonder. But is it so bad, after all? Let us look at it calmly. I warned you about Hester, and you did nothing."

"I know," said Mrs. Morton, gravely.

"And of course you will have to yield."

"I suppose so," groaned Mrs. Morton, who was what Mrs. Bullock called "low in her mind."

"And except as to money, what can you say? The girl is pretty, well-mannered, intelligent, sweet-tempered. What more on earth can you want?"

Mrs. Morton was too shrewd to talk to Alice as she had done to Edward. "Every one is against me," she said so plaintively that Alice laughed aloud.

"And every one ought to be against you."

"Edward wants to give him money to join Colonel Fox in his iron works," said Mrs. Morton sorrowfully.

"Not really? How hard on you, Helen!"

"You are really too outrageous," rejoined the injured lady; "but it is always so! I never have my own way."

Alice smiled. "If Hester had come to you, and said, 'Mr. Morton wants to marry me, and I think I ought not to let him without your consent,' you would have kissed her, and said, 'Now that's the kind of girl for a daughter!' Would n't you, Helen?"

Mrs. Morton smiled despite herself. "I dare say I should."

"You always do come right in the end. But I overheard you say to Mr. Wilmington that Ned was not so well. Is it this tragedy of Miss Ann's?"

"Partly that, I think; and I am afraid I have worried him about Arty."

"The more reason for doing so no longer."

"Perhaps you are right, Alice. I will talk to Arty."

"Do, dear. And about the other matter. Miss Wendell, you say, has promised to be silent, and Edward has written, and asked an answer by cable?"

"Yes."

"Then," continued Alice, "you can do no more. Tell Arty you must wait to hear from his father, but of course not a word about the other trouble. In twelve days — let me see, that will be about May 14th. We shall hear then, and it will be all cleared up, even to Ann's satisfaction, and you will welcome this dear child to your heart. I wish she were my daughter."

"I will think of it, dear. How good and patient you are, Alice! I don't wonder every one loves you." And so the two women cried a little, and kissed
another, and Mrs. Morton went

away feeling somehow that her burden was lighter, while Alice went upstairs happy in her victory, and singing like a bird for pure joy.

By and by she sat down at a table near to the window, and, after a moment's thought, wrote thus to Wendell:—

"I wondered why you had not been here to-day, but now I know it is because you have cases of small-pox. Come and see me when you feel it to be safe. Tell Hester to be patient and to wait. I have had a satisfactory talk with Mrs. Morton. As soon as they hear from Colonel Morton everything will come right. I have delayed answering you in form, partly from an indecision which has been as painful to me as to you, as you must know by this time. But now I mean to end it, and if I ask you after this to wait a few days you will not mind it, I am sure. I have had a fancy — and you ought to be glad to think that I am yet young enough to have caprices — that I would not say, frankly, Yes, until we have heard from Colonel Morton about this other matter. Now I am very truly Alice Westerley; but after that I shall be very truly *yours*. A. W."

That she was even yet quite free from indecision cannot be said; but this was all that was left of it, and she felt happier than she had done for many days.

Decision is a pleasant inn after a troubled journey that has led us hither and thither. To the wholesome-minded guest it is apt to open wide the kindest hospitalities of hope, where we are served by cheerful fancies and feed on what we will.

Having thus ended this matter, Alice looked out over the shrubbery and across the hills and fields; and everywhere the little riddles of last autumn's thousand seeming deaths were being answered in the swarming life of spring. Birds went busily from bough to bough,

with wooings in which there was little indecision. The air was dotted with insect life forever on the wing, and over all a bustling western wind drove a great flock of clouds across the sky.

A warm, inquisitive sunshine stirred all creation with throbs of reawakened life, and in the woman's heart also was springtime, and mysterious longings, and growth of sweet feminine hopes, and welcomes for the tender happiness

which promised her a larger and yet a truer life in the days to come. Such sense of exaltation to higher levels of existence and its better purposes comes instinctively to those who nobly love.

As she sat and thought, Wendell's face came before her, with its prevalent undertone of sadness and its air of scholarly refinement. "Not a gentleman!" she murmured, smiling. "Ah, we shall see!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE GEORGE.

EARLY in 1755, the British and colonial authorities, without a declaration of war, attempted a series of combined operations to repel what were regarded as encroachments of the French. One of these movements was directed against Fort Duquesne, and resulted in the defeat of Braddock; another against the French in Acadia, ending in the removal of the inhabitants of that country. The third, against Niagara, was never completed; while the fourth, that against Crown Point, led to a curious and noteworthy passage-of-arms on the banks of Lake George.

Crown Point was a dangerous neighbor which, for a quarter of a century, had threatened the Northern colonies. Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, had proposed an attack on it to the ministry, in January; and in February, without waiting their reply, he laid the plan before his assembly. They accepted it, and voted money for the pay and maintenance of twelve hundred men, provided the adjacent colonies would contribute in due proportion. Massachusetts showed a military activity worthy of the reputation she had won. Forty-five hundred of her men, or one in eight of her adult males, volunteered to fight the French, and enlisted for the various ex-

peditions; some in the pay of the province, and some in that of the king. It remained to name a commander for the Crown Point enterprise. Nobody had power to do so, for Braddock was not yet come; but that time might not be lost, Shirley, at the request of his assembly, took the responsibility on himself. If he had named a Massachusetts officer, it would have roused the jealousy of the other New England colonies; and he therefore appointed William Johnson, of New York, thus gratifying that important province and pleasing the Five Nations, who at this time looked on Johnson with even more than usual favor. Hereupon, in reply to his request, Connecticut voted twelve hundred men, New Hampshire five hundred, and Rhode Island four hundred, all at their own charge; while New York, a little later, promised eight hundred more. When, in April, Braddock and the council at Alexandria approved the plan and the commander, Shirley gave Johnson the commission of major-general of the levies of Massachusetts; and the governors of the other provinces contributing to the expedition gave him similar commissions for their respective contingents. Never did general take the field with authority so heterogeneous.

He had never seen service, and knew nothing of war. By birth he was Irish, of good family, being nephew of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who, owning extensive wild lands on the Mohawk, had placed the young man in charge of them nearly twenty years before. Johnson was born to prosper. He had ambition, energy, an active mind, a tall, strong person, a rough, jovial temper, and a quick adaptation to his surroundings. He could drink flip with Dutch boors, or madeira with royal governors. He liked the society of the great, would intrigue and flatter when he had an end to gain, and foil a rival without looking too closely at the means; but compared with the Indian traders who infested the border, he was a model of uprightness. He lived by the Mohawk in a fortified house, which was a stronghold against foes and a scene of hospitality to friends, both white and red. Here—for his tastes were not fastidious—presided for many years a Dutch or German wench, whom he finally married; and after her death a young Mohawk squaw took her place. Over his neighbors, the Indians of the Five Nations, and all others of their race with whom he had to deal, he acquired a remarkable influence. He liked them, adopted their ways, and treated them kindly or sternly as the case required, but always with a justice and honesty in strong contrast with the rascalities of the commission of Albany traders who had lately managed their affairs, and whom they so detested that one of their chiefs called them “not men, but devils.” Hence, when Johnson was made Indian superintendent there was joy through all the Iroquois confederacy. When, in addition, he was made a general, he assembled the warriors in council to engage them to aid the expedition.

This meeting took place at his own house, known as Fort Johnson; and as more than eleven hundred Indians appeared at his call, his larder was sorely

taxed to entertain them. The speeches were interminable. Johnson, a master of Indian rhetoric, knew his audience too well not to contest with them the palm of insufferable prolixity. The climax was reached on the fourth day, and he threw down the war-belt. An Oneida chief took it up; Stevens, the interpreter, began the war-dance, and the assembled warriors howled in chorus. Then a tub of punch was brought in, and they all drank the king’s health. They showed less alacrity, however, to fight his battles, and scarcely three hundred of them would take the war-path. Too many of their friends and relatives were enlisted for the French.

While the British colonists were preparing to attack Crown Point, the French of Canada were preparing to defend it. Duquesne, recalled from his post, had resigned the government to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who had at his disposal the battalions of regulars that had sailed in the spring from Brest under Baron Dieskau. His first thought was to use them for the capture of Oswego; but the letters of Braddock, found on the battle-field, warned him of the design against Crown Point; while a reconnoitring party which had gone as far as the Hudson brought back news that Johnson’s forces were already in the field. Therefore the plan was changed, and Dieskau was ordered to lead the main body of his troops, not to Lake Ontario, but to Lake Champlain. He passed up the Richelieu, and embarked in boats and canoes for Crown Point. The veteran knew that the foes with whom he had to deal were but a mob of countrymen. He doubted not of putting them to rout, and meant never to hold his hand till he had chased them back to Albany. “Make all haste,” Vaudreuil wrote to him; “for when you return we shall send you to Oswego to execute our first design.”

Johnson on his part was preparing to advance. In July about three thousand

provincials were encamped near Albany: some on the "Flats" above the town, and some on the meadows below. Hither, too, came a swarm of Johnson's Mohawks, — warriors, squaws, and children. They adorned the general's face with war-paint, and he danced the war-dance; then with his sword he cut the first slice from the ox that had been roasted whole for their entertainment. "I shall be glad," wrote the surgeon of a New England regiment, "if they fight as eagerly as they ate their ox and drank their wine."

Above all things the expedition needed promptness; yet everything moved slowly. Five popular legislatures controlled the troops and the supplies. Connecticut had refused to send her men till Shirley promised that her commanding officer should rank next to Johnson. The whole movement was for some time at a deadlock because the five governments could not agree about their contributions of artillery and stores. The New Hampshire regiment had taken a short cut for Crown Point across the wilderness of Vermont, but had been recalled in time to save them from probable destruction. They were now with the rest in the camp at Albany, in such distress for provisions that a private subscription was proposed for their relief.

Johnson's army, crude as it was, had in it good material. Here was Phineas Lyman, of Connecticut, second in command, once a tutor at Yale College, and more recently a lawyer, — a raw soldier, but a vigorous and brave one; Colonel Moses Titcomb, of Massachusetts, who had fought with credit at Louisbourg; and Ephraim Williams, also colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, a tall and portly man, who had been a captain in the last war, member of the General Court, and deputy-sheriff. He made his will in the camp at Albany, and left a legacy to found the school which has since become Williams College. His relative, Stephen Williams, was chap-

lain of his regiment, and his brother Thomas was its surgeon. Seth Pomeroy, gunsmith at Northampton, who, like Titcomb, had seen service at Louisbourg, was its lieutenant-colonel. He had left a wife at home, an excellent matron, to whom he was continually writing affectionate letters; mingling household cares with news of the camp, and charging her to see that their eldest boy, Seth, then in college at New Haven, did not run off to the army. Pomeroy had with him his brother Daniel; and this he thought was enough. Here, too, was a man whose name is still a household word in New England, — the sturdy Israel Putnam, private in a Connecticut regiment; and another as bold as he, John Stark, lieutenant in the New Hampshire levies, and the future victor of Bennington.

The soldiers were no soldiers, but farmers and farmers' sons who had volunteered for the summer campaign. One of the corps had a blue uniform faced with red. The rest wore their daily clothing. Blankets had been served out to them by the several provinces, but the greater part brought their own guns: some under the penalty of a fine if they came without them, and some under the inducement of a reward. They had no bayonets, but carried hatchets in their belts as a sort of substitute. At their sides were slung powder-horns, on which, in the leisure of the camp, they carved quaint devices with the points of their jackknives. They came chiefly from plain New England homesteads, — rustic abodes, unpainted and dingy, with long well-sweeps, capacious barns, rough fields of pumpkins and corn, and vast kitchen chimneys, above which in winter hung squashes to keep them from frost, and guns to keep them from rust.

As to the manners and morals of the army there is conflict of evidence. In some respects nothing could be more exemplary. "Not a chicken has b-

stolen," says William Smith, of New York; while, on the other hand, Colonel Ephraim Williams writes to Colonel Israel Williams, then commanding on the Massachusetts frontier, "We are a wicked, profane army, especially the New York and Rhode Island troops. Nothing to be heard among a great part of them but the language of hell. If Crown Point is taken, it will not be for our sakes, but for those good people left behind." There was edifying regularity in respect to form. Sermons twice a week, daily prayers, and frequent psalm-singing alternated with the much-needed military drill. "Prayers among us night and morning," writes Private Jonathan Caswell, of Massachusetts, to his father. "Here we lie, knowing not when we shall march for Crown Point; but I hope not long to tarry. Desiring your prayers to God for me as I am agoing to war, I am Your Ever Dutiful Son."

To Pomeroy and some of his brothers in arms it seemed that they were engaged in a kind of crusade against the myrmidons of Rome. "As you have at heart the Protestant cause," he wrote to his friend Israel Williams, "so I ask an interest in your prayers that the Lord of Hosts would go forth with us and give us victory over our unreasonable, encroaching, barbarous, murdering enemies."

Both Williams the surgeon and Williams the colonel chafed at the incessant delays. "The expedition goes on very much as a snail runs," writes the former to his wife; "it seems we may possibly see Crown Point this time twelve months." The colonel was vexed because everything was out of joint in the department of transportation: wagoners mutinous for want of pay; ordnance stores, camp-kettles, and provisions left behind. "As to rum," he complains, "it won't hold out nine weeks. Things appear most melancholy to me." Even as he was writing a report came of the defeat of Braddock; and, shocked at the

blow, his pen traced the words, "The Lord have mercy on poor New England!"

Johnson had sent four Mohawk scouts to Canada. They returned on the 21st of August with the report that the French were all astir with preparation, and that eight thousand men were coming to defend Crown Point. On this a council of war was called; and it was resolved to send to the several colonies for reinforcements. Meanwhile, the main body had moved up the river to the spot called the Great Carrying Place, where Lyman had begun a fortified storehouse, which his men called Fort Lyman, but which was afterwards named Fort Edward. Two Indian trails led from this point to the waters of Lake Champlain, one by way of Lake George, and the other by way of Wood Creek. There was doubt which course the army should take. A road was begun to Wood Creek; then it was countermanded, and a party was sent to explore the path to Lake George. "With submission to the general officers," Surgeon Williams again writes, "I think it a very grand mistake that the business of reconnoitring was not done months ago." It was resolved at last to march for Lake George: gangs of axemen were sent to hew out the way; and on the 26th two thousand men were ordered to the lake, while Colonel Blanchard, of New Hampshire, remained with five hundred to finish and defend Fort Lyman.

The train of Dutch wagons, guarded by the homely soldiery, jolted slowly over the stumps and roots of the newly made road, and the regiments followed at their leisure. The hardships of the way were not without their consolations. The jovial Irishman who held the chief command made himself very agreeable to the New England officers. "We went on about four or five miles," says Pomeroy in his journal, "then stopped, ate pieces of broken bread and cheese, and drank some fresh lemon-punch and

the best of wine with General Johnson and some of the field officers." It was the same on the next day: "Stopped about noon, and dined with General Johnson by a small brook under a tree; ate a good dinner of cold boiled and roast venison; drank good fresh lemon-punch and wine."

That afternoon they reached their destination, fourteen miles from Fort Lyman. The most beautiful lake in America lay before them; then more beautiful than now, in the wild charm of untrodden mountains and virgin forests. "I have given it the name of Lake George," wrote Johnson to the Lords of Trade, "not only in honor of his majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here." His men made their camp on a piece of rough ground by the edge of the water, pitching their tents among the stumps of the newly felled trees. In their front was a forest of pitch-pine; on their right, a marsh, choked with alders and swamp-maples; on their left, the low hill where Fort George was afterwards built; and at their rear, the lake. Little was done to clear the forest in front, though it would give excellent cover to an enemy. Nor did Johnson take much pains to learn the movements of the French in the direction of Crown Point, though he sent scouts towards South Bay and Wood Creek. Every day stores and bateaux, or flat boats, came on wagons from Fort Lyman, and preparation moved on with the leisure that had marked it from the first. About three hundred Mohawks came to the camp, and were regarded by the New England men as nuisances. On Sunday the gray-haired Stephen Williams preached to these savage allies a long Calvinistic sermon, which must have sorely perplexed the interpreter whose business it was to turn it into Mohawk; and in the afternoon young Chaplain Newell, of Rhode Island, expounded to the New England men the somewhat untimely text, "Love your

enemies." On the next Sunday, September 7th, Williams preached again, this time to the whites, from a text in Isaiah. It was a peaceful day, fair and warm, with a few light showers; yet not wholly a day of rest, for two hundred wagons came up from Fort Lyman, loaded with bateaux. After the sermon there was an alarm. An Indian scout came in about sunset, and reported that he had found the trail of a body of men moving from South Bay towards Fort Lyman. Johnson called for a volunteer to carry a letter of warning to Colonel Blanchard, the commander. A wagoner named Adams offered himself for the perilous service, mounted, and galloped along the road with the letter. Sentries were posted, and the camp fell asleep.

While Johnson lay at Lake George, Dieskau prepared a surprise for him. The German baron had reached Crown Point at the head of three thousand five hundred and seventy-three men, regulars, Canadians, and Indians. He had no thought of waiting there to be attacked. The troops were told to hold themselves ready to move at a moment's notice. Officers — so ran the order — will take nothing with them but one spare shirt, one spare pair of shoes, a blanket, a bear-skin, and provisions for twelve days; Indians are not to amuse themselves by taking scalps till the enemy is entirely defeated, since they can kill ten men in the time required to scalp one. Then Dieskau moved on, with nearly all his force, to Carillon, or Ticonderoga, a promontory commanding both the routes by which alone Johnson could advance, that of Wood Creek and that of Lake George.

The Indian allies were commanded by Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, the officer who had received Washington on his embassy to Fort Le Bœuf. These unmanageable warriors were a constant annoyance to Dieskau, being a species of humanity quite new to him. "They

drive us crazy," he says, "from morning till night. There is no end to their demands. They have already eaten five oxen and as many hogs, without counting the kegs of brandy they have drunk. In short, one needs the patience of an angel to get on with these devils; and yet one must always force himself to seem pleased with them."

They would scarcely even go out as scouts. At last, however, on the 4th of September, a reconnoitring party came in with a scalp and an English prisoner caught near Fort Lyman. He was questioned under the threat of being given to the Indians for torture if he did not tell the truth; but, nothing daunted, he invented a patriotic falsehood, and, thinking to lure his captors into a trap, told them that the English army had fallen back to Albany, leaving five hundred men at Fort Lyman, which he represented as indefensible. Dieskau resolved on a rapid movement to seize the place. At noon of the same day, leaving a part of his force at Ticonderoga, he embarked the rest in canoes, and advanced along the narrow prolongation of Lake Champlain that stretched southward through the wilderness to where the town of Whitehall now stands. He soon came to a point where the lake dwindled to a mere canal, while two mighty rocks, capped with stunted forests, faced each other from the opposing banks. Here he left an officer named Roquemaure with a detachment of troops, and again advanced along a belt of quiet water traced through the midst of a deep marsh, green at that season with sedge and water-weeds, and known to the English as the Drowned Lands. Beyond, on either hand, crags feathered with birch and fir, or hills mantled with woods, looked down on the long procession of canoes.¹ As they neared the site of

Whitehall, a passage opened on the right, the entrance to a sheet of lonely water slumbering in the shadow of woody mountains, and forming the lake then, as now, called South Bay. They advanced to its head, landed where a small stream enters it, left the canoes under a guard, and began their march through the forest. They counted in all two hundred and sixteen regulars of the battalions of Languedoc and La Reine, six hundred and eighty-four Canadians, and about six hundred Indians. Every officer and man carried provisions for eight days in his knapsack. They encamped at night by a brook, and in the morning, after hearing mass, marched again. The evening of the next day brought them near the road that led to Lake George. Fort Lyman was but three miles distant. A man on horseback galloped by; it was Adams, Johnson's unfortunate messenger. The Indians shot him, and found the letter in his pocket. Soon after, ten or twelve wagons appeared, in charge of mutinous drivers, who had left the English camp without orders. Several of them were shot, two were taken, and the rest ran off. The two captives declared that, contrary to the assertion of the prisoner at Ticonderoga, a large force lay encamped at the lake. The Indians now held a council, and presently gave out that they would not attack the fort, which they thought well supplied with cannon, but that they were willing to attack the camp at Lake George. Remonstrance was lost upon them.

Dieskau was not young, but he was daring to rashness, and inflamed to emulation by the victory over Braddock. The enemy were reported greatly to outnumber him; but his Canadian advisers had assured him that the English colony militia were the worst troops on the face of the earth. "The more there are," he said to the Canadians and Indians, "the more we shall kill;" and

¹ I passed this way three weeks before writing the above. There are some points where the scene is not much changed since Dieskau saw it.

in the morning the order was given to march for the lake.

They moved rapidly on through the waste of pines, and soon entered the rugged valley that led to Johnson's camp. On their right was a gorge where, shadowed in bushes, gurgled a gloomy brook; and beyond rose the cliffs that buttressed the rocky heights of French Mountain, seen by glimpses between the boughs. On their left rose gradually the lower slopes of West Mountain. All was rock, thicket, and forest; there was no open space but the road along which the regulars marched, while the Canadians and Indians pushed their way through the woods in such order as the broken ground would permit.

They were three miles from the lake, when their scouts brought in a prisoner, who told them that a column of English troops was approaching. Dieskau's preparations were quickly made. While the regulars halted on the road, the Canadians and Indians moved to the front, where most of them hid in the forest along the slopes of West Mountain, and the rest lay close among the thickets on the other side. Thus, when the English advanced to attack the regulars in front, they would find themselves caught in a double ambush. No sight or sound betrayed the snare; but behind every bush crouched a Canadian or a savage, with gun cocked and ears intent, listening for the tramp of the approaching column.

The wagoners who escaped the evening before had reached the camp about midnight, and reported that there was a war-party on the road near Fort Lyman. Johnson had at this time twenty-two hundred effective men, besides his three hundred Indians. He called a council of war in the morning, and a resolution was taken which can only be explained by a complete misconception as to the force of the French. It was determined to send out two detachments of five hun-

dred men each, one towards Fort Lyman and the other towards South Bay; the object being, according to Johnson, "to catch the enemy in their retreat." Hendrick, chief of the Mohawks, a brave and sagacious warrior, expressed his dissent after a fashion of his own. He picked up a stick and broke it; then he picked up several sticks, and showed that together they could not be broken. The hint was taken, and the two detachments were joined in one. Still the old savage shook his head. "If they are to be killed," he said, "they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few." Nevertheless, he resolved to share their fortunes; and mounting on a gun-carriage, he harangued his warriors with a voice so animated and gestures so expressive that the New England officers listened in admiration, though they understood not a word. One difficulty remained. He was too old and fat to go afoot; but Johnson lent him a horse, which he bestrode, and trotted to the head of the column, followed by two hundred of his warriors as fast as they could grease, paint, and befeather themselves.

Captain Elisha Hawley was in his tent, finishing a letter which he had just written to his brother Joseph; and these were the last words: "I am this minute agoing out in company with five hundred men to see if we can intercept 'em in their retreat, or find their canoes in the Drowned Lands; and therefore must conclude this letter." He closed and directed it, and in an hour received his death-wound.

It was soon after eight o'clock when Ephraim Williams left the camp with his regiment, marched a little distance, and then waited for the rest of the detachment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Whiting. Thus Dieskau had full time to lay his ambush. When Whiting came up, the whole moved on together, so little conscious of danger that no scouts were thrown out in front or flank; and,

in full security, they entered the fatal snare. Before they were completely involved in it, the sharp eye of old Hendrick detected some sign of an enemy. At that instant, whether by accident or design, a gun was fired from the bushes. It is said that Dieskau's Iroquois, seeing Mohawks, their relatives, in the van, wished to warn them of danger. If so, the warning came too late. The thickets on the left blazed out a deadly fire, and the men fell by scores. In the words of Dieskau, the head of the column "was doubled up like a pack of cards." Hendrick's horse was shot down, and the chief was killed with a bayonet as he tried to rise. Williams, seeing a rising ground on his right, made for it, calling on his men to follow; but as he climbed the slope guns flashed from the bushes, and a shot through the brain laid him dead. The men in the rear pressed forward to support their comrades, when a hot fire was suddenly opened on them from the forest along their right flank. Then there was a panic; some fled outright, and the whole column recoiled. The van now became the rear, and all the force of the enemy rushed upon it, shouting and screeching. There was a moment of total confusion; but a part of Williams's regiment rallied under command of Whiting, and covered the retreat, fighting behind trees like Indians, and firing and falling back by turns, bravely aided by some of the Mohawks and by a detachment which Johnson sent to their aid. "And a very handsome retreat they made," writes Pomeroy, "and so continued till they came within about three quarters of a mile of our camp. This was the last fire our men gave our enemies, which killed great numbers of them; they were seen to drop as pigeons." So ended the fray long known in New England fireside story as the "bloody morning scout." Dieskau now ordered a halt, and sounded his trumpets to collect his scattered men. His Indians, however,

were sullen and unmanageable, and the Canadians also showed signs of wavering. The veteran who commanded them all, Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, had been killed. At length they were persuaded to move again, the regulars leading the way.

About an hour after Williams and his men had begun their march, a distant rattle of musketry was heard at the camp; and as it grew nearer and louder, the listeners knew that their comrades were on the retreat. Then, at the eleventh hour, preparations were begun for defense. A sort of barricade was made along the front of the camp, partly of wagons and partly of inverted bateaux, but chiefly of the trunks of trees hastily hewn down in the neighboring forest, and laid end to end in a single row. The line extended from the southern slopes of the hill on the left across a tract of rough ground to the marshes on the right. The forest, choked with bushes and clumps of rank ferns, was within a few yards of the barricade, and there was scarcely time to hack away the intervening thickets. Three cannon were planted to sweep the road that descended through the pines, and another was dragged up to the ridge of the hill. The defeated party began to come in: first, scared fugitives, both white and red; then, gangs of men bringing the wounded; and at last, an hour and a half after the first fire was heard, the main detachment was seen marching in compact bodies down the road.

Five hundred men were detailed to guard the flanks of the camp. The rest stood behind the wagons, or lay flat behind the logs and inverted bateaux: the Massachusetts men on the right, and the Connecticut men on the left. Besides Indians, this actual fighting force was between sixteen and seventeen hundred rustics, very few of whom had been under fire before that morning. They were hardly at their posts when they saw ranks of white-coated soldiers mov-

ing down the road, and bayonets that to them seemed innumerable glittering between the boughs. At the same time a terrific burst of war-whoops rose along the front; and, in the words of Pomeroy, "the Canadians and Indians, helter-skelter, the woods full of them, came running with undaunted courage right down the hill upon us, expecting to make us flee." Some of the men grew uneasy, while the chief officers, sword in hand, threatened instant death to any who should stir from their posts. If Dieskau had made an assault at that instant, there could be little doubt of the result.

This he well knew; but he was powerless. He had his small force of regulars well in hand; but the rest, red and white, were beyond control, scattering through the woods and swamps, shouting, yelling, and firing from behind trees. The regulars advanced with intrepidity towards the camp where the trees were thin, deployed, and fired by platoons, till Captain Eyre, who commanded the artillery, opened on them with grape, broke their ranks, and compelled them to take to cover. The fusillade was now general on both sides, and soon grew furious. "Perhaps," Seth Pomeroy wrote to his wife, two days after, "the hailstones from heaven were never much thicker than their bullets came; but, blessed be God! that did not in the least daunt or disturb us." Johnson received a flesh-wound in the thigh, and spent the rest of the day in his tent. Lyman took command; and it is a marvel that he escaped alive, for he was four hours in the heat of the fire, directing and animating the men. "It was the most awful day my eyes ever beheld," wrote Surgeon Williams to his wife; "there seemed to be nothing but thunder and lightning and perpetual pillars of smoke." To him, his colleague Dr. Pynchon, one assistant, and a young student called "Billy" fell the charge of the wounded of his regiment. "The

bullets flew about our ears all the time of dressing them; so we thought best to leave our tent and retire a few rods behind the shelter of a log-house." On the adjacent hill stood one Blodget, who seems to have been a sutler, watching, as well as bushes, trees, and smoke would let him, the progress of the fight, of which he soon after made and published a curious bird's-eye view. As the wounded men were carried to the rear, the wagoners about the camp took their guns and powder-horns, and joined in the fray. A Mohawk, seeing one of these men still unarmed, leaped over the barricade, tomahawked the nearest Canadian, snatched his gun, and darted back unhurt. The brave savage found no imitators among his tribesmen, most of whom did nothing but utter a few war-whoops, saying that they had come to see their English brothers fight. Some of the French Indians opened a distant flank fire from the high ground beyond the swamp on the right, but were driven off by a few shells dropped among them.

Dieskau had directed his first attack against the left and centre of Johnson's position. Making no impression here, he tried to force the right, where lay the regiments of Titcomb, Ruggles, and Williams. The fire was hot for about an hour. Titcomb was shot dead, a rod in front of the barricade, firing from behind a tree like a common soldier. At length Dieskau, exposing himself within short range of the English line, was hit in the leg. His adjutant, Montreuil, himself wounded, came to his aid, and was washing the injured limb with brandy, when the unfortunate commander was again hit in the knee and thigh. He seated himself behind a tree, while the adjutant called two Canadians to carry him to the rear. One of them was instantly shot down. Montreuil took his place; but Dieskau refused to be moved, bitterly denounced the Canadians and Indians, and ordered the adjutant to leave

him and lead the regulars in the last effort against the camp.

It was too late. Johnson's men, singly or in small squads, were already crossing their row of logs; and in a few moments the whole dashed forward with a shout, falling upon the enemy with hatchets and the butts of their guns. The French and their allies fled. The wounded general still sat helpless by the tree, when he saw a soldier aiming at him. He signed to the man not to fire; but he pulled trigger, shot him across the hips, leaped upon him, and ordered him in French to surrender. "I said," writes Dieskau, "'You rascal, why did you fire? You see a man lying in his blood on the ground, and you shoot him!' He answered, 'How did I know that you had not got a pistol? I had rather kill the devil than have the devil kill me.' 'You are a Frenchman?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied; 'it is more than ten years since I left Canada;' whereupon several others fell on me and stripped me. I told them to carry me to their general, which they did. On learning who I was, he sent for surgeons, and, though wounded himself, refused all assistance till my wounds were dressed."

It was near five o'clock when the final rout took place. Some time before, several hundred of the Canadians and Indians had left the field and returned to the scene of the morning fight, to plunder and scalp the dead. They were resting themselves near a pool in the forest, close beside the road, when their repose was interrupted by a volley of bullets. It was fired by a scouting party from Fort Lyman, chiefly backwoods-men, under Captains Folsom and McGinnis. The assailants were greatly outnumbered; but after a hard fight the Canadians and Indians broke and fled. McGinnis was mortally wounded. He continued to give orders till the firing was over; then fainted, and was carried, dying, to the camp. The bodies of

the slain, according to tradition, were thrown into the pool, which bears to this day the name of Bloody Pond.

The various bands of fugitives rejoined each other towards night, and encamped in the forest; then made their way round the southern shoulder of French Mountain, till, in the next evening, they reached their canoes. Their plight was deplorable; for they had left their knapsacks behind, and were spent with fatigue and famine.

Meanwhile, their captive general was not yet out of danger. The Mohawks were furious at their losses in the ambush of the morning, and above all at the death of Hendrick. Scarcely were Dieskau's wounds dressed, when several of them came into the tent. There was a long and angry dispute in their own language between them and Johnson, after which they went out very sullenly. Dieskau asked what they wanted. "What do they want?" returned Johnson. "To burn you, by God! eat you, and smoke you in their pipes, in revenge for three or four of their chiefs that were killed. But never fear; you shall be safe with me, or else they shall kill us both." The Mohawks soon came back, and another talk ensued, excited at first, and then more calm; till at length the visitors, seemingly appeased, smiled, gave Dieskau their hands in sign of friendship, and quietly went out again. Johnson warned him that he was not yet safe; and when the prisoner, fearing that his presence might incommode his host, asked to be removed to another tent, a captain and fifty men were ordered to guard him. In the morning, an Indian, alone and apparently unarmed, loitered about the entrance, and the stupid sentinel let him pass in. He immediately drew a sword from under a sort of cloak which he wore, and tried to stab Dieskau, but was prevented by the colonel to whom the tent belonged, who seized upon him, took away his sword, and pushed him out. As soon

as his wounds would permit Dieskau was carried on a litter, strongly escorted, to Fort Lyman, whence he was sent to Albany and afterwards to New York. He is profuse in expressions of gratitude for the kindness shown him by the colonial officers, and especially by Johnson. Of the provincial soldiers he remarked soon after the battle that in the morning they fought like good boys, about noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils. In the spring of 1757 he sailed for England, and was for a time at Falmouth, whence Colonel Matthew Sewell, fearing that he might see and learn too much, wrote to the Earl of Holderness, "The baron has great penetration and quickness of apprehension. His long service under Marshal Saxe renders him a man of real consequence, to be cautiously observed. His circumstances deserve compassion, for indeed they are very melancholy, and I much doubt of his being ever perfectly cured." He was afterwards a long time at Bath, for the benefit of the waters. In 1760 the famous Diderot met him at Paris, cheerful and full of anecdote, though wretchedly shattered by his wounds. He died a few years later.

On the night after the battle the yeoman warriors felt the truth of the saying that, next to defeat, the saddest thing is victory. Comrades and friends by scores lay scattered through the forest. As soon as he could snatch a moment's leisure, the overworked surgeon sent the dismal tidings to his wife: "My dear brother Ephraim was killed by a ball through his head; poor brother Josiah's wound I fear will prove mortal; poor Captain Hawley is yet alive, though I did not think he would live two hours after bringing him in." Daniel Pomeroy was shot dead, and his brother Seth wrote the news to his wife Rachel, who was just delivered of a child: "Dear sister, this brings heavy tidings, but let not your heart sink at the news, though it be your loss of a dear husband. Mon-

day, the 8th instant, was a memorable day, and truly you may say, had not the Lord been on our side we must all have been swallowed up. My brother, being one that went out in the first engagement, received a fatal shot through the middle of the head." Seth Pomeroy found time to write also to his own wife, whom he tells that another attack is expected; adding, in quaintly pious phrase, "But as God hath begun to show mercy, I hope he will go on to be gracious." He was employed during the next few days with four hundred men in what he calls "the melancholy piece of business" of burying the dead. A letter-writer of the time does not approve what was done on this occasion. "Our people," he says, "not only buried the French dead, but buried as many of them as might be without the knowledge of our Indians, to prevent their being scalped. This I call an excess of civility;" his reason being that Braddock's dead soldiers had been left to the wolves.

The English loss in killed, wounded, and missing was two hundred and sixty-two, and that of the French, by their own account, two hundred and twenty-eight, — a somewhat modest result of five hours' fighting. The English loss was chiefly in the ambush of the morning, where the killed greatly outnumbered the wounded, because those who fell and could not be carried away were tomahawked by Dieskau's Indians. In the fight at the camp, both Indians and Canadians kept themselves so well under cover that it was very difficult for the New England men to pick them off, while they on their part lay close behind their row of logs. On the French side the regular officers and troops bore the brunt of the battle and suffered the chief loss, nearly all of the former and nearly half of the latter being killed or wounded.

Johnson did not follow up his success. He says that his men were tired. Yet

five hundred of them had stood still all day, and boats enough for their transportation were lying on the beach. Ten miles down the lake a path led over a gorge of the mountains to South Bay, where Dieskau had left his canoes and provisions. It needed but a few hours to reach and destroy them, but no such attempt was made. Nor, till a week after, did Johnson send scouts to learn the strength of the enemy at Ticonderoga. Lyman strongly urged him to make an effort to seize that all-important pass, but Johnson thought only of holding his own position. "I think," he wrote, "we may expect very shortly a more formidable attack." He made a solid breastwork to defend his camp, and, as reinforcements arrived, set them at building a fort on a rising ground by the lake. It is true that just after the battle he was deficient in stores, and had not bateaux enough to move his whole force. It is true, also, that he was wounded, and that he was too jealous of Lyman to delegate the command to him; and so the days passed, till within a fortnight his nimble enemy were entrenched at Ticonderoga in force enough to defy him.

The Crown Point expedition was a failure disguised under an incidental success. The Northern provinces, especially Massachusetts and Connecticut, did what they could to forward it, and after the battle sent a herd of raw recruits to the scene of action. Shirley wrote to Johnson from Oswego, declared that his reasons for not advancing were insufficient, and urged him to push for Ticonderoga at once. Johnson replied that he had not wagons enough, and that his troops were ill-clothed, ill-fed, discontented, insubordinate, and sickly. He complained that discipline was out of the question, because the officers were chosen by popular election; that many of them were no better than the men, unfit for command, and like so many "heads of a mob." The reinforcements

began to come in, till in October there were thirty-six hundred men in the camp; and as most of them wore summer clothing and had but one thin domestic blanket, they were half frozen in the chill autumn nights.

Johnson called a council of war. He was suffering from inflamed eyes and his wound still kept him in his tent. He therefore asked Lyman to preside, not unwilling, perhaps, to shift the responsibility upon him. After several sessions and much debate, the assembled officers decided that it was inexpedient to proceed. Yet the army lay more than a month longer at the lake, while the disgust of the men increased daily under the rains, frosts, and snows of a dreary November. On the 22d, Chandler, chaplain of one of the Massachusetts regiments, wrote in the interleaved almanac that served him as a diary, "The men just ready to mutiny. Some clubbed their firelocks and marched, but returned back. Very rainy night. Miry water standing in the tents. Very distressing time among the sick." The men grew more and more unruly, and went off in squads without asking leave. A difficult question arose: Who should stay for the winter to garrison the new forts, and who should command them? It was settled, at last, that a certain number of soldiers from each province should be assigned to this ungrateful service, and that Massachusetts should have the first officer, Connecticut the second, and New York the third. Then the camp broke up. "Thursday, the 27th," wrote the chaplain in his almanac, "we set out about ten of the clock, marched in a body, about three thousand, the wagons and baggage in the centre, our colonel much insulted by the way." The soldiers dispersed to their villages and farms, where, in blustering winter nights, by the blazing logs of New England hearthstones, they told their friends and neighbors the story of the campaign.

The profit of it fell to Johnson. If

he did not gather the fruits of victory, at least he reaped its laurels. He was a courtier in his rough way. He had changed the name of Lac St. Sacrement to Lake George, in compliment to the king. He now changed that of Fort Lyman to Fort Edward, in compliment to one of the king's grandsons; and, in compliment to another, called his new fort, at the lake, William Henry. Of General Lyman he made no mention in his report of the battle, and his partisans wrote letters traducing that brave officer, though Johnson is said to have

confessed in private that he owed him the victory. He himself found no lack of eulogists, and, to quote the words of an able but somewhat caustic and prejudiced opponent, "to the panegyric pen of his secretary, Mr. Wraxall, and the *sic volo sic jubeo* of Lieutenant-Governor Delancey, is to be ascribed that mighty renown which echoed through the colonies, reverberated to Europe, and elevated a raw, inexperienced youth into a kind of second Marlborough." Parliament gave him five thousand pounds, and the king made him a baronet.

Francis Parkman.

AVE.

[PRELUDE TO "ILLUSTRATED POEMS."]

FULL well I know the frozen hand has come
That smites the songs of grove and garden dumb,
And chills sad autumn's last chrysanthemum;

Yet would I find one blossom, if I might,
Ere the dark loom that weaves the robe of white
Hides all the wrecks of summer out of sight.

Sometimes in dim November's narrowing day,
When all the season's pride has passed away,
As mid the blackened stems and leaves we stray,

We spy in sheltered nook or rocky cleft
A starry disk the hurrying winds have left,
Of all its blooming sisterhood bereft:

Some pansy, with its wondering baby eyes,—
Poor wayside nursling!—fixed in blank surprise
At the rough welcome of unfriendly skies;

Or golden daisy,—will it dare disclaim
The lion's tooth, to wear this gentler name?
Or blood-red salvia, with its lips aflame:

The storms have stripped the lily and the rose,
Still on its cheek the flush of summer glows,
And all its heart-leaves kindle as it blows.

So had I looked some bud of song to find
The careless winds of autumn left behind,
With these of earlier seasons' growth to bind.

Ah me! my skies are dark with sudden grief,
A flower lies faded on my garnered sheaf;
Yet let the sunshine gild this virgin leaf, —

The joyous, blessed sunshine of the past,
Still with me, though the heavens are overcast, —
The light that shines while life and memory last.

Go, pictured rhymes, for loving readers meant;
Bring back the smiles your jocund morning lent,
And warm their hearts with sunbeams yet unspent!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BEVERLY FARMS, July 24, 1884.

RELATION OF FAIRIES TO RELIGION.

LITTLE, if anything, remains to be added to the genealogical records of fairies of Indo-European descent. But the comparative mythologist, while he has traced their pedigree, has not told us how belief in them as a class came to be accepted, nor what was the special mission assigned them in the supernatural sphere. These questions are without his province, yet they are of vital importance to all who would study aright the development of man's conception of the something beyond the world of the senses. Interesting as it is to know that the story of Ogier the Dane and Morgan the Fay is but a late version of the Dawn Myth, and that the legend of the Wild Huntsman and his fairy train is but a new form of tales once told of the god of the winds, it is still more necessary to understand why these were received in their second signification. The object of the present article, therefore, is not to go over ground explored by scholars, but to define the position which fairy mythology holds in the history of religion, — that is, if we accept Herbert

Spencer's definition of religion as an "*a priori* theory of the universe."

The meaning given to the word *fairy* in the dictionaries is so vague, and the use made of it both by poets and prose-writers so much vaguer, that it is well at the outset to explain what is really meant by it here. The English *fairy* is derived immediately from the French *fée* or *faerie*, and remotely from the Latin *fatum*, fate, destiny. At first, it sometimes signified illusion, enchantment; sometimes the land of fairies, or the earthly paradise of the days of romance; but as a rule it was applied to the Melusinas and Morganas, or mediæval representatives of the classic fates. Later, the name was given to the little elves of Northern mythology, and finally it became a class designation for the hobgoblins, dwarfs, gnomes, kobolds, and all "such other bugs," as Reginald Scott, in his scornful skepticism, calls them, who, though born of paganism, long remained rivals of the Christian saints. In its largest and most extended

sense, it includes the whole race — no matter in what part of the world its different branches may be found — of minor supernatural beings, who have been ranked as entirely different in nature, substance, and attributes from the supreme spiritual hierarchy, and yet have been placed much higher in the scale of life than man; being supposed to possess power vastly superior to his, and able, in fact, to exercise a large influence in shaping his destiny. They stand midway between humanity and divinity.

Man must have defined his belief in one supernatural world and in one species of supernatural beings very clearly before he could conceive of two such worlds and two such species. Fairy mythology is really the product of a somewhat advanced stage of religious thought, when the ideal of deity is so high and scientific knowledge so small that the lesser natural phenomena and accidents of daily life cannot be accounted for without the introduction to the unseen sphere of action of a second order of conscious agents. While, then, there are fairy-like creatures in all mythologies, there are genuine fairies only in a few. It is true that it is difficult at first to distinguish Greek dryads from mediæval Elfe maidens, or the sirens of Hellenic waters from the Lorelei of German streams. But the latter are as distinct from the former, from whom, however, they are descended, as civilized man is from his cave-dwelling progenitors; a fact which a brief examination of the subject will make evident.

Spontaneous generation is no more common in the creations of the human mind than it is in those of the physical world. As the existence of the flower implies that of the root and the earth in which it was planted, so the appearance of full-fledged fairies presupposes their origin in the very groundwork of mythology. The Adams and Eves of the fairy race are to be found in primitive animism. That is to say, though indi-

vidual fairies cannot always be referred to their radical source, they can as a class be traced to their beginning in the first rude explanations man made of the world in which he lives. Like Leibnitz, primitive philosophers believe that nothing can happen without its sufficient reason, but the only cause they can imagine for all events is an immediate personal will. Hence, in their earliest speculations they animate all inanimate things, until the unseen world seems as densely populated as the seen. They discriminate but little, however, between important and insignificant phenomena. If they think there is life like their own in the mighty forest trees, they can see it also in the lowest underbrush. If they attribute conscious energy and personality to the far-distant mountain, so likewise do they to the stone picked up near their dwelling. There is for them a spirit in the gentle summer breeze as in the wild winter tempest, in the tiniest star as in the sun and moon. But just as, during the days of Vedic henotheism, whatever god to whom the Hindu chanced to be praying became for the time being *the* one god, so to men whose intellect is at a low degree of development each animated object or force becomes the most important as its presence is actively felt. There is no distinction between the greater and smaller creations of their animistic philosophy, but in the latter lie the germs of future fairies. So soon as men, probably prompted thereto by their more firmly established social relations, begin to systematize the ideas they have evolved of supernatural life, they necessarily subordinate local to general phenomena, individual to more universal conceptions. Among almost all existing savages a system of mythology has already replaced the vagueness of primitive animism. Their heroes have become cosmical, like the Maui of New Zealand legendary lore, or the Manobozho of Indian renown. Their chief

deities are those which are of equal importance to an entire tribe or people, as, for example, Messukkummik-Okoi, or mother earth, is to the Algonquins, or as Taaroa, the heaven god, is to the Society Islanders. As the office of king requires the existence of subjects, so the recognized superiority of these heroes and deities necessitates the inferiority of the others.

This difference of rank becomes doubly marked in the mythologies of more civilized nations. Thus the little elves in the Scandinavian cosmogony are allotted a separate abode from that of the great gods. The fauns and satyrs, dryads and naiads, of Greece are infinitely beneath the god of Æschylus' Suppliants, he who is the "king of kings, happiest of the happy, and of the perfect, perfect in might, — blest Zeus." The Farvashis and Pairikas of the Zend-Avesta are to Ormazd and Ahriman very much what scouts and spies are to the generals of two opposing forces. Nagas and Rakshasas are pigmies compared to the great giant gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The Maskim and Utuk of the Chaldean demonology are not to be named in the same breath as the mystic triune, Anu, Hea, and Bel. However, in none of these cases is an accurate line drawn between the chief deities and the lesser beings. Frey, one of the principal gods in the Eddaic Pantheon, dwelt in Alfheim with the elves. And indeed, at times, it was doubtful whether the latter, together with the black elves or dwarfs, were not greater than the divinities of Asgard, who were dependent upon them in many ways. What would Frey have done without the ship Skidbladnir, or Odin without his good spear Gungnir, or Thor without Mjölner? And these they could never have had, had it not been for the dwarfs who made them. While the Greek gods were associated with the elements; while Zeus was still identified with the heavens, Poseidon with

the sea, and Demeter with the earth, the Greeks could hardly suppose the inferior personifications of physical forces and natural phenomena to belong to another race. What essential difference could there be between Pan and his satyrs, Artemis and her nymphs, or Aphrodite and her naiads? The kinship of the gods to their attendants is shown in the fact that many of the latter were present at the councils of Zeus, and were fed upon the divine ambrosia. Persian dualism, despite its later high moral interpretation, was not founded on ethics, and the enmity between Ormazd and Ahriman accounted for every minute event in the natural world. The innumerable gods, spirits, and devils were enlisted in the ranks of the two chief beings, so that there was no room in this religious system for belief in another supernatural race. Hinduism and Buddhism, notwithstanding the agnosticism of the one and the pantheism of the other, have been so willing to retain old gods and demons, and so ready to admit new ones, and to allow people professing these creeds to add *ad libitum* to the population of the one spiritual world, that the creation of a second would be equally impossible and superfluous. The pantheism which was the fundamental principle of the later Babylonian religion recognized in all spiritual beings emanations from Ilu, the great source of life; so that the Maskim and Utuk, the Alal and Gigim, and the host of spirits born of Turanian animism differed from the gods of Semitic culture in degree, but not in kind. In this gradation of being the triune occupied the first rank, the protecting genii the last; but there was no break in the chain that united them.

In like manner, the pantheism which underlies the doctrines of mystics, whether they be of the Orient or the Occident, of ancient mediæval or modern times, prevents the spirits of these systems from being classified with fairies.

As primitive men ascribe human life to everything, so mystics have believed all natural objects and forces to be animated with a reasoning faculty. But where the conclusions of the former result from an inability to understand any rule but that of caprice, those of the latter are brought about by the recognition of a perfect harmony reigning throughout the world. The order of the cosmos, they declare, is preserved because all things, having emanated in a gradual progression from one supreme inconceivable source, contain a spark of the universal spirit which enables each to perform its task in the great scheme of the universe. "It is necessary," says Cornelius Agrippa, "that the earth should have the reason of terrene things, and water of watery things; and so in the rest." According to such systems, the spirits of earth and water, of fire and air, are no more fairies than the souls of human beings. But the doctrine that men could hold communication with them has often been corrupted by the Wagners of mysticism, and then the undines and gnomes, the salamanders and sylphs, of the Kabbalists have been materialized. In which case they can be included with the nymphs of the uninitiated.

But when the rule of the supreme supernatural powers is recognized to be not in, but over, nature, and when morality is made the mainspring of their activity, it is impossible to believe that the elements are immediately animated by deity, or that divinities act from self-interest. When religious ideals have reached this stage, a god, to seem a god to men, must, in his relations to them, be prompted by his desire for their good, and not from selfish impulses. If the chief spirits be now waited on by attendants, the latter must be inspired by similar motives; and should they be opposed by a devil, it also logically follows that he must be incited by a counter-determination to work evil to men. His

activity is likewise manifested in the moral sphere. But if, with this advance in abstract reasoning, exact knowledge be not increased, there will be a discrepancy between belief and experience. Men who know nothing of the true laws of the physical world, nor of the interdependence of cause and effect, attribute to every natural phenomenon and extraordinary event a personal interference. The ignorant miner ascribes to a basilisk or a gnome that which the scientist explains as the action of carbonic acid gas. The imprudent man, who understands nothing of his digestive organs, thinks he is visited by a vampire, when the physician knows that a too hearty supper is the occasion of his distress. Now, when this ignorance is general, and not confined to individuals, and when, at the same time, wholly immoral actions can be referred to neither god nor devil, a belief will inevitably arise in a lower species of supernatural beings, who, while they are powerless to govern the universe or to direct their own fate, hold no insignificant sway over human beings.

This is what has actually occurred in the great monotheisms, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. The Jews, while they obtained minor spirits from foreign sources, remained faithful to Jehovah, but the people who embraced Christianity and Mahometanism were compelled to sacrifice their chief gods. In Arabia, tribal deities, one after another, perished before the crescent of Islam. In Europe, when the cross of Christ was raised, the bright beautiful Apollos and Aphrodites of the South faded into phantoms or degenerated into devils and the Odins and Balders of the North were hastened to a Ragnarok, from which the only awakening was in fairy-land. But the decree which banished the high gods did not affect the minor beings of paganism. The people, although converted to the new creeds, had always been keenly sen-

sitive to the influence of the genii, of the naiads and dryads, of the alfs and the duergar, who haunted every stream and cavern, every mountain and forest, every city and desert; and these spirits survived as fairies, long after the mythologies to which they properly belonged had been destroyed. It was the same with all the nations won over to Islam and Christianity. In Persia, the divs and peris, who had originally served under Ormazd and Ahriman, were identified with the Mahometan ginns. The compromise which was made by mediæval Europeans between the forsaken cultus and the new one reappears to-day among the Roman Catholic Indians of North America. The latter, just as the former did of old, adore Christ and reverence his mother and the saints, but they cling to the tales and traditions of their forefathers, and have populated a vast fairyland with the spirits and heroes which figured in them.

The theories developed as a *raison d'être* for the fairies are as significant as they are curious. The rabbis, with that familiar knowledge of the *unknown* which usually exists in exact proportion to man's ignorance of the *known*, declared the schedim to be the offspring of Lilith, the night-walking spectre.

"Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft, fair woman."

Having quarreled with Adam, whose first wife she was, because he disputed her equal rights, she, as the rabbis affirm, married Samaël, chief of the fallen angels, by whom she had a large family of imps and hobgoblins. Other rabbis maintained that they were the children Adam had by intercourse with spirits. The Bible says, "And Adam lived one hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness after his image," and the Talmudists wisely concluded that this meant that until then his sons and daughters were not after his own image, but, according to Rabbi Jeremiah Ben Eliezer, "in all these years

during which Adam was under excommunication he begat spirits, demons, and spectres of the night, as it is written." Eve, also, it is added, became during that time the parent of a like uncanny brood. One difficulty leads to another. As the Hindus, after they placed the earth on the back of an elephant, had to give that animal a tortoise to stand upon, so, after the schedim had been thus accounted for, the question arose as to whence came the spirits by whom Adam and Eve had produced such monstrosities. The rabbis, however, were always ready with their explanations. These spirits, they asserted, were the last of living beings created by God, and, because daylight had faded away before he had completed his task, he could not give them bodies, as he had originally intended to do. They were therefore not pure spirits, like the angels, but merely imperfect creations, and hence they and all their descendants possess natures semi-spiritual, semi-mortal. "Six things," the Talmud teaches, "are said respecting schedim. In three particulars they are like angels, and in three they resemble men. They have wings, like angels; like angels, they fly from one end of the world to the other; and they know the future, as angels do, with this difference, that they learn by listening behind the veil what angels have revealed to them within. In three respects they resemble men: they eat and drink, like men; they beget and increase, like men; and, like men, they die."

Mahometans were not a whit less daunted by the mysteries of the unknown than the Talmudists. Had they been the counselors of Allah when he created the universe, they could not have been more certain of what then took place. The ginns, they declared, were beings created by him before he called man into life, and were made, not of common clay, but of fire, like the angels, from whom, however, they differed

in being of a grosser nature. Influenced by the rabbinical philosophy, Mahomet taught that the jinns eat and drink, propagate their kind, and are subject to death. When they were the sole inhabitants of the earth, they paid no attention to the prophets sent to admonish them, and so they were driven by Eblis, or Sheitan, and his hosts, or, according to the Persian legend, by Tahmurath, to Mount Q'af, the mountain-chain that encircles the globe. There they took up their headquarters, but—and in this particular their identification with pre-Mahometan spirits is shown—individuals of the race sought an abode in every corner of the world: in the water and on land, in lonely deserts and in crowded cities, in tombs and in houses. So entire was the faith in them that Mahomet believed that he, as last of the prophets, was sent to convert them as well as men. Nor did he think his mission would be in vain, for once, in a vision, he saw them in multitudes bowing in adoration before him, and listening to the message which had been scornfully rejected by his fellow-beings. This belief is substantiated in the Qur'an, where, in the chapter relating to the jinns, these beings declare of themselves,—

“And of us are some who are pious, and of us are some who are otherwise; we are in separate bands.

“And verily of us are some who are Muslims, and of us some are trespassers; but of us who are Muslims, they strive after right direction, and as for the trespassers, they are fuel for hell.”

Christians had no dogmatic utterance upon the subject in their sacred books, and it therefore became with them, in the words of Postellus, “full of controverse and ambiguity.” Doctors and theologians, poets and peasants, were all alike at liberty to hold their own views, so long as these did not encroach upon dogma. Those of the former were tainted by oriental mysticism. Athenagoras taught that there are fallen angels whose

sin was less grievous than that of the hosts of Satan, and whose nature, after the fall, was therefore less morally perverse. They haunt air, earth, fire, and water, and are unable to rise to heavenly things or to descend to pure evil. Tertullian, too, made a distinction between the rebel angels headed by Satan and those who had committed the much milder offense of loving the daughters of men and of showing them how to dye wool and paint their faces. Justin Martyr referred to the demons or spirits who are the offspring of the amours of transgressing angels with mortal women. Origen, Lactantius, and indeed almost all the earliest authorities, agreed that the spirits who hold this intermediate position are grosser in substance than the heavenly legions, and that they often assume material shape in order to work out their designs, just as the devils were supposed to do. Therefore, while the old gods and goddesses were said to be illusions raised by Satan, fairy-like apparitions were attributed to intermediate spirits. But even among saints and fathers this Maya-like explanation could not always destroy belief in the real presence of the minor beings of the old mythologies. St. Jerome, in his life of the Hermit Paul, gravely relates the meetings of St. Anthony with centaurs and goat-footed, horned dwarfs, with whom he held conversations and exchanged compliments.

To the people whose abjuration of the earlier religions was but nominal the doctrine which reduced nymphs and elves, dwarfs and satyrs, to phantoms and illusions was untenable. They had been for so many years familiar with the habits and customs, the appearance and even the habitations, of these creatures, that they would as soon have questioned their own bodily existence as that of their fairy neighbors. So general was the conviction that the latter had bodies, and that they married, begot children, ate and drank, in the

same way as mortals, that most of the popular theories accounting for their origin, differing from those of learned theologians, gave them men for ancestors. They were a branch of the human family, laboring under a curse. Now, they were the descendants of Cain. From him, according to Beowulf,

" . . . monstrous births
all sprang forth,
eotens and elves
and orkens,
so likewise the Giants
who against God warr'd
for a long space.
He for that gave them *their* reward."

Again, they were children of Adam and Eve, who because they had been hidden from God Almighty on one occasion when he visited their parents were destined by him forever after to live invisible to their brothers and sisters. "What man hides from God, God will hide from man," he had said, and at once they had been banished to mounds and hills and rocks. The quaint Icelandic version of this legend treats cleanliness as nearly akin to godliness, for it was because these children were not washed that Eve concealed them. It seems to have occurred sometimes to true believers that these fairy descendants of Adam and Eve, or of Cain, had on the whole not been losers by being so cursed. A life of feasting and revelry, together with much more than mortal power and wealth, far outweighed, when measured in the scales of material pleasure, the pain-laden portion of mankind. It was probably to counterbalance their temporal superiority that, less fortunate than the Mahometan giuus, they were cut off from all hopes of spiritual joys. Christ, it was said, did not include them in his scheme of redemption. By gaining an earthly paradise, they lost heaven. In almost all the theories advanced to account for their origin, the hopelessness of their eternal salvation is prominently set forth. Thus, the Devonshire pixies

are the materialized souls of infants who die without baptism; the fays of romance are beings possessing spirits, but not immortal souls. The inhabitants of the Welsh "green meadows of the sea" are unbaptized Druids, who of course could not enter heaven, and who were too good to be consigned to hell; and the korrigan of Brittany are the princesses of Armorica, so transformed because they gave a deaf ear to the preachers of Christ's gospel. The consciousness of their loss is the reason frequently given for the ill-will of the fairy race to mankind, and to it is attributed the special fury which seizes them on Friday, when an encounter with them is dangerous for men and women. For

" This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the moaning
wind,
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day when a deed was done
For which they had neither part nor share:
For the children of clay was salvation wrought,
But not for the forms of earth and air.
And ever the mortal is most forlorn
Who meeteth their race on Friday morn."

When God and his arch-enemy, the principle of evil, are believed to be governed by a desire for or against the moral welfare of men, the latter are so assured of a regularity in their actions that they know how by certain large means to defend themselves against the one and to conciliate the other. But nothing short of unceasing vigilance can disarm the malice or win the favor of beings whose conduct is without any definite end. Consequently, in the three monotheisms a second creed, with ceremonial and commandments, has flourished side by side with the chief cultus, the latter being sometimes really, if not, nominally, subordinate to it. Even when the children of Israel were not straying after foreign gods, or making for themselves golden calves, they constantly turned from Jehovah to the schedim. As it is said in the New Republic, a man who regretfully cancels his faith in

the Deity may forget the loss of his God when his portmanteau is mislaid. In like manner, the fear of Jehovah's displeasure could escape the memory of the Jews in their anxiety not to incur that of Samaël or Lilith. There was but one Jehovah, and he, even in his wrath, was just. But there were innumerable schedim, and since they could bear children, their numbers ever increased, and their malevolence was ruled by caprice. In all his goings-out and comings-in, in his waking and sleeping hours, in disease and in health, man was subject to their persecutions. Because the creator had not given them bodies, they sought to obtain possession of those of their human rivals, to whom they therefore allowed but little peace. In the daytime, they would not permit men and women to go into the street without pressing upon them from either side by hundreds and thousands. They followed them in multitudes to the temple and the synagogues, where, in the struggle, if not for existence, at least for standing-room, they tore their clothes and beat them black and blue. So great were their numbers that Abba Benjamin says, "If our eyes were permitted to see the malignant sprites that beset us, we could not rest on account of them." Nor did their malignance cease with daylight. At night man was exposed not only to the attacks of the night-visiting Lilith, but to those of whole armies of demons, — a fact easily proved. For if he strewed ashes about his bedside before going to sleep, the next morning he would find in them countless footmarks, looking like those of fowls. At certain times and places their supremacy was greater than at others. Vigilance against them had to be redoubled from the Passover to Pentecost. Woe to the unwary Jew who ventured beyond his doorsteps after dark on Wednesdays and Saturdays; for Agrath, daughter of Machloth, and her eighteen myriads of followers were then abroad, all endowed

with power to destroy whomsoever they chanced to meet. Children flogged or allowed to go out after four in the afternoon, between June 17th and July 9th, fell victims to the demon Ketef, then let loose, and wandering like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour. Even if a man's nose bled, it was the schedim who caused it. It is no wonder that the rites and practices by which the designs of these demons could be frustrated became as important as attendance at the synagogues and the temple. There was scarcely an action or duty of the day in the fulfillment of which the Jew did not bear the schedim in mind. His breakfast was converted into a religious ceremony to free him from them. His family, friends, or servants who lived with him were a protection to him against Lilith, who could do as she chose with mortals sleeping alone in a house. His bedposts were marked with the inscription *Et Zelo Chuizlilith*, a charm which effectually disarmed her. He would not drink borrowed water or step across that which had been spilt, because he thought by so doing he annoyed the demons. Neither would he drink water by night, for he would then have become the victim of Shaviri, the demon of blindness. The enormous power of the fairy demons which caused them to be such deadly foes made them invaluable as allies. Under rare circumstances, a man could obtain command over them, and then he seemed almost as great as Jehovah. This, therefore, was represented as a most exceptional event, Solomon being the only human being who ever gained full ascendancy. The miracles which he performed by the aid of the subjected spirits were no less wonderful than those worked by Jehovah. The swallowing of Jonah by the whale or the ascent of Elias and Enoch to heaven was surpassed by the marvelous journeys through the air made by Solomon and his court on the magic carpet spread by

schedim. The fall of the walls of Jericho at the sound of Joshua's trumpets was equaled by the rise of those of the temple at Jerusalem under the hands of Aschmodai and his legions. It was very natural that after their return from the Captivity the Jews were less prone to relapses into idolatry and polytheism than they had ever been before. It was because of their demonology that their monotheism was in the end triumphant.

It is, however, in connection with Christianity that this minor cultus has gained its greatest magnitude. Nor is it strange that this should have been so. The Hebrews, as has been seen, when they borrowed demons and angels from other creeds did not alter the main principles of their religious belief. Though Mahometanism was much more spiritual than the systems it replaced, its doctrines were still so of the earth, earthy, that they were suited to the comprehension of converts. But Christianity, in supplanting paganism, necessitated a radical change. It not only called for the abandonment of polytheism for a monotheistic worship, but it held up a rigid asceticism and a spiritual code of morals to men who either, as in Greece and Rome, had kept their philosophy and morality distinct from their religion, or else, as in Northern and Central Europe, could not yet appreciate the higher ethics or grasp an abstract idea. While rites and ceremonies, feasts and fasts, once held in honor of Odin and Zeus, of Aphrodite and Freya, could be retained by consecrating them to Christ and the Virgin Mother, it was impossible to ascribe to the latter the physical and sensual qualities of earlier deities. Though the people were baptized and swore allegiance to Christ, they remained pagan at heart. And it was for this reason that they continued so devoted to the fairy family, to whom the chief characteristics of the forsaken gods had been transferred, and to whom, therefore, they could apply for the earthly rap-

tures and the temporal aid which were denied to them by the Christian Deity. Wine, women, and song were the reward of mortals who pledged faith to fairies. Fresh, clean houses and a full larder awaited the friends of nisses and brownies. To obtain their present good-will the far-distant pleasures of heaven were at times forfeited. During the Middle Ages tales of saints and martyrs who scorned the world and the flesh were rivaled by stories of heroes who, like the British King Gavran, departed in search of an earthly paradise. Not a few among true believers would have proclaimed the fate of a King Arthur in the Isle of Avilion happier than that of a St. Peter guarding the gate of heaven. Like a challenge to the doctrine of penance and discipline, of the nothingness of this life and the all-importance of the next, rang out the legends of Tannhäuser happy in the Horselberg, and Ogier the Dane content in fairy-land. The tenderness felt for the fairy folk also revealed itself in the unwillingness of the people to believe in the impossibility of their eternal salvation. Some of the dwarfs and kobolds of folk-lore went to church and sang hymns. Hinzelmänn, the famous household sprite, indignantly cried out to the priest who came to exorcise him, "I am a Christian, like any other man, and I hope to be saved!" When, in the Scandinavian legend, the priest told the neckan that before he would be redeemed his pilgrim's staff would bear leaves,

" . . . lo, the staff it budded !

It greened, it branched, it waved !"

Even the dwarf met by St. Anthony made profession of faith in Christ the Redeemer, and begged for the prayers of the saint. But the voice of rebellion which thus found utterance was not often heard. As a rule, the pleasures of fairy-land are represented as being, like the Elfe maidens, fair to look upon, but hollow. Fairy music and dances are en-

trancing, but he who crosses the elfin ring or listens to the singing of the Lorelei is lost forever. The fairy wine-cup is seductive, but that upon which its contents fall is consumed as with fire. Beautiful and bewitching beyond man's power of resistance, the fairy attractions can but bring misery and woe. The dance goes well in the grove, but what of Sir Olaf? Sweet is the kiss of the fountain fay, but how fares it with the spirit of him she kisses?

But whether friends or foes, all were alike agreed in believing in the existence and immediate neighborhood of fairies. A man could not ride out without risking an encounter with a Puck or a will-o'-the-wisp. He could not approach a stream in safety unless he closed his ears to the sirens' songs and his eyes to the fair form of the mermaid. In the hillside were the dwarfs, in the forest Queen Mab and her court. Brownie ruled over him in his house, and Robin Goodfellow in his walks and wanderings. From the moment a Christian came into the world until his departure therefrom, he was at the mercy of the fairy folk, and his devices to elude them were many. Unhappy was the mother who neglected to lay a pair of scissors or of tongs, a knife or her husband's breeches, in the cradle of her new-born infant; for if she forgot, then was she sure to receive a changeling in its place. Great was the loss of the child to whose baptism the fairies were not invited, or the bride to whose wedding the nix, or water-spirit, was not bidden. If the inhabitants of Thale did not throw a black cock annually into the Bode, one of them was claimed as his lawful victim by the nickelmann dwelling in that stream. The Russian peasant who failed to present the *rusalka*, or water-sprite, he met at Whitsuntide with a handkerchief or a piece torn from his or her clothing was doomed to death. Spirits of the four elements, of earth, fire, air, and water, were pro-

pitiated throughout Europe by food and drink, and these offerings ranked as not in the least less important than the prayers and ceremonies of legitimate ritual. Brownies, nisses, and damovays were conciliated by a corner left for them in the chimney-place and a bowl of porridge, and attention to their comforts was as important a duty as the recital of morning and evening prayers. In a word, so great was the priority, at one time, of the fairy kingdom that there seemed a probability of the higher supernatural world being reduced to its level. In many mediæval legends Satan degenerates into an easily fooled giant or hungry demon, like those of pagan mythologies. St. Michael and St. George play together at bowls, whence comes the sound of thunder; or else they shake their beds and pluck feathers and down, which in falling to earth turn into snow. St. Collen visits fairy-land and converses with its king, and St. Brandain builds his cathedral on the site pointed out to him by fairies. Pilate, like Barbarossa in the Kyfhäuser, sits in a subterranean cave, and there he reads and re-reads the sentence he passed upon Christ. Charles's Wain becomes the wagon in which Elias and other saints, and even the Saviour himself, journey to heaven. Prayers are addressed to the beard of the first person of the Trinity. The Virgin Mother disputes supremacy over the hearts of knights with Morgan the Fay, and wears their rings upon her finger; or else she is found like a hamadryad, dwelling within a tree, as was the case on the Heinzenberg, near Zell. Religion was drawn down to the comprehension of the people. Fortunately for the purity of Christianity, the ever-developing spirit of rationalism made the long continuance of this childlike stage of belief impossible, and Christ, the Virgin, and all the heavenly court were gradually reestablished in their proper sphere.

Just as individual dwarfs and kobolds departed forever and aye when people

became too curious in regard to them, so as men have sought to know more of earth and the living things it contains the spirits have fled from tree and rock, from stream and cavern. Not that the belief in them has been entirely destroyed. In the East ginns are still realities to Mahometans. In the West there are many among the peasantry who place implicit faith in the "good people." Savages and barbarous tribes, despite their Christianity, remain true to the Glooskap and the Mikamwess of their forefathers. But these are mere survivals of primitive forms of thought. The whole tendency of modern culture is antagonistic to the animistic conception of nature. Increase in exact knowledge does away with the necessity which brought fairies and spirits of the elements into existence, for positive science

demonstrates absolutely that natural phenomena and physical forces act according to law, and are not subject to chance interference from conscious agents. A better understanding of the sequence of cause and effect and the law of continuity has established the fact that even the most extraordinary, or what seems the most accidental, occurrence is the inevitable result of previous events, though these may not always be apparent to man. Before this scientific investigation of nature the beautiful fays and Elle maidens, the thrifty dwarfs and merry Pucks, fade away, even as the old frost and snow covered man in the Chippewa legend melted at the approach of the spring-breathing, rose-garlanded youth. As the voice of Science increases in strength, the horns of Elfland blow ever fainter and fainter.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

AN ENGLISH LITERARY COUSIN.

PERHAPS every reader of Hawthorne's *Old Home* will remember his delightfully unscrupulous appropriation of Leigh Hunt as a sort of stray American, with whom it behooved him to fraternize. "There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically," wrote our willful romancer: "beef, ale or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his composition. . . . It was on account of the fineness of his nature generally that the English appreciated him no better, and left this sweet and delicate poet poor and with scanty laurels, in his declining age. It was not, I think, from his American blood that Leigh Hunt derived either his amiability or his peaceful inclinations; at least, I do not see how we can reasonably claim the former quality as a national characteristic, though the latter might

have been fairly inherited from his ancestors on the mother's side, who were Pennsylvania Quakers. But the kind of excellence that distinguished him — his fineness, subtilty, and grace — was that which the richest cultivation has heretofore tended to develop in the happier examples of American genius, and which, though I say it reluctantly, is perhaps what our future intellectual advancement may make general among us. His person, at all events, was thoroughly American, and of the best type, as were also his manners; for we are the best as well as the worst mannered people in the world."

It goes toward the confirmation of Hawthorne's theory that Benjamin West, the painter, who married one of Leigh Hunt's relatives, once told him that, meeting himself or any of his brothers on the street, and knowing naught

of them, he should unhesitatingly have pronounced them Americans.

This lost compatriot of ours, then, this literary changeling, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, one hundred years ago this month,—October 19, 1784. Like Emerson, he was descended from an ancestry of clergymen, and from venturesome people who left their homes for the New World. His father's father was rector of Bridge Town, Barbadoes. His father, a Tory in politics, who afterwards found it safer to return to the mother country, took his degrees in New York and in Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of Stephen Shewell, a merchant of that city, and a friend of Franklin and Thomas Paine.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, a namesake of his father's favorite pupil, was the youngest of a large family, "all of whom inherited the knack of making sacrifices for the sake of principle." "I call myself," he said, "in every sense, etymological not excepted, a son of mirth and melancholy: for my father's Christian name (as old students of onomancy would have heard with serious faces) was Isaac, which is Hebrew for laughter; and my mother's was Mary, which comes from a word in the same language signifying bitterness. And indeed, as I do not remember to have seen my mother smile, save in sorrowful tenderness, so now my father's shouts of laughter are ringing in my ears." A shy, sensitive, introspective child, he was sent to Christ's Hospital in 1792, and distinguished himself straightway, despite his gentleness, by successfully defending a small berated boy from abuse, and by resisting the system of "fagging" with indomitable perseverance, even to the extent of bearing a nightly punishment. Leigh Hunt, all his life, save in one very excitable period of his early manhood, was anything but combative; yet his mettle never failed him when the need came for action. His

schoolfellow, Barnes, afterwards sub-editor of the Times, seems to have been at that time his chosen companion. They went together along the Hornsey fields, shouting Metastasio's

"Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendore,"

or resting on their oars at Richmond, to call vociferously on the spirit of Thomson to "rest." It is worth remembering that it was this same genial Barnes who, when asked later by a silly woman whether he liked children, sententiously answered, "Yes, ma'am. Boiled."

Leigh Hunt left the blue-coat school as first Deputy Grecian, in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as his predecessor, Charles Lamb. The slight stammer in his speech (which he afterwards overcame) took away his chance of success in making a valedictorian address in public; and since Grecians were all expected to go into the church, there also it stood against him. So plunging at once into the profane state, he began writing comedies, tragedies, farces, and odes and pastorals; after the fashion of Spenser, Pope, and Goldsmith. What darts of raillery his elder hand, in the Autobiography, threw at these boyish glories!

An incident of Hunt's early youth reveals his exceeding proneness to deliberation and leisurely fancy. He had gone out in a little decked skiff on the Isis, with a friend; he had fastened the sail-line, thrust his feet into a small opening, and placidly betaken himself to reading. The wind suddenly arose, and, so caught, over went the skiff, the bookish mariner fastened to it. Worst of all, the sail-line got tangled about his neck. Now, in this imminent danger, which his comrade escaped, and from which he was at length rescued by Oxonians, started the diverting mental reflection that he, Leigh Hunt, was about to nullify an ancient and respectable proverb which averred that a man born to be hanged would never be drowned,

as he was likely to suffer both ways! The coherence of that under-water speculation was worthy of Shelley.

He retained, to record it over sixty years after, a ludicrous reminiscence of Boyer, the famous Christ's Hospital master, and of a luckless pupil who read badly, drawled, and forgot his periods. The victim is supposed to stand before the awful Boyer, holding the text-book, Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian, and casting an eye over the corner of the page towards the locality whence blows are to proceed. Here is Leigh Hunt's narration:—

"*Master.* Now, young man, have a care, or I'll set you a *swingeing* task. [A common phrase of his.]

"*Pupil.* [Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering the stop after the word missionary.] Missionary can you see the wind?

"[Master gives him a slap on the cheek.]

"*Pupil.* [Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting the stop.] Indian no!

"*Master.* God's-my-life, young man! have care how you provoke me.

"*Pupil.* [Always forgetting the stop.] Missionary how then do you know there is such thing?

"[Here a terrible thump.]

"*Pupil.* [With a shout of agony.] Indian because I feel it!"

"The pity of it" may be evident, but the humor is irresistible.

At the time of Bonaparte's threatened invasion, young Hunt belonged as volunteer to St. James's regiment. In 1809, after a great deal of deliberation, no doubt, on the respective merits of a single life and its opposite, he married Miss Kent, the "Marian" of his charming verses. Mrs. Hunt, who died in 1857, had a notable talent for plastic art. She was not handsome nor especially accomplished, and became, later, a hopeless invalid. But she had the

brave virtues of reserve, endurance, and independence. Her wit was keen and quiet, like a rapier thrust. Byron, who did not admire her to excess, once complained to her at Pisa that Trelawney had been speaking slightly of his morals. "It is the first time, my lord," was her laughing but caustic answer, "that I have ever heard of them." My lord never forgave her.

Leigh Hunt is known to the careless majority as the author of *Abou Ben Adhem*, and as the man who spent two years in Horsemonger Lane Jail, for a just if unsparing attack in *The Examiner*, on George IV., then prince regent. With his customary invincible cheerfulness, he made the best of a position sadly detrimental to his prospects and his health. His wife and children being allowed to join him, he hung the doors of his cell with garlands, covered the walls with prints, casts, and hangings, sent for a piano, "and lived, despite the king's attorney-general, in a bower;" even planting an apple-tree near his window, out of which he managed to eke a pudding the second year: typifying, in smiling quaintness, said Richard Hengist Horne, the sweetness and bitterness, the constraint and gay-heartedness, of his whole life beside. Long after he recalled the two among his keepers who were kind to him, and instanced the exquisite delicacy of the jailer's wife, who, obliged to secure the doors against her prisoner at night, was only once caught doing it, so softly had she turned the key, for fear of distressing him. He notes also that to his imprisonment he owed his friend of friends, Percy Bysshe Shelley, who, knowing him but lightly before, now wrote to him, making him a princely offer, of which, however, he would not avail himself. Once liberated, Leigh Hunt and his brother John, who had been implicated with him, continued to edit *The Examiner*; "H. R. H.," as the more brilliant of the two wrote, "still affecting us with

anything but solemnity, as we took care to manifest."

It is not here intended to follow the events of Hunt's career, nor to chronicle in due order the journals that he edited, nor the delightful books that he made. He was all his life friend and abettor to men of genius; exceedingly personal and unreserved with his "gentle reader," he talked of them and to them in public, with a gracious word for those who died prematurely, like Egerton Webbe, and whose morning was rich in promise. His love and comprehension of early English literature ran over like a generous fountain, and chapter after chapter from his pen treated of Chaucer, of the Elizabethan poets, of the wonderful wit of Congreve, Farquhar, Pope, and Atterbury; of the actors and musicians of his own day; of the enchanting lore of Persia and Greece and old Italy. He was always studying and planning, in his tranquil way, taking infinite pains to attest the slightest fact which he put forth, and doing a vast amount of excellent work under painful circumstances and in face of changeless opposition; battling, too, with the rancorous and coarse abuse of *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* criticism, such as is fortunately obsolete now, and out of all adequate conception. "It was nothing to revile Hunt's opinions, his writing, his public conduct," says a living author; "his private and dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack, and under the wildest misconception in regard to them all." Rumor announced him as a rash speculator in the money-market: "I who was never in a market of any kind," he cries, "but to buy an apple or a flower." A more amusing instance of this false interpretation, which pursued Hunt wherever he went, — a "sample of the fantastical nature of scandal," as he called it, — is given in the anecdote of Wordsworth, who, when asked his opinion of the young Whig editor (before having met him), said

that he had nothing against him save that he was badly given to swearing! Now Hunt, as a child, had been bred into an intense abhorrence of violent words. Once he got into a corner, quite by himself, to indulge in the forbidden novelty, and thereafter endured awful pricks of conscience when patted approvingly on the head, each caress forcing him to soliloquize in the depths of his small troubled spirit, "How little they know that I am the boy who said 'D—n it!'" Hunt had occasion, many years later, to send for Theodore Hook's acceptance a certain sketch, which for absolute accordance with the characters introduced needed a few light oaths, and begged hard, pleading the practice of the honest old English writers, for their insertion; Hook, on his editorial virtue, persistently refusing, put the would-be swearer into a singular predicament. Wordsworth had probably heard of the incident in some perverted shape. Subsequently to the "fearful joy" snatched in the corner, it so chanced that an oath never escaped Leigh Hunt's lips; although he hoped no good fellow would think less of him for it, and promised, in that contingency, immediately to begin swearing, purely to *vindicate his character*.

Hawthorne, who had a strong spiritual kinship with Leigh Hunt, and who looked upon him, in their very brief intercourse with anointed eyes, as it were, divined at a glance his penetration and his constitutional love of praise. How easily and gracefully he took true homage of any sort we know from Mary Cowden Clarke, who as a young child in her father's house crept around to the sofa-back, where Leigh Hunt's hand was resting, to kiss it softly and shyly, and steal away, while her idol, with a nod and smile to his little votary, tossed his lithe foot to and fro, and went on with his vivacious talk. Any reader of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters will remember a ludicrous evidence of the same old passion

concerning the young lady whom Hunt God-blessed and otherwise rewarded. It was, perhaps, a natural hunger in one who had ever been foremost with encouraging words, and who had himself suffered so much from harshness and malice. In any case, it was among the oddly winsome traits of his character.

Hunt's humor exactly fitted Thackeray's noble definition: wit and love. It was born of natural gladness of heart, of airy courtesy and assurance. Its sparkling wing flitted ever and anon over his earnest essays and along the windings of his musical verse, showing most of all, if we are to believe those who best knew him, in his everyday conversation. It was of the flavor which Suckling's had once, and Carew's; roguish always, and always humane. It runs into the delicious doggerel, —

"Saint of sweethearts, Valentine!
Connubialest of clergymen;"

into the bantering preface of the Round Table, and into the choice of its topics; into the triumphant dating of the Seer "at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, in the very green and invincible year of our life the fifty-sixth." Hunt's keenness enabled him to give epigrammatic expression, when he so willed it, to his criticism. He said of his friend, his "splanetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death over the good of nations," —

"Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such
That it seems to feel truth, as pure matter of touch."

He cites "Spenser's fine stanza, with its organ-like close." He stamps Rossini as "the genius of animal spirits;" Händel as the "wielder of choirs: his hallelujahs open the heavens. Wonderful! he utters, as if all their trumpets spake together." "There is champagne in the thought of him," is his disquisition on Thomas Moore. This deft touch, which

he knew to be his, Leigh Hunt exercised in *The Royal Line*, where every English sovereign, down to George IV., is struck off to the life in a single rhyming pentameter.

It was another of Hunt's peculiarities to be ultra-liberal in his arguments. His principles were decided enough, and his instincts sure; but he had a constant leaning towards allowances, circumstances, considerations, which might further the very issue he was opposing. The faculty of over-refining which he deprecated in Coleridge was his own failing. He did not temporize with wrong; yet the ever-abiding spirit of gentleness and charity which was with him seemed to break the force of his scorn. To use a choice and expressive Saxon phrase, Leigh Hunt was not pig-headed. He lacked the victorious brute energy, the "insolence of health," as Hazlitt called it, which admits of no hesitancy, and clears its way straight to its end. His nature was too representative. Every possible bearing which a question might take appealed to him and deterred him. He had, as his son pointed out, a Hamlet-like deliberation, in which are yet elements of the finest wisdom and courage.

It was the habit of melancholy frankness with himself and faith in his own good meanings which served to make Leigh Hunt unusually sensitive. Nevertheless, the most admirable qualities in him, and those which best stood the test of nearly seventy years, were the generous simplicity, the utter tolerance and patience, which enabled him, after long annoyance, to waive an unlovely relationship, and to take, with affectionate hope, the hand of a contrite foe.

When Christopher North, who in by-gone days had penned it of Hunt that "to the mowling malice of the monkey he added the hissiness of the bill-pouting gander and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock," and a hundred fold more of such elegant Jocoseria, — when Chris-

topher North atoned cordially and kindly for his treatment not only of Hunt, but of Shelley and John Keats (whom, in a certain sense, he "hooted out of the world"), Hunt, without any airs of injured innocence, quietly accepted the proffered reparation, and spoke thereafter of his "rich-writing Tory," as if they had been friends from boyhood on. All this cost Hunt a pang, for he held the memory of Shelley and Keats jealously at heart. But his sense of honor forbade even the ghost of a resentment when the blade that had been lifted against them was surrendered to him in sorrow. Had he not, as Lord Houghton beautifully said, "a superstition of good"? Was he not, as a celebrated associate also wrote of him, "the visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue?" Under all obloquy, he confidently expected the righting of it, and viewed the change, when it came to pass, with calm content. It was as if Plato's cave-dweller fostered a life-long dream of sunshine and of moving crowds, glad with life; and, released from the darkness and the silence, walked without surprise through the hitherto invisible world, unjarred by all its mystery and wonder.

Nor was Leigh Hunt, "the indomitable forgiver," less ready to undo whatever wrong he might himself have done. He was not capable, willingly, of a momentary injustice. In Italy, he once saw a street procession, in which was a group of "hideous-looking friars, whose cowls were drawn over the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes." On the heels of the first depreciatory adjective follows the quick amendment: "Or were they the brethren of the benevolent Order of the Misericordia" (as they were), "who disguise themselves only the more nobly to attend to any disaster that calls on them for aid? If so, observe how people may be calumniated merely in consequence of a spectator's ignorance." The little forbearing touch and the in-

evitable deduction are, as we say in plain talk, Leigh Hunt all over. He reviewed past differences with the utmost mildness and candor, and with touching disregard of self. Indeed, the Autobiography is overloaded with conscience; a "religious book," Carlyle called it. Whatever hastiness or resentment may have led Leigh Hunt to do or say, in the course of a long life, is canceled by the suppliant manliness of its pages. Right or wrong, he was alike sincere.

He was not a very good hater. Having, like that rare writer whom he liked to call his ancestor, "no genius for disputes," he could look suavely on his bitterest disagreements. Despising the regent as he did, and with the old grievances against him, Hunt could yet say of him, in one of his relenting moods, "In some corner of the Elysian Fields, charity may have room for both of us."

Leigh Hunt felt all cruelty as if he were the object of it. Lack of tenderness grieved him. His quarrels were those of humanity, and not his own. Although, in his proper words, might of any kind never astonished him so much that he could not discern in it what was not right, he was of necessity the apostle of peace, where peace could be had with honor. His main creed was that there is nothing finally potential but gentleness and persuasion, and nothing ultimately worth striving for here below but to see whom of all men shall be the kindest.

His thoughts led him, through partisan feeling, into a cheerful indifference: he looked, as the angry knights in the fable did not look, on the golden and on the silver side of the shield, and contended for neither. His life in jail was painfully dull; he was suffering from poor health, insufficient comfort, and the loss of beloved liberty; his life abroad was happy and comparatively affluent, permeated with new and intense enjoyments. Yet, in a maze of reasoning, and in a strict comparison of effects, seen

and unseen, he could admit afterwards, "I am sometimes in doubt whether I would rather be in prison or in Italy." He tasted always the dregs of pleasure, and found comfort in apparently barren places.

Leigh Hunt's friendship for Keats and Shelley brought him into undeserved reproach; but he never for an instant wavered in his allegiance to either of them. Magazines of the Blackwood stamp looked on him as the arch-vagabond of the literary world, and on the two young poets, whose genius was greater than his own, as his meek and deluded disciples. Hunt was the herald and helper of John Keats: he introduced him to public notice before he had published a line; he discerned the beauties of *Endymion* when its very name was drowned over England in hisses and sneers; he filled number after number of his journals with the same careful, discriminating, enthusiastic criticism of his young friend's work as he would devote to the *Faërie Queen* itself. He kept Keats with him in his house, and watched mournfully the first symptoms of his physical decay. He delighted to associate himself with that "monastic mind" in writing a sonnet, or a review, or an essay. Most of all, he talked of him as he talked confidently to the public of everything he cherished, year after year. When the *Memoir* appeared, in which were chronicled Keats' excusably petulant words that he once suspected both Shelley and Leigh Hunt of a desire to see him undervalued, the surviving friend, deeply wounded, could find nothing harsher to answer but that "Leigh Hunt would as soon have wished the flowers or the stars undervalued, or his own heart that loved him." Of Keats he wrote to the last with unvarying affection and admiration. He prized him for his "fine heart and his astonishing faculties;" not indeed, he adds, with his quaint candor, "so dearly as Shelley, because that was impossible."

In *The Examiner*, under Hunt's editorship, Shelley had his first hearing. Their esteem for each other, even at its closest, was something impersonal and exalted. Nothing pleased them more, in the Italian days, than utterly to confuse the limits of their material belongings. Hunt would appropriate indifferently a book or a dinner; and Shelley, with his childish aim, would walk in upon the household arrayed in his friend's most elaborate waistcoat. Keats' last volume, which, after the memorable storm in the Bay of Spezia, was found open in Shelley's pocket, belonged to Hunt, and was laid upon the funeral pyre and consumed. It was at this time, in 1822, that Hunt wrote to a correspondent, with a stoicism unconsciously plaintive, "I have reason to be thankful that I have suffered so much during my life, as the habit makes endurance now more tolerable." The final words which Leigh Hunt penned for the public were to correct a misapprehension in regard to Shelley; the last letter he dictated had reference to him, and served a like purpose. He lived to see England intensely proud of the exile whom she had scorned. Hunt never lost his veneration for genius, however familiarly he walked with its outward self. Scarce any contemporary so well understood Landor, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and especially Charles Lamb. In and out of his bright intercourse with high minds ran a steady fibre of homage. He would have associated just as gracefully, just as reverently, with Marvell or Sir Thomas Browne. Yet he records with merriment how Shelley sailed his paper boats, or screwed his bright brown hair into "horns," to divert the children; how Keats used to sit listening, clasping one foot over his knee, and how the title "*Junkets*," a whimsical *liaison* of his names, was given to him because of his fairy-folk; and how he, Hunt, in turn, became "*Leontius*," though "Christian nomenclature knows none such." Nothing more beautiful than Hunt's friendli-

ness for the author of *Adonais* and the subject of it can be found in the literary annals of the nineteenth century; it was fellowship, and it was also a prophetic tribute of mind to mind.

What a judicious, discursive critic he was, with a flavor of sarcasm and dogmatism ever and anon in his beneficent pages! Hunt, as James Hannay concisely put it, was a born taster. His sense of artistic propriety was unique. He was not afraid to be liberal, being sure of himself. He was an epicure at quotations, and the chief charm both of his style and his scholarship is that he knew and upheld the "peerage of words," the nobilities of English speech. Therefore it is that if Hunt is not popular, in the sense he wished, he has, at least, a choice circle perpetually about him. The lovers of "the exhaustless world of books and art, of the rising genius of young authors, the immortal language of music, trees, and flowers, and the old memorial nooks of town and country," are his friends.

Hunt was tall, erect, and slender, with the "sweet and earnest look" that Shelley notes. In his early manhood,

"His face was like a summer night
All flooded with a dusky light,"

and sparkling with animation; but in his declining years the gayety, save in his smile and in the occasional "flashes of youth" in his fine eyes, seemed to have died away; and in its stead came the aspect of grave thoughtfulness which we see in the portrait prefixed to his latest book. He had undergone the combined attacks of melancholy and ill-health, but his step was always elastic and his chest ample. His head was handsomely shaped, and covered with rather straight, Indian-like black hair; Byron's hats, as well as Keats' and Shelley's, were too small for him. Carlyle somewhere refers to his "pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial; his voice, with its ending musical warble ('chirl,' we called it), which reminded one of singing-birds."

It would have been better for Hunt, since his lines lay not in the planet Mercury, but in this rough-and-tumble world, had he been cast in a less delicate mould; unless we hold with Lowell that the infusion of "some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared" is no drawback, and that Nature

"Could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man."

Hunt's preferences were after Evelyn's own heart, and turned towards books and a garden. He was not too exacting; he relished a page "bethumbed horribly," and found beauty in a toadstool. But he had little personal claim over any land or any library. He was *doctor sine libris* the greater part of his life; wretchedly poor from 1830 to 1840, and forced to sell his folios for the bare necessities of life.

"Fair lover all his days of all things fair," none deserved better, by services, temperament, and generous habits, to be surrounded with luxuries, and to be blessed with some other revenue than his good spirits merely. Hazlitt understood his needs and their involved denials. "Leigh Hunt," he said, conscious that he was speaking in a world where labor is the immutable law, "ought to be allowed to play, sing, laugh, and talk his life away; to patronize men of letters; to write manly prose and elegant verse." Not a tithe of such luck befell his sunny-hearted friend. The deprivations which Hunt could not lessen, he bore with philosophic serenity.

This brings us to a mention of his money matters, and to the question of Harold Skimpole. First and last, let it not be forgotten that Leigh Hunt would have been comparatively prosperous if his political opinions had accommodated themselves to the powers that be, as did those of several among his brother poets.

He was to some extent improvident, as his father, "deeply acquainted with arrests," had been before him. Of the

vicissitudes of his own childhood the son wrote: "We struggled on between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings and frightful knocks at the door, between sickness and calamity and hopes which hardly ever forsook us." The younger Hunt had a sort of willful attachment to his inherited failing. He would almost have chosen to be poor, on the odd principle that it showed forth his friends clearly, and that it hindered his heart from being eaten up with the love of gain. "I could not dabble in money business if I would," he writes with fastidious directness, "from sheer ignorance of the language." Just as for his thrift and unspiritual shrewdness he disliked Franklin, whom he believed, with all his ability, to be merely at the head of those who think man lives by bread alone, so he rejoiced in Christmas time, for one reason, because Mammon was then suspended; and so he honored his elected saint, Francis of Assisi, because neither he nor his followers could be brought to handle the coin of the realm. Hunt was thoroughly impractical, and very willing to own it. He was full to the brim of what he himself called "other worldliness," and he knew it. Yet he spared no legitimate effort, not desperate, for his family's sake. He was a persistent worker, busy with book and pencil even at the breakfast-table; but somehow the largesses never came, and he found it fitting to despise Mammon, since Mammon so unconscionably slighted him. While in prison, under a heavy fine, Leigh Hunt refused all aid, and his brother and himself paid the last farthing; later, however, he learned to go a-borrowing. From Shelley he received regal help, which there was no obligation to return; unless Jaffar and perfect fidelity to his memory more than discharged the debt. Happily, it was Shelley himself who wrote of Leigh Hunt that no man could so nobly give or take a benefit, though he ever conferred far more than he could receive.

Bounties, indeed, Hunt accepted from none other, save, long after, from Shelley's widow and his heir, the present Sir Percy; and offerings, in the case of friends like these, lose their name, and are not to be considered.

Nothing monetary worried Hunt so much that he was not able to jest over it. It may have been at a time when he most lamented his "handsome infirmity" that he wrote, with boyish humor, to Mrs. Novello, "Somebody in the world owes me tenpence. It's a woman at Finchley. I bought twopenny worth of milk of her one day, to give a draught to Marianne" (Mrs. Hunt), "and she had n't change; so I left a shilling with her, and cunningly said I should call. Now, I never shall call, improvident as you may think it; so that, upon the principle of compound interest, her great-grandchildren, or their great-great, or whichever great it is, will owe my posterity several millions of money. I mention this to give you a lively sense of the shrewdness experience has taught me."

Thornton Hunt (the "favorite child" of Lamb's pretty poem) states that his father had a real incapacity to understand any subject when it was reduced to figures. It was a peculiarity of the system at Christ's Hospital that a boy might grow to his fifteenth year in the grammar school without having learned the rudiments of arithmetic. So it chanced with Leigh Hunt; and in the decline of life he averred, with jocose penitence, that he had never known his multiplication table. When he went as a clerk to the war office, before the starting of *The Examiner*, he taught himself a small stock of mathematics, wisely calculated to last while he stayed there, and no longer, and which served him very well according to his intent. Again, in the preface to Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, he laments his bad habits of business and his sorry arithmetic. The shortcoming was a limitation of his

mind; as the French would say, one of the defects of his qualities. An idealist, a poet, and a

“scornor of the ground,”

he dismissed the significance of seven times seven as an effete imposition.

All this is Harold Skimpole to the life. We can go further. The fantastic gentleman of Bleak House desires to lie upon the grass by the day, and declares that he was born to lie there, gazing tranquilly at the sky, and free of meaner obligations, eking out solace for any and all of his woes. Leigh Hunt, with his “gay and ostentatious willfulness,” — has he no parallel to Mr. Skimpole’s rural unconcern? “In the midst of awful vexations, the sight of one open face, I could almost say of one green and quiet field, is enough to make me hope to the last. . . . I could spend the rest of my life lodging above one of the bookseller’s shops on the Quai de Voltaire, where I might look over to the Tuileries, and have the Champs Elysées in my eye for an evening walk. . . . Oh, I wish we were all of us gypsies! — I mean all of us who have a value for one another; and that we could go, seeking health and happiness, without a care, up all the green lanes in England, half gypsy and half gentry, with books instead of peddlery.” Skimpole’s earnest and disinterested *wishing* his dues to the butcher, who in turn wishes that he had wished Skimpole the lamb in the same sense, and Skimpole’s reply that that could not be, as he, the butcher, possessed the meat, and he, the eater thereof, had not the money, are exquisitely funny to any one who knows Leigh Hunt, and who knows, moreover, that though Hunt never committed so palpable an absurdity, it was in him to make a like arch and innocent reply.

It is a pity to confess the casual reciprocity between an odious character in fiction and a man of such sane and upright temper as Leigh Hunt; and the

admission, certainly, should never be made to those who do not understand, besides this irreconcilable difference between the two, Charles Dickens’s methods of appropriating remnants of real life for his novels, and the laws whereby the transferring of such material is fair and desirable. Dickens was a little piratical in this respect: he could not lose the chance of a favorable effect, even if the indulging of it sacrificed the memory of his not over-admirable parents. To him, Hunt offered extremely tempting oddities; and for Hunt, at the same time, he had a cordial regard, which had been more than once proven. The whole affair became, ultimately, painful to all concerned; but no grudge should stand now against the trusty and affectionate explanation of Dickens, given in *All the Year Round*, in 1859. Leigh Hunt’s “animation, his sympathy with what was gay and pleasurable, his avowed doctrine of cultivating cheerfulness,” and his insisting on these traits with a “gay and ostentatious willfulness” impressed Dickens as “unspeakably whimsical and attractive:” they furnished the airy element he wanted for the man of his tale; and after taking them for his purpose, he showed proofs of the sketch to Hunt’s best friends, that they might alter whatever was too much like his “way.” With all this careful manœuvring, the public were bent on identifying Skimpole with Leigh Hunt. No one mistook that Arcadian carelessness, that inexpressibly engaging manner, even linked, as they were, with disagreeable sequences. *Bleak House* is written, and the excitement is over; but there is the witchcraft of resemblance to be traced out. Alas, not every reader is so constituted as to realize that enjoyment of Mr. Skimpole is compatible with loyalty to Leigh Hunt.

Peace to his happy-hearted spirit! He bore much and outlived much, sustained by natural piety; he moved the “world which neweth everie daie” a

little farther into the sun, as he had wished; and left helpful words to bespeak him to other generations. On August 29, 1859, he died; and in Kensal Green, London, whither many of his family had preceded him, and towards which he looked often, in his solitary walks, with "eyes at once most melancholy, yet consoled," he was laid to rest.

Leigh Hunt deserves a memorial day to his name in his forgetful England. He deserves the bust in Westminster

Abbey, which our Hawthorne awarded him, and which is yet among the possibilities of a marble quarry. He deserves homage, which were perhaps fittest, being unspoken, this hundredth anniversary of his birth. If he has none of these things in full measure, — for his was precisely the temperament which is apt ever to be misconstrued, — we may still assent to the general proposition that the verdict of Time is good; and the fine scorn and the speculation we may keep to ourselves.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

II.

THE lake of Lugano is ten miles from Lago Maggiore as the crow flies. For travelers, the most direct route is from Luino, on the Lombard shore of the latter lake, to the town of Lugano. To escape the midday heat upon the water, they should take the earliest steamboat on a fine day, and see Lago Maggiore in the hour after sunrise, when there is not a cloud in the sky and only a few white breaths linger over the Sasso di Ferro, and when the magic gleam of morning's first smile has not faded from the world. The day is well on its way before the boat arrives at Luino, and then there is delay about post-horses even though they have been ordered in advance, to give the hotel-keeper a chance of forcing tourists to swallow an extremely bad meal while waiting for the stage-coach or for separate conveyances. The former is about equally uncomfortable all the world round, and the smaller vehicles are such jingling rattle-traps that I wonder no American has carried out the happy thought of a young fellow-countryman I met at Lucerne, who declared that he

would bring over a trotting-wagon on his wedding journey, and pass his honeymoon in skimming over the smooth valley roads. As the horses, tired from the start, slowly toil up the steep, narrow street, arched gateways in the unprepossessing house fronts give sudden glimpses of gardens like bits of rainbow, over which the lake is seen sparkling against its curving shore. The road climbs up-hill for some time after the town is left behind, while one looks backward for a last view of the queen of Italian lakes; it then descends into a brooky vale of charming rural disposition, flowery meadows with groups of fine trees bordering the bright little river Tresa, which keeps company with the thirsty road during most of the drive. At Ponte Tresa the rivulet flows into a cove of Lake Lugano, with a twin pool near by, both of them so shut in by a pictorial, cheerful-looking village that they seem to be independent lakelets. The road after passing them turns from the water into another valley, which it divides by a long, straight track regularly planted with noble shade-trees, like a private avenue. A mile or two of this, and then a little aside from

the highway lies the tiny lake of Muzano, encircled by a broad belt of water-lilies, under which springs bubble up, making the white flowers rock. When I first saw it, peasant women were making hay and steeping flax on the turfy banks beneath the chestnut-boughs, while their children were paddling in the clear ripples, some with their clothes on, others without them; one little fellow, whose brown limbs were clad only in a white shirt, was standing up to his knees in the water and scooping it into his lap. It was altogether such a perfect eclogue that a few days later I walked back there from Lugano by steep, stony by-ways full of picturesque surprises. As I struck across the grass beside the lake, dilating my nostrils for the perfume of new-mown hay, they inhaled instead a shocking smell like that of a lamp gone out. The idyllic task of laving the fresh stalks of flax is followed by drying them in the sun, and their bleaching skeletons lay about, giving out a fetid, oily odor. This is a drawback to enjoyment along the lake-edges for a short time towards the end of summer, but it does not last many days; after that the women are to be seen, sitting in the shade, hackling the fibres with an implement as primitive as a spinning-wheel.

The lake of Lugano is very much smaller than Maggiore, and more Swiss than Italian in character. It is narrow, and winds between steep, dark mountains which overshadow the water; the scenery is striking, almost rugged. Formerly it was not altogether easy of access, as the road from Luino, or a still longer one by way of the lake of Varese, or a more hilly one from Lake Como, were, I believe, the only carriage routes by which it could be reached, and its austere expression was consistent with its isolation. Now the St. Gothard railroad passes the town of Lugano and skirts the lake for some distance, crossing its lower bay on a causeway, and keeping it in view almost until the

waters of Como flash into sight. Seen from the railroad, Lake Lugano loses its rather stern aspect, and smiles and sparkles like a true daughter of Italy. I know of no more beautiful excursion than to cross the St. Gothard, with its wonders of engineering, its sudden alternations of darkness and light, its precipices, chasms, snow summits, its prodigious revelations of height and depth, — those sublime “creatures,” as St. Paul calls them, — its cascades, and swirling torrents, and pine forests; then to descend through the vine-clad canton of Ticino upon the upper sheet of Lago Maggiore, and proceed along the fairy marges of Lugano and Como until the pinnacles of Milan cathedral come into view. It is marvelous that so much of the majesty and loveliness of nature can be brought within the range of a railway-carriage window.

The station at Lugano is a really fine building, with a marble-pillared porch and two wings; its arched and pillared porticoes framing a series of pictures of lake, mountains, and town, which boasts more than one Romanesque tower and a fine Renaissance church front. The floor of these handsome galleries is mosaic; the restaurant, waiting-rooms, and various offices open upon them on one side, and on the other upon a long, covered, paved platform above the railway. Nothing could be more suitable and convenient for the practical purposes of a passenger dépôt, nor at the same time more in keeping with its position as the portal to a region of natural beauty enhanced by the presence of art.

“Hotel du Parc, Lugano, August 18, 1882. This is a terribly hot and noisy place. Under the clipped lindens beside the quay opposite the hotel, the boatmen sit all day in wait for fares, shouting, playing cards, quarreling, and making altogether more row than a stand of Irish hack-drivers would. Three or four times, between dawn and bedtime, stage-coaches, carriages, and omnibuses

jingle, rattle, and *crackle* past, going to and from the steamboats and trains. The harsh bells of half a dozen churches clang for service at all hours, beginning at five A. M. Every other day — perhaps only twice a week in reality, but it seems to be twice as often — the peasants in troops come by to market, with their livestock, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, attended by yelping dogs. The horned beasts take their troubles quietly, but there is no dignity or reticence about swine: they come from the country grunting and squealing at every step, as if in anticipation of a cruel fate, but those that return unsold go back to their pastures as full of grumbling and complaint as they came; there is no satisfying them. Even when one of them stops to root, while his owner rests under the trees, he grunts and squeals incessantly, pausing in his grumbling, but not in his threnody, to look up and down the road; under these circumstances there is no ground for discontent, and it must be that the grievance lies merely in the fact that he is a pig.

“The hotel itself is not pleasant, although it might be, for it is a spacious, curious old place, and was once a monastery; but everybody is churlish, from the landlord to the porter, and the *table d’hôte* is crowded by over a hundred and fifty Babel-like people, not counting the rude waiters. The racket and clatter are distracting. The truth is, we are socially and politically in Switzerland; for, coming from Luino, one crosses the frontier, which makes a scalloped line between and across the lakes, so that one must sometimes go through the custom-house three times in half a day’s excursion. The hotel gardens are fine, rising in many terraces up a stiff hillside behind the house, laid out on a pleasant, old-fashioned plan, with shade and fruit trees mingled, flower borders and vegetables and current bushes in rows, and walks ending in bowers of white jasmine. There is a *dépendance*,

or colony, called the Beau Séjour, in an adjoining villa, once a royal residence (of one of the Tuscan arch-dukes, I think), which would be altogether the better place to stop at, if one had not to come to the hotel for meals, a steep and sunny ten minutes’ walk. The Beau Séjour grounds are extremely beautiful: there is a noble terrace blazing with flowers, lined with orange-trees, and shaded by magnificent lindens, which overlooks the lake; a footpath leads from it up a wooded hillside broken by a wild glen and brook.

“Sunday, August 20. Very warm, but a fine air on the water. At 10 A. M. took a little steamer which carries travelers for the lake of Como to Porlezza, the last town on these waters. Got out after half an hour at the village of San Mamette, in Italy, to look for the cascade of the Drano. The population of this picturesque little emporium was keeping the festival of its sponsor and patron saint; the holy-day falls two days earlier, but a peasant woman told me that they had put off the celebration until Sunday, as they could not afford to spare a week day from their work, — a wonderful revolution brought about by the pressure of the taxes. Inquiring my way, I was directed to go straight up the church steps, which seemed odd for the first stage. However, they lead not to the door of the church, which crowns the town, but to a sort of small *piazza*, or platform, before it, whence a path strikes up among the hills. Up, up, I went, over nearly four hundred rough steps and ridges of *cordonate*, alternating with steep pitches paved with sharp little cobble-stones, slippery as glass and hot as live coals. But it was a beautiful walk between low vineyard and orchard walls. On the left the fine gorge of the Drano burrowed deep down among rocks and dense foliage, the mountains rising on its further side, with wild hamlets, each hoisting its *campanile* and clinging to the ledges. The path, after passing

through one or two similar collections of houses, at length winds off into solitude, crossing the ravine by an arched bridge of audacious spring. Below, to the right, I saw the head of the valley ; so I turned off and entered a pretty dell with green, shady sides, closed by a great, sheer wall of rock, over which falls a long white tress of water, trickling away in a clear strand over the stones ; in the cleft of the hills directly above the waterfall rises a grand bare mountain, breast and brow. I sat down on the grass among blue-bells, pink cyclamens, and wild sweet-peas, and presently espied, on the other side of the rivulet, a little ruined mill with a red tile roof, wreathed in creepers ; it did not trouble the seclusion. . . . For once descent was more difficult than ascent ; I found it hard to keep my feet, as I slid on tottering legs down to San Mamette, catching glimpses of the peacock-colored lake across the tree-tops below me. Passed the afternoon in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, adjoining the hotel, looking at Luini's frescoes."

It is not possible to speak of Lugano and be silent about the works of Bernardino Luini ; but what I have to say is merely the opinion of an unæsthetic traveler who likes to look at pictures. There are several of Luini's frescoes in this favored church, the principal being a Crucifixion, which covers a wall stretching entirely across the church, the aisles passing under it. When I was first at Lugano I had not gone through an apprenticeship in the great galleries, and the immense size of the composition and the number of figures overwhelmed and confused me. After one or two efforts to understand and enjoy it I gave up the attempt, and devoted myself to the smaller ones, a lovely Madonna with the two children, and a Last Supper in three compartments. The latter inevitably challenges comparison with Leonardo da Vinci's far more famous work, and suffers accordingly ; but if

there is less power and harmony in Luini's, there is no less beauty or religious feeling. Judas is treated with peculiar originality : he sits at the end of the bench, which he grasps spasmodically with one hand, averting his head from his companions so as to face the spectator ; he seems to be apart from the rest, the common emotion, acting inversely upon him, separates him from them ; he has an expression of contrition for the deed to be committed, a foretaste of the remorse which was to end in Aceldama.

It was eleven years before I saw the Crucifixion again, and then it absorbed my attention for hours together on many successive days. As a whole it lacks unity, a want which is felt in many of Luini's large productions ; and this fault is exaggerated by the introduction of the entire Passion. The closing scene, crowded with life-size figures, occupies the foreground ; higher up, in a sort of middle distance, is the Procession to Calvary ; still higher is the Flagellation on one side, and on the other are the Entombment and Resurrection, these incidents being reduced in scale, and artificially divided from each other by painted columns ; above, in the air, are weeping angels and cherubs, and highest of all the Eternal enthroned. The composition, which is certainly defective, resolves itself into a number of groups and single figures, some of which are so extraordinarily beautiful and graceful that the neglect with which they have been treated by copyists and photographers is unaccountable. Among the most charming of them are a child in white tripping through the garden near the tomb, a lad with a spear mounting guard at the flagellation, and a woman watching the crucifixion, with a babe on her left arm and holding with her right hand a little boy three or four years old who is hiding his face in her skirt with a movement of fright. Many of the heads — too many for enumeration — are noble studies ; the centurion's is one of the

finest. There are also some majestic prophets in *grisaille* between the arches; these have been somewhat retouched, and very badly, but the other frescoes are in excellent preservation, especially the Last Supper and the Virgin and Children. The colors of the Crucifixion have probably grown pale; still I have never been struck by any general effect of richness or harmony of coloring in Luini's larger frescoes. It is clear and cheerful, with a predominance of the lighter shades of red, which he bestows most liberally upon his human beings. He sometimes produces the happiest combinations, such as the apple-green and salmon-colored robes of two exquisite angels who float above our Saviour's cross, the tints being repeated in the cherubs overhead.

Next to the positive beauty of Luini's figures, their principal charm lies in their dignity, simplicity, and sweetness, and in a deep consistency of expression which defines the relation of each personage to the subject of the picture. The disciple of Leonardo is hardly to be called *naïf*, but even where the teacher's influence is most apparent, as in the subtle refinement of certain female heads, there is no dubious after-thought, no equivocal insinuation. He has not great strength, but he abounds in purity, delicacy, and quiet religious feeling, sometimes touched by sadness, yet free from mystery and mysticism. His execution of detail, although never obtrusive, is often marvelous in minuteness and fidelity. In following this gentle master from town to town, I discovered, what was new to me, at least, how distinctly he has been the model of Mr. Burne Jones and his imitators, as well as of the Frenchman M. Puvis de Chavannes, who has caught the spirit of the early school better than his English compeers. Sandro Botticelli is generally assigned as the prototype and model of these gentlemen, and Luini has not the ineffable melancholy and suggestiveness

of Botticelli, nor some of his defects, for which the painters of the pseudo-Renaissance pine and yearn. But, not to pursue the comparison further, the question will be settled for most people by a glance at the fresco of three girls playing at forfeits, in a corridor of the Brera at Milan, and at the painting of red and white rose-bushes in a picture of the Madonna, in a small room of the same gallery.

There are other excursions to make from Lugano, a mountain to climb, and Monte Caprino to be reached by rowing, where the grotto cellars give tourists an excuse for drinking a sweet, sparkling, and heady wine, Asti Mousseux by name: these are duly set down in all guide-books. But a grateful traveler will not turn away from the spot without recording his thanks to the generous owner of a fine place on a point across the cove upon which the town stands where strangers are permitted to land and walk under the broad shade of sycamore and linden groves, with dazzling openings on the hot lake from the cool depths. It is not just, either, to leave the neighborhood without speaking of the mode of approach by which the scenery is seen to the greatest advantage, although it does not come exactly into the order of my going.

"August 24, 1883. Left Bellagio (on the lake of Como) at ten A. M. by steamboat. Got off at Menaggio, on the opposite side, and had a row with a rascal about a pony-carriage to Porlezza, which lost us an hour, although I got the better of him. This delay had the solitary advantage of giving the diligence such a start of us that its dust had subsided before we set out. The drive is hilly at first, and gradually becomes mountainous, going higher and higher by zigzags among vineyards, olive orchards, and chestnut groves, over a white powdery road, between blinding white walls. As we looked back there

was an ever-changing view of the enchanting lake, until at last the hill-sides, closing round us, shut it out. By and by darker heights began to rise over against us, and the landscape wore a more sombre face than we had seen for weeks. We crossed a babbling brook in a ravine, and passed a little lake with marshy borders, a mere pool. By the time we had driven an hour and a half, the Italian flowers in the college garden had given place to Swiss ones, — dahlias, hollyhocks, and marigolds, — and the scenery had lost much of its softness. The hour's detention at Menaggio made us five minutes late for the steamboat at Porlezza, and we had three hours to wait for the next one. Porlezza is a small town, which has apparently stood still for a long time. There is a hotel, where we had a bad lunch, a church, a villa of some pretensions, — pretty, as a garden on a mountain lake must needs be, — and a crooked street, all of which stand upon or tend towards a shabby, grass-grown piazza along the steamboat landing. To escape from this, I wandered into a meadow fringed with trees on a bank above a strip of shingle beach, and there sat drinking the breeze and looking out upon the lake. It is narrow at this end, and the mountains are high, sloping in a single line from peak to base. The steamboat, which reaches Lugano in an hour, soon carried us into wider waters, and we passed a cascade dropping over the mouth of a grotto at the ripple's edge. The scenery has character, what painters call 'style'; it recalls the lake of Lucerne in greatly diminished proportions. As we advanced the mountains rose sharp and serrate, some of them like a hand with blunt fingers; the lake widened still more and the upper bay came into sight, and finally Lugano, looking almost like a city, seated on a natural amphitheatre in the north-most curve."

Between the lakes of Lugano and Como stands Monte Generoso, for which

the starting-point, since the completion of the railway, is the station of Mendrisio. There are two modes of going up the mountain: one in a *carretta*, a vehicle unknown to us, a sort of rough arm-chair on wheels, holding but one person; the other on a donkey, or on foot by a bridle-path if you prefer it. When I made the expedition one of my companions chose the *carretta*, and reported it to be an instrument of torture for dislocating the bones and shaking the breath out of the body. My other comrade and I took the shorter way, as we supposed, but we arrived simultaneously with the *carretta*; he walked, I rode, and although he had the light foot of youth he declared that he had done nothing in the Alps so fatiguing as that slipping and scrambling over loose stones, which rolled down-hill with him at every step. For a short distance we followed the so-called carriage-road: it turns first among walnut groves; then through chestnuts, some of which are great boles bound with small five-pointed ivy; then between rocky banks supporting big, mossy, gnarled beech-stumps, with plantations of saplings springing from their old stocks. Not far above Mendrisio there is a spot fit for a picture: a dilapidated paper-mill, with many wheels dashing the spray of a brook into the ravine below with a refreshing plash; and opposite to this a wide, vaulted, stone recess lined with delicate ferns, sheltering a large marble tank brimful of clear water, where the tired donkey-boys stop to drink from the hollow of their hand. It is the last mouthful of moisture or coolness on the road. The rest of the way is first dusty and steep, then steeper and paved with cobble-stones, and finally it becomes like the dry bed of a New England hill-brook where it lies nearest to the perpendicular. It was very hot; the only trees were scrub-growth that shut out the air, but not the sun; the only traces of water two or three empty torrent-courses and a spring which for the

moment was a mere mud-hole. There was no view except of mountain flanks, forest below and pasture-land above. We came once upon a few furlongs of woodland, where wild pinks and superb dark blue campanulas grew among the grass, and we hailed it as a veritable oasis. My donkey was fat and sleek; every quarter of an hour he stopped as if ready to drop, and I got off and walked for a quarter of an hour to let him rest. The donkey-boy beat him with incessant mechanical strokes, like a pendulum, and replied to my remonstrances that he was "a malicious beast." He was also sly and lazy, and by degrees my zoöphilism gave out: I noticed that he was neither hot nor blown, while I was both; so at length I scrambled into the saddle to dismount no more before the end of the journey, and bade the boy thwack as much as he thought fit. But the donkey, at an earlier day, had made up his mind that he preferred being beaten to making speed, and nothing could shake his determination.

After nearly three hours of this progress, which would have become intolerable if it had been much more prolonged, we reached the Monte Generoso hotel, standing alone on a small plateau three quarters of the way to the mountain-top. It is a big, square, five-story building, solid, but otherwise as ugly as if it belonged in New Hampshire. The grounds are small, rough, and untidy. The near view is Swiss, mountains covered with short grass and beech copse; beyond them the plain of Lombardy stretches out vast and vague as the sea, through a hot haze which muffles its outlines. Behind the hotel, a walk of ten minutes through the beech thickets leads to a path along a ridge overhanging the lake of Lugano, and ending at the Bella Vista, a railed platform, which commands a grand panorama. I never saw this entirely unclouded, but it was always imposing. My first sight of it was just before sunset, when the gorges were full

of dark vapors, heavy gray and black clouds thronging and crowding together above the peaks, diffusing darkness, through which came flashes of lightning and mutterings of thunder; the lake had a strange, dull green, marble-like surface, reflecting every anfractuosity of the rock, every house and clump of trees on its banks, every cloud that crossed the sky; over the nearest ridge Lago Maggiore could be seen gleaming dimly in the distance, catching some sunset lights through rifts in the gloomy canopy.

"Monte Generoso, Sunday, August 26, 1883. This is a comfortless house, and there is the tyranny in its hours and habits and the indifference to the convenience of travelers which are usually to be found where there is but one hotel. Furthermore, it is a fief of the Church of England; there is daily morning prayer at 8.30 A. M.; on Saturday the corridors resound with practicing the chants and hymns, and on Sunday there are three services, the first beginning at 10 A. M., when the same bell which summons us to meals announces church by more measured strokes. The majority of the lodgers are botanizing, geologizing, sketching, ascensionizing English of both sexes. They attend public worship in an exemplary manner. To-day, after the sermon, before the final hymn and benediction, the clergyman made an earnest appeal for contributions to the fund for maintaining the services, on the regularity and frequency of which he dwelt with just emphasis, affirming, poor man, that he should derive no advantage from this collection. Having no money with me, I slipped out and went to my room for my pocket-book. Most of my English fellow Christians went out at the same time, but did not go back."

"Monday, August 27. There is pleasant walking here over miles of soft, elastic, close-cropped turf, and the air is very fine, pure, and rare. We are four thousand feet above the sea; the moun-

tain-top is two thousand feet higher. The drawback to walking is the absence of shade. The greater views, too, are not visible from the pastures. Took a long hot pull to a point whence we were assured that we could see the lake of Como. We did see an inch or two of it, and the town, — a flat bird's-eye view; the cathedral stood up handsomely, however. There is a fine breed of cattle on this mountain, with most dulcet bells; when a number of them are grazing together the sound is like musical-glasses. The heifers are extremely tame, and come to be fed and petted.

“Dialogue at table d'hôte between American gentleman from an Atlantic State and English lady. *She*. Did you ever meet the Indians? *He*. The Indians? *She*. Yes; your red men, you know. *He (aside)*. Does she mean in society or on the war-path, I wonder. (*Aloud.*) No, I live too far east. They are in the west, — the far west. *She*. Oh, yes; Chicago and Cincinnati, you know. *He*. Yes, a good deal further than that. *She*. Aw — really! Your country is so *very* — *very* large, you know. And for these long journeys do you have something like our Pullman cars? *He (with self-command)*. Something quite like them. *She*. Fancy!

“Tuesday, August 28. Spent the morning at the Bella Vista. The horizon was not clear, but the clouds had not yet gathered compactly, and the black bulks of the Monte Rosa Alps, with their death-like white faces, were looking over fields of lower ranges. What are they like? There is something personal and supernatural, conscious and deliberate, in their appearance, and how remote and alien from earth and man! The moment they become visible the whole scene changes, as if Nature herself were affected by their presence. The extension which the prospect gains by their altitudes deepens the profound silence which always broods over these lakes at this season; it grows more intense with

the expansion of the view. To-day the stillness was oppressive: not a bird or insect gave a note; there was no noise of steam, or trade, or traffic from the white, motionless towns thousands of feet below me, no voice of agricultural labor from the hill-sides. Once in the course of the morning a dull rumble was heard far down, and a railway train wriggled along the ground like a huge black reptile, tainting the air with its breath. The view must be magnificent when it is at its best, and it is very fine at its worst, as it is said to be at present. The mountains are seamed and scarred by the tracks of torrents, and gray-brown crags jut out from their green covering, as if Generoso had worn through his coat. They stand up in peaks, ridges, and bluffs, shutting in the narrow lake. There is an awful harmony in the general configuration. The one flaw in it is a flat strip along the water between the headlands of Mendrisio and Maroggia, which is marked with a long St. Andrew's cross by the oblique intersection of the railroad and highway; it is a commonplace, work-day feature, annoyingly out of keeping with the majesty of the surrounding scenery. There is nothing Italian here except the atmosphere, and that invests the severity of the prospect with some softness. But it is not *simpatico*.”

Southward from Monte Generoso, among the lessening hills, there is a small sheet of water aside from the common track of travel, called the lake of Varese. It is accessible by carriage-roads from several points on the larger lakes, and from Arona on Lago Maggiore by a branch of the railroad to Milan. I drove thither from Mendrisio by a dusty and monotonous route between maize-fields, with hems of white buckwheat and rows of cropped, stunted-looking mulberry-trees. After passing the frontier, where the vexations of the custom-house were abridged as much as possible by the good-humor and good-

manners of the officials, the road begins to ascend; higher and bolder mountains come into sight; the finger of Italy touches the landscape. On one side a Lombard church tower, eight stories high, starts into view; on the other, upon a knoll above the road, appears the tall fragment of an amphitheatre wall cut in the foliage of a closely planted row of trees, a bit of old-fashioned gardening which seemed to belong to the grounds of an adjacent convent. The curves of the champaign are in the immortal line of beauty. Cream-colored oxen with liquid, dark eyes pass by, dragging hay-carts; carnations loll heavily from the window-sills; and, framed by a small square casement sunk in vines, a woman's face looks out, fit for a tragedy of the sixteenth century.

Varese is unlike any other Italian town with which I am familiar, yet it looks as if it might be the type of a good many. Its dimensions are small and its pretensions are great. In the environs there are shabby, mangy little promenades and parks at every turn; tablets in the walls with pompous Latin inscriptions, commemorating personages and events unknown to the next parish; ill-kept villas with elaborate iron gateways. In the outskirts of the town there is a church which exceeds in bad taste anything of the same style I have ever seen: it has a square tower, a polygonal cupola, and side apses, crammed together without regard to proportion, and a triple porch upheld by colossal satyrs and surmounted by allegorical figures with trumpets. The place is thriving and uninteresting; its narrow streets smell as ill as those of more picturesque and less prosperous communities. To judge by the signboards, there is a lively trade in spirituous liquors; but silk manufacture is the principal industry of the place.

I went to see a large *flanderia*, or establishment where the silk in its natural state is prepared for the loom. Mil-

lions of cocoons were lying on shelves of slats to avoid moisture. They were of three colors, white, cream, and pale yellow: this variety does not arise from differences in the food of the worm, but from diversity of species; "like the races of mankind," as the superintendent explained, laughing. The best variety is Chinese; "Mongoli," he called them. I stupidly did not ask whether the Mongolians are yellow. Some cocoons are notably larger than others and those are double, — "married," said the superintendent, there being two chrysalides in the egg, like a *philopœna* almond; they are as numerous as the single ones, and are kept separate from them. In a long, airy room several hundred women, principally young girls, were putting the cocoons through successive stages of a process by which the downy cover is separated from the chrysalis and spun into threads like gossamer; there was a subdued rattle of treadles and reels, like an accompaniment to a sweet melancholy chant which the women were singing in parts. In a side-room sat a young girl with a distaff and spindle, running off the spider's-web substance into shining hanks of silk; they looked like immense skeins of spun glass and spun gold. The white remains white, the straw-color becomes paler and takes a greenish cast, while the cream-color turns out bright yellow, almost like old gold; these are the only natural shades. As I gave the young girl some trouble by interrupting her work to make her show me how it was done, I offered her at parting a small sum with my thanks; she refused it with a gesture almost scornful and, starting up, ran out of the room. The merry superintendent laughed, as he did at everything, but when, on saying good-by to him, I ventured to proffer him a much larger bonus he too drew back, and declined it with comic pantomime of putting away a bribe. Believing that there was no indelicacy in pressing it upon him gently, I did so; but he shook his

head, and said gayly that he could not accept money, having violated the rules of the establishment, which are very strict, in allowing me to visit it, and that to take money would compromise him with the proprietor, his employer. I suppose my unscientific questions at the outset convinced him of my incapacity to steal the secrets of the process, but how he supposed his breach of trust would become known I cannot imagine, unless the work-people act as spies.

The lake of Varese is much smaller and less beautiful than its three neighbors; the hills about it are long and low, the immediate landscape is tame. It is to this absence of salient heights that it owes its chief title to consideration, — an unobstructed view of Monte Rosa and her snowy myrmidons, said to be unique in its effect of juxtaposition. The clouds hid it entirely during my short stay, and I know it only by a highly-colored lithograph in the hall of the hotel. The hotel itself is the most remarkable villa near Varese, although on the higher ground above the lake there are several handsome ones in good order. One of these, the Villa Taccioli, which is old enough to have a history, but has changed hands too often, boasts of a chapel containing an original work by Agostino Busti, a famous Lombard sculptor of the Cinquecento. It is a graceful but feeble, insignificant group of the Madonna and Child; the best part is the base, which evidently does not belong to the figures. As I observed this to the gardener, he instantly replied that he had heard *conoscenti* say that it was probably a portion of the widely-scattered monument of Gaston de Foix, by the same sculptor. This intelligent gardener had a large bed of cyclamens which he had transplanted from the mountains; it is the only time I have seen them cultivated in Italy. The hotel, however, surpassed all the neighboring seats that I saw. It is called

the Excelsior, and until twenty years ago belonged to the Recalcati family of Milan. It is an enormous house, to which only a wing, with the dining-room and offices, has been added for its present purpose; and although not a handsome building, it has good points, especially indoors. There is a spacious suite of reception-rooms opening on the garden, and one of them, for music, is most charmingly designed and decorated. It is in white and a fresh, delicate green; the walls have green panels set in very rich flower-chaplets of white stucco; it has a gambrel ceiling, with an elegant frieze of garlands, medallions, and groups of Cupids; between the panels opposite the long windows are mirrors reflecting the garden, and there are a quantity of silver sconces and candlesticks of a very pretty, old-fashioned pattern; the furniture is in pale green damask, white wood-work with a touch of gold. Upstairs the principal rooms open into an antechamber, with floors of scagliola, or red, white, and black marble, furnished with heavy, obsolete black chairs, tables, and settees, such as fill the modern bricabrac hunter with envy. The walls are paneled with frightful frescoes, or hung with great canvases by third and fourth rate Venetian and Bolognese painters, and even the bad taste is grandiose. The gardens have extent, but not style, and though they are large the trees are small; they are a most agreeable adjunct to the lower rooms, however, which seem almost part of them. When I was there, long, high banks of roses and mignonette filled the air with sweetness, and mimosa-trees, covered with puffs of pink-tipped blossoms as light as thistle-down, lent some of their own exquisite refinement to the grounds. The great attraction of the hotel is its own excellence; it is one of the best kept houses in Europe, luxuriously clean, comfortable, well appointed and served in every respect. It is astonishing to find such an admirable establishment in

an out-of-the-way and not much frequented place.

After the St. Gothard road, the other railways from the lakes to Milan seem uninteresting and the excursions one makes by them tedious, short as they are perforce. It is a proof of how a great enjoyment spoils most people for lesser ones, as the routes are not unattractive. They run for miles between well-sodded banks and close rows of crop-headed locust-trees, which are pretty all summer and lovely when in bloom, with occasional peeps at a lake or mountain; and every station offers its picture of Italian existence, past or present, in some noble building, graceful bit of gardening, or dramatic incident of daily life. This is the home of Lombard architecture, which in its large simplicity attains to a degree of dignity that to my eyes Gothic does not possess. Broad masses of dark red brick, or of alternate terra cotta and granite or marble, in square or round surfaces, divided by a method as natural as the formation of the crystal or the bee's cell into many-sided forms of baptistery or bell-tower; the basilica ground plan of early Christian churches, with the dome borrowed from the East; lofty round-arched portals; tall, slender shafts; tiers of round-headed windows marked off into miniature colonnades by small, slim pillars, — these are the features of the style which the traveler can recognize as far as he can see them across their native plains. The fertility of the surrounding country is a beauty in itself; the maize, rice, and grain fields are sprinkled with scarlet poppies, and separated by rows of mulberry-trees or poplars twined together by vines in full bearing, intersected and irrigated by runlets of glassy water bordered by osiers; there is a constant shimmer on the golden-green crops and the silvery-green willows. The infrequency of hamlets or isolated farm-buildings is strange to a foreigner; he wonders whether the farmers and laborers all

live in towns. Of these there is no dearth, and the smaller they are the greater in proportion are their possessions in the way of art. Pavia, with its decaying vestiges of royal pomp, and the glorious, incomparable Certosa, or Carthusian monastery; Monza, with a cathedral thirteen centuries old and the legendary Iron Crown; Saronno, where the Lombard painters decorated a church which is the monument of their school; mediæval Bergamo, richest of them all in treasures of this sort, lie within the circumference of a circle drawn from Milan as the centre to the lakes of Como, Varese, Maggiore, and Garda.

Saronno is on one of the carriage-roads from Varese to Milan, not so often traveled now as formerly, the place being more accessible from the city by the railway or steam tramway than from the lake. It is a bright, compact little town among the corn-fields, standing out against a background of dark mountains overtopped by snowy ones. It has such a cheerful and modern air that I thought I must have come to the wrong place for the early Lombard masters; but following my directions, I walked to the Sanctuary of the Madonna, beyond the last houses and about ten minutes from the station. My doubts increased when I saw on the very edge of the tramway an ugly seventeenth-century Renaissance front, newly painted and plastered, looking like nothing so much as a Roman Catholic village church in America. The first view on entering the structure is no better: whatever its architectural merits may be, they are disguised by the tasteless, hideous restorations and decorations of the last two centuries; gaudy daubing meets the eye wherever it turns. But as I advanced up the aisle the interior of a cupola painted by Gaudenzio Ferrari revealed itself, which called forth a cry of admiration. The central glory is surrounded by a wreath of cherubs *with bodies*, singing and trampling on the clouds; and below them a joyous

throng of angels are harping, trumpeting, and hymning with a delightful independence of attitude and motion. I had to break my neck backwards to look at them, not a favorable position for judging of a work of art, but I thought it a beautiful composition, replete with energy and exultation. On all sides, between arches and over windows, are figures of saints by Luini and his co-peers and followers, Cesare da Sesto, Lanini, Suardi. In the passage from the nave to the choir there are two large frescoes by Luini, one on each wall: the Marriage of the Virgin and Christ disputing with the Doctors in the Temple. On the choir walls there are two more great groups, the Adoration of the Magi and the Presentation at the Temple, and in a small apse behind the high altar two beautiful female figures and an angel, all by the master's hand. They are in almost perfect preservation, only the flesh seems to have changed a little, and are extremely calm and beautiful, showing Luini's finest qualities without his defects in composition. There are all sorts of traditions about his connection with this church, it being said that he ended his days here, and that these are his last works; but they are guide-book stories at best, for there is not much known of his life or the exact dates of his different productions, though these and the Crucifixion at Lugano are among the latest. The church is curiously constructed; I have never seen anything exactly like the entrance to the choir or that hindermost apse. It was begun in 1498 and finished two centuries afterwards, and the original design was cast aside by each architect for one of his own. The cloister, as I saw it, was a little gem for water-color artists; the simple columns were festooned together by grape-vines full of purple clusters; there was a small square of green turf, from the centre of which rose a fine stone-pine, with a small square of deep blue sky above it; and

a well-proportioned tower of brick and granite and a handsome cupola, both sixteenth-century additions, were visible above the roof of the church. Over a door in the cloister there is another Luini, a Nativity, with angels announcing the good tidings to the shepherds in the background. The helplessness of the new-born child is singularly tender and pathetic.

I could not learn by what claims this church had been so lavishly adorned; pilgrimages are made to it, and its name, the Sanctuary of the Madonna, undoubtedly has some significance. The reverence in which it was founded nearly four hundred years ago has not entirely died out, as in a side-chapel there is a marble *alto-rilievo* of the Deposition from the Cross, by the modern sculptor Marchesi, — a graceful and touching work of art. I left it with a parting prayer that it may never be despoiled in the interest of the Brera, as it is a museum itself, and gives the masterpieces which it contains a prominence they could not have in a collection.

In my goings to and fro among the lakes I stopped one day, on the way to Como, at Monza, which like Saronno is less than an hour from Milan by rail. It is a dead-alive town, from which all strong mediæval character has been expunged by a modern royal residence and a large railway station. There is a fine old Gothic brick town-hall and a handsome terra-cotta church, Santa Maria in Strada, besides the cathedral. The last, associated in my mind with its foundress, Queen Theodelinda, of magnificent name and fame, had always appeared to my fancy as the stronghold of the Lombard dynasty, but I could discover no traces of its royal origin. It was rebuilt in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and as it stands now is a heavy Gothic pile, with a highly decorated Renaissance façade of black and pale yellow marble clapped on like a mask. One feature of the latter is a great parallelogram,

or oblong tablet, of rectilinear ornamentation, interspersed with rosettes, set in among the statues and busts immediately above the main door, and including a rose-window within its limits; the whole effect is singularly odd and by no means pleasing. The interior is a horrible example of late Renaissance restoration.

The cathedral contains several relics of great antiquity, among them the Iron Crown which has pressed so many august brows, from Constantine's to Napoleon's. On asking to see it I was startled to learn that the cost would be five *lire* (or francs), exactly five times as much as the most expensive exhibition, sacred or secular, I had hitherto seen in Italy, and ten times the sum usually exacted. But I ceased to be surprised when the sacristan called a custodian, the custodian called a priest, and the priest came, — a tall, robust, unshaven personage, with some native dignity, like Friar Tuck, — accompanied by two acolytes bearing four great silver candelabra and other sacred properties. The candlesticks were placed on the balustrade of a side-chapel where the relic is kept; tapers were put into them and lighted, and the vessels arranged in order. The priest then recited a short orison before the altar, above which is a sort of press, the size of an ordinary wardrobe, with a very poor gilded *alto rilievo* on the door, of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. The custodian then mounted a ladder and opened the first door, which disclosed a second one with two leaves of beautiful gilded bronze-work; these, being opened, showed a rare curtain of golden tissue, and that, falling, revealed the treasures, — a great cross set with precious stones and crystal, and other objects which I did not notice, perturbed

as I was by the ceremony and the attention which it drew upon me, poor solitary, sheepish Anglo-Saxon, from the rest of the people in church. The famous coronal, inclosed in a circular glass case, was then taken down and displayed to me by the elder acolyte, who recited its history for my edification. The foundation and origin of the crown is a narrow iron band, believed by the devout to have been made out of a nail which pierced our Saviour's hand; this is encased within a broad, thick gold circlet inlaid with three rows of immense jewels in a splendid, simple, enameled Byzantine pattern. One of the most significant facts in its memorable history is that it was never taken out of Lombardy until this century. What Charlemagne did not do, what Charles V. did not do, what Napoleon, with his stupendous audacity, did not do, the unchronicled Francis Joseph II. presumed to do. He had the vulgar impudence to carry this venerable relic and symbol of universal sovereignty to Vienna, where it remained for seven years. It was restored by Victor Emmanuel, who might most justly have used it to crown himself King of United Italy, but refrained, with that curious mixture of personal modesty and want of imagination which was a characteristic in common between himself and another brave man, General Grant.

I looked my fill and thought my thoughts; then the case was replaced, the priest repeated a prayer, the acolyte swung a censer, the glittering curtain rose, the bronze doors closed, the wooden one was locked, and the show was at an end. And I went on my way to the lake of Como, having seen the Iron Crown of Lombardy with candle, book, and bell.

IN TUSCANY.

Down San Miniato in the afternoon
 Slowly we drove through still and golden air.
'T was winter, but the day was soft as June :
 Florence was spread beneath us, passing fair.

The matchless city ! Set about with flowers,
 Peaceful along her Arno's banks she lay ;
Her treasured splendors, roofs and domes and towers,
 In tender light of the Italian day.

Sweet breathed the roses blowing far and wide,
 Pink, gold, and crimson ; dark in stately gloom
Stood the thick cypresses ; on every side
 The laurestinus, rich with creamy bloom ;

And exquisite, pale, sharp-leaved olives grew
 In moonlight colors, silver-green and gray,
While, lifting their proud heads high in the blue,
 Sprang the superb stone-pines beside the way.

O wonderful, I thought, beyond compare !
 And hushed with pleasure silent sat and gazed,
When lo ! a child's voice, and I grew aware
 Of loveliness that left me all amazed.

A little beggar girl that leaping came
 Forth from the roadside and put out a hand,
And dancing like a bright and buoyant flame,
 Besought us in the music of her land.

Her eyes were like a midnight full of stars,
 Below the dazzling beauty of her brows,
Her dusky hair dark as the cloud that bars
 The moon in troubled skies when tempests rouse ;

A mouth where lightning-sweet the sudden smile
 Came, went and came, and flashed into my face,
And caught my heart, as holding fast the while
 The carriage edge, she ran with rapid grace.

Who could withstand her pleading, — who resist
 The magic of those love-compelling eyes,
Those lips the red pomegranate flowers had kissed,
 The voice that charmed like woven melodies !

Not we! Surely, I thought, imperial blood,
 Some priceless current from a kingly line,
 Ran royal in her veins, — a sunny flood
 That marked her with its fine, mysterious sign.

She was not born to ask, but to command;
 She seemed to crown the wonder of the day,
 The perfect blossom of that glorious land,
 While her sweet "Grazie!" followed on our way,

As down mid olive, cypress, stately pine,
 Among the roses in a dream we passed
 Through glamour of the time and place divine,
 'Till Arno's quiet banks were reached at last,

And pleasant rest. 'T is years since those fair hours,
 But their rich memories live, their sun and shade,
 Beautiful Florence, set about with flowers,
 And San Miniato's peerless beggar maid.

Celia Thaxter.

MINOR SONGSTERS.

AMONG those of us who are in the habit of attending to bird-songs, there can hardly be anybody, I think, who has not found himself specially and permanently attracted by the music of certain birds who have little or no general reputation. Our favoritism may perhaps be the result of early associations: we heard the singer first in some uncommonly romantic spot, or when we were in a mood of unusual sensibility; and, in greater or less degree, the charm of that hour is always renewed for us with the repetition of the song. Or it may be (who will assert the contrary?) that there is some occult relation between the bird's mind and our own. Or, once more, something may be due to the natural pleasure which amiable people take (and all lovers of birds may be supposed, *a priori*, to belong to that class) in paying peculiar honor to merit which the world at large, less discriminating than they, has thus far failed to

recognize, and in which, therefore, by "right of discovery," they have a sort of proprietary interest. This, at least, is evident: our preference is not wholly due to the intrinsic worth of the song; the mind is active, not passive, and gives to the music something from itself, — "the consecration and the poet's dream."

Furthermore, it is to be said that a singer — and a bird no less than a man — may be wanting in that fullness and scope of voice and that large measure of technical skill which are absolutely essential to the great artist, properly so called, and yet, within his own limitations, may be competent to please even the most fastidious ear. It is with birds as with other poets: the smaller gift need not be the less genuine; and they whom the world calls greatest, and whom we ourselves most admire, may possibly not be the ones who touch us most intimately, or to whom we return oftenest and with most delight.

This may be well illustrated by a comparison of the chickadee with the brown thrush. The thrush, or, as he is sometimes profanely styled, the thrasher, is the most pretentious, perhaps I ought to say the greatest, of New England songsters, if we rule out the mocking-bird, who is so very rare with us as scarcely to come into the competition; and still, in my opinion, his singing seldom produces the effect of really fine music. With all his ability, which is nothing short of marvelous, his taste is so deplorably uncertain, and his passion so often becomes a downright frenzy, that the excited listener, hardly knowing what to think, laughs and shouts Bravo! by turns. Something must be amiss, certainly, when the deepest feelings of the heart are poured forth in a manner to suggest the performance of a *buffo*. The chickadee, on the other hand, seldom gets mention as a singer. Probably he never looked upon himself as such. You will not find him posing at the top of a tree, challenging the world to listen and admire. But, as he hops from twig to twig in quest of insects' eggs and other dainties, his merry spirits are all the time bubbling over in little chirps and twitters, with now and then a *Chickadee, dee*, or a *Hear, hear me*, every least syllable of which is like "the very sound of happy thoughts." For my part, I rate such trifles with the best of all good music, and feel that we cannot be grateful enough to the brave tit, who furnishes us with them for the twelve months of every year.

So far as the chickadee is concerned, I see nothing whatever to wish different; but am glad to believe that, for my day and long after, he will remain the same unassuming, careless-hearted creature that he now is. If I may be allowed the paradox, it would be too bad for him to change, even for the better. But the bluebird, who like the titmouse is hardly to be accounted a musician, does seem to be somewhat blame-

worthy. Once in a while, it is true, he takes a perch and sings; but for the most part he is contented with a few simple notes, having no semblance of a tune. Possibly he considers that his pure contralto voice (I do not remember ever to have heard from him any note of a soprano, or even of a mezzo-soprano quality) ought by itself to be a sufficient distinction; but I think it likelier that his slight attempt at music is only one manifestation of the habitual reserve which, more than anything else perhaps, may be said to characterize him. How differently he and the robin impress us in this particular! Both take up their abode in our door-yards and orchards; the bluebird goes so far, indeed, as to accept our hospitality outright, building his nest in boxes put up for his accommodation, and making the roofs of our houses his favorite perching stations. But, while the robin is noisily and jauntily familiar, the bluebird maintains a dignified aloofness; coming and going about the premises, but keeping his thoughts to himself, and never becoming one of us save by the mere accident of local proximity. The robin, again, loves to travel in large flocks, when household duties are over for the season; but although the same has been reported of the bluebird, I have never myself seen such a thing, and am satisfied that, as a rule, this gentle spirit finds a family party of six or seven company enough. His reticence, as we cheerfully admit, is nothing to quarrel with; it is all well bred, and not in the least unkindly; in fact, we like it, on the whole, rather better than the robin's pertness and garrulity; but, none the less, its natural consequence is that the bird has small concern for musical display. When he sings, it is not to gain applause, but to express his affection; and while, in one aspect of the case, there is nothing out of the way in this,—since his affection need not be the less deep and true because it is told

in few words and with unadorned phrase, — yet, as I said to begin with, it is hard not to feel that the world is being defrauded, when for any reason, however amiable, the possessor of such a matchless voice has no ambition to make the most of it.

There is always a double pleasure in finding a plodding, humdrum-seeming man with a poet's heart in his breast; and a little of the same delighted surprise is felt by every one, I imagine, when he learns for the first time that our little brown creeper is a singer. What life could possibly be more prosaic than his? Day after day, year in and out, he creeps up one tree-trunk after another, pausing only to peer right and left into the crevices of the bark, in search of microscopic tidbits. A most irksome sameness, surely! How the poor fellow must envy the swallows, who live on the wing, and, as it were, have their home in heaven! So it is easy for us to think; but I doubt whether the creeper himself is troubled with such suggestions. He seems, to say the least, as well contented as the most of us; and, what is more, I am inclined to doubt whether any except "free moral agents," like ourselves, are ever wicked enough to find fault with the orderings of Divine Providence. I fancy, too, that we may have exaggerated the monotony of the creeper's lot. It can scarcely be that even his days are without their occasional pleasurable excitements. After a good many trees which yield little or nothing for his pains, he must now and then light upon one which is like Canaan after the wilderness, — "a land flowing with milk and honey." Indeed, the longer I think of it the more confident I feel that every aged creeper must have had sundry experiences of this sort, which he is never weary of recounting for the edification of his nephews and nieces, who, of course, are far too young to have anything like the wide knowledge of the world which their venerable

three-years-old uncle possesses. *Certhia* works all day for his daily bread; and yet even of him it is true that "the life is more than meat." He has his inward joys, his affectionate delights, which no outward infelicity can touch. A bird who thinks nothing of staying by his nest and his mate at the sacrifice of his life is not to be written down a dullard or a drudge, merely because his dress is plain and his occupation unromantic. He has a right to sing, for he has something within him to inspire the strain.

There are descriptions of the creeper's music which liken it to a wren's. I am sorry that I have myself heard it only on one occasion: then, however, so far was it from being wren-like that it might rather have been the work of one of the less proficient warblers, — a somewhat long opening note followed by a hurried series of shorter ones, the whole given in a sharp, thin voice, and having nothing to recommend it to notice, considered simply as music. All the while the bird kept on industriously with his journey up the tree; and it is not in the least unlikely that he may have another and better song, which he reserves for times of more leisure.

Our American wood-warblers are all to be classed among the minor songsters; standing in this respect in strong contrast with the true Old World warblers, of whose musical capacity enough, perhaps, is said when it is mentioned that the nightingale is one of them. But, comparisons apart, our birds are by no means to be despised, and not a few of their songs have a good degree of merit. That of the well-known summer yellow-bird may be taken as fairly representative of the entire group, being neither one of the best nor one of the poorest. He, I have noticed, is given to singing late in the day. Three of the New England species have at the same time remarkably rough voices and black throats, — I mean the black-throated blue, the black-throated green, and the

blue golden-wing, — and seeing that the first two are of the genus *Dendroæca*, while the last is a *Helminthophaga*, I have allowed myself to query whether they may not, possibly, be more nearly related than the systematists have yet discovered. Several of the warbler songs are extremely odd. The blue yellow-back's, for example, is a brief, hoarse, upward run, — a kind of scale exercise; and if the practice of such things be really as beneficial as music teachers affirm, it would seem that this little beauty must in time become a vocalist of the first order. Nearly the same might be said of the prairie warbler; but his *étude* is a little longer and less hurried, besides being in a higher key. I do not call to mind any bird who sings a downward scale. Having before spoken of the tendency of warblers to learn two or even three set tunes, I was the more interested when, last summer, I added another to my list of the species which aspire to this kind of liberal education. It was on the side of Mount Clinton that I heard two Blackburnians, both in full sight and within a few rods of each other, who were singing two entirely distinct songs. One of these — it is the common one, I think — ended quaintly with three or four short notes, like *zip, zip, zip*; while the other was not unlike a fraction of the winter wren's melody. Those who are familiar with the latter bird will perhaps recognize the phrase referred to if I call it the *willie, willie, winkie*, — with a triple accent on the first syllable of the last word. Most of the songs of this family are rather slight, but the extremest case known to me is that of the black-poll (*Dendroæca striata*), whose *zee, zee, zee* is almost ridiculously faint. You may hear it continually in the higher spruce forests of the White Mountains; but you will look a good many times before you discover its author, and not improbably will begin by taking it for the call of the kinglet. The music of the bay-breasted

warbler is similar to the black-poll's, but less weak and formless. It seems reasonable to believe not only that these two species are descended from a common ancestry, but that the divergence is of a comparatively recent date: even now the young of the year can be distinguished only with great difficulty, although the birds in full feather are clearly enough marked.

Warblers' songs are often made up of two distinct portions: one given deliberately, the other hurriedly and with a concluding flourish. Indeed, the same may be said of bird-songs generally, — those of the song sparrow, the bay-winged bunting, and the wood thrush being familiar examples. Yet there are many singers who attempt no climax of this sort, but make their music to consist of two, or three, or more parts, all alike. The Maryland yellow-throat, for instance, cries out uninterruptedly, "What a pity, what a pity, what a pity!" So, at least, he seems to say; though, I confess, it is more than likely I mistake the words, since the fellow never appears to be feeling badly, but, on the contrary, delivers his message with an air of cordial satisfaction. The song of the pine-creeping warbler is after still another fashion, — one simple short trill. It is musical and sweet; the more so for coming almost always out of a pine-tree.

The vireos, or greenlets, are akin to the warblers in appearance and habits, and like them are peculiar to the western continent. We have no birds that are more unsparing of their music (prodigality is one of the American virtues, we are told): they sing from morning till night, and — some of them, at least — continue thus till the very end of the season. It is worth mentioning, however, that the red-eye makes a short day; becoming silent just at the time when the generality of birds grow most noisy. Whether the same is true of the rest of the family I am unable to testify.

Of the five New England species (I omit the brotherly-love greenlet, never having been fortunate enough to know him) the white-eye is decidedly the most ambitious, the warbling and the solitary are the most pleasing, while the red-eye and the yellow-throat are very much alike, and both of them rather too monotonous and persistent. It is hard, sometimes, not to get out of patience with the red-eye's ceaseless and noisy iteration of his trite theme; especially when you are doing your utmost to catch the notes of some rarer and more refined songster. In my note-book I find an entry describing my vain attempts to enjoy the music of a rose-breasted grosbeak, — who happens never to have been a common bird with me, — while "a pesky Wagnerian red-eye kept up an incessant racket."

The warbling vireo is admirably named; for there is no one of our birds who can more properly be said to warble. He keeps further from the ground than the others, and shows a strong preference for the elms of village streets, out of which his delicious music drops upon the ears of all passers underneath. How many of them hear it and thank the singer is unhappily another question.

The solitary vireo may once in a while be heard in a roadside tree, chanting as familiarly as any red-eye; but he is much less abundant than the latter, and, as a rule, more retiring. His ordinary song is like the red-eye's and the yellow-throat's, except that it is pitched somewhat higher and, unless I mistake, has a slightly different inflection. This, however, is only the smallest part of his musical gift. One morning in May, while strolling through a piece of thick woods, I came upon a bird of this species, who, all alone like myself, was hopping from one low branch to another, and every now and then breaking out into a kind of soliloquizing song, — a musical chatter, shifting suddenly to an intricate, low-voiced warble. Later in

the same day I found another in a chestnut grove. This last was in a state of quite unwonted fervor, and sang almost continuously; now in the usual disconnected vireo manner, and now with a chatter and warble like what I had heard in the morning, but louder and longer. His best efforts ended abruptly with the ordinary vireo call, and the instantaneous change of voice gave to the whole a very strange effect. The chatter and warble appeared to be related to each other precisely as are those of the ruby-crowned kinglet; while the warble had a certain tender, affectionate, some would say plaintive quality, which at once put me in mind of the goldfinch.

I have seldom been more charmed with the song of any bird than I was on the 7th of last October with that of this same *Vireo solitarius*. The morning was bright and warm, but the birds had nearly all taken their departure, and the few that remained were silent. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a vireo note, and I said to myself with surprise, A red-eye? Listening again, however, I detected the solitary's inflection; and after a few moments the bird, in the most obliging manner, came directly towards me, and began to warble in the fashion already described. He sang and sang, — as if his song could have no ending, — and meanwhile was flitting from tree to tree, intent upon his breakfast. As far as I could discover, he was without company; and his music, too, seemed to be nothing more than an unpremeditated, half-unconscious talking to himself. Wonderfully sweet it was, and full of the happiest content. "I listened till I had my fill," and returned the favor, as best I could, by hoping that the little wayfarer's lightsome mood would not fail him, all the way to Guatemala and back again.

Exactly a month before this, and not far from the same spot, I had stood for some minutes to enjoy the "recital" of

the solitary's saucy cousin, the white-eye. Even at that time, although the woods were swarming with birds, — many of them travelers from the North, — this white-eye was nearly the only one who was still in song. He, however, was fairly brimming over with music; changing his tune again and again, and introducing (for the first time in Weymouth, as concert programmes say) a notably fine shake. Like the solitary, he was all the while busily feeding (birds in general, and vireos in particular, hold with Mrs. Browning that we may "prove our work the better for the sweetness of our song"), and one while was exploring a poison-dogwood bush, plainly without the slightest fear of any ill-result. It occurred to me that possibly it is our fault, and not that of *Rhus venenata*, when we suffer from the touch of that graceful shrub.

The white-eyed greenlet is a vocalist of such extraordinary versatility and power that one feels almost guilty in speaking of him under the title which stands at the head of this paper. How he would scold, out-carlyling Carlyle, if he knew what were going on! Nevertheless, I cannot rank him with the great singers, exceptionally clever and original as, beyond all dispute, he is; and for that matter, I look upon the solitary as very much his superior, in spite of — or, shall I say, because of? — the latter's greater simplicity and reserve.

But if we hesitate thus about these two inconspicuous vireos, whom half of those who do them the honor to read what is here said about them will have never seen, how are we to deal with the scarlet tanager? Our handsomest bird, and with musical aspirations as well, shall we put him into the second class? It must be so, I fear: yet such justice is a trial to the flesh; for what critic could ever quite leave out of account the beauty of a *prima donna* in passing judgment on her work? Does

not her angelic face sing to his eye, as Emerson says?

Formerly I gave the tanager credit for only one song, — the one which suggests a robin laboring under an attack of hoarseness; but I have discovered that he himself regards his *chip-cherr* as of equal value. At least, I have found him perched at the tip of a tall pine, and repeating this inconsiderable and not very melodious trochee with all earnestness and perseverance. Sometimes he rehearses it thus at nightfall; but even so I cannot call it highly artistic. I am glad to believe, however, that he does not care in the least for my opinion. Why should he? He is too true a gallant to mind what anybody else thinks, so long as *one* is pleased; and she, no doubt, tells him every day that he is the best singer in the grove. Beside his divine *chip-cherr* the rhapsody of the wood thrush is a mere nothing, if she is to be the judge. Strange, indeed, that so shabbily dressed a creature as this thrush should have the presumption to attempt to sing at all! "But then," she charitably adds, "perhaps he is not to blame; such things come by nature; and there are some birds, you know, who cannot tell the difference between noise and music."

We trust that the tanager will improve as time goes on; but in any case we are largely in his debt. How we should miss him if he were gone, or even were become as rare as the summer red-bird and the cardinal are in our latitude! As it is, he lights up our Northern woods with a truly tropical splendor, the like of which no other of our birds can furnish. Let us hold him in hearty esteem, and pray that he may never be exterminated; no, not even to beautify the head-gear of our ladies, who, if they only knew it, are already sufficiently bewitching.

What shall we say now about the lesser lights of that most musical family, the finches? Of course the cardinal

and rose-breasted grosbeaks are not to be included in any such category. Nor will I put there the goldfinch, the linnet, and the song sparrow. These, if no more, shall stand among the immortals; so far, at any rate, as my suffrage counts. But who ever dreamed of calling the chipping sparrow a fine singer? And yet, who that knows it does not love his earnest, long-drawn trill, dry and tuneless as it is? I can speak for one, at all events; and he always has an ear open for it by the middle of April. It is the voice of a friend, — a friend so true and gentle and confiding that we do not care to ask if his voice be smooth and his speech eloquent.

The chipper's congener, the field sparrow, is less neighborly than he, but a much better musician. His song is simplicity itself; yet, even at its lowest estate, it never fails of being truly melodious, while by one means and another its wise little author contrives to impart to it a very considerable variety, albeit within pretty narrow limits. Last spring the field sparrows were singing constantly from the middle of April till about the 10th of May, when they became entirely dumb. Then, after a week in which I heard not a note, they again grew musical. I pondered not a little over their silence, but concluded that they were just then very much occupied with preparations for housekeeping.

The bird who is called indiscriminately the grass finch, the bay-winged bunting, the bay-winged sparrow, the vesper sparrow, and I know not what else (the ornithologists have nicknamed him *Poæcetes gramineus*), is a singer of good parts, but is especially to be commended for his refinement. In form his music is strikingly like the song sparrow's; but the voice is not so loud and ringing, and the two or three opening notes are less sharply emphasized. In general the difference between the two songs may perhaps be well expressed by saying that the one is more declamatory, the

other more *cantabile*; a difference exactly such as we might have expected, considering the nervous, impetuous disposition of the song sparrow and the placidity of the bay-wing.

As one of his titles indicates, the bay-wing is famous for singing in the evening, when, of course, his efforts are doubly acceptable; and I can readily believe that Mr. Minot is correct in his "impression" that he has once or twice heard the song in the night. For while spending a few days at a New Hampshire hotel, which was surrounded with fine lawns such as the grass finch delights in, I happened to be awake in the morning, long before sunrise, — when, in fact, it seemed like the dead of night, — and one or two of these sparrows were piping freely. The sweet and gentle strain had the whole mountain valley to itself. How beautiful it was, set in such a broad "margin of silence," I must leave to be imagined. I noticed, moreover, that the birds sang almost incessantly the whole day through. Much of the time there were two singing antiphonally. Manifestly, the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places: at home for the summer in those luxuriant Sugar-Hill fields, in continual sight of that magnificent mountain panorama, with Lafayette himself looming grandly in the foreground; while they, innocent souls, had never so much as heard of hotel-keepers and their bills. "Happy commoners," indeed! Their "songs in the night" seemed nowise surprising. I fancied that I could be happy myself in such a case.

Our familiar and ever-welcome snow-bird, known in some quarters as the black chipping-bird, and often called the black snow-bird, has a long trill, not altogether unlike the common chipper's, but in a much higher key. It is a modest lay, yet doubtless full of meaning; for the singer takes to the very tip of a tree, and throws his head back in the most approved style. He does his best,

at any rate, and so far ranks with the angels; while, if my testimony can be of any service to him, I am glad to say ('t is too bad the praise is so equivocal) that I have heard many human singers who gave me less pleasure; and further, that he took an indispensable though subordinate part in what was one of the most memorable concerts at which I was ever happy enough to be a listener. This was given some years ago in an old apple-orchard by a flock of fox-colored sparrows, who, perhaps for that occasion only, had the "valuable assistance" of a large choir of snow-birds. The latter were twittering in every tree, while to this goodly accompaniment the sparrows were singing their loud, clear, thrush-like song. The combination was felicitous in the extreme. I would go a long way to hear the like again.

If distinction cannot be attained by one means, who knows but that it may be by another? It is denied us to be great? Very well, we can at least try the effect of a little originality. Something like this seems to be the philosophy of the indigo-bird; and he carries it out both in dress and in song. As we have said already, it is usual for birds to reserve the loudest and most taking parts of their music for the close, though it may be doubted whether they have any intelligent purpose in so doing. Indeed, the apprehension of a great general truth such as lies at the basis of this well-nigh universal habit, — the truth, namely, that everything depends upon the impression finally left on the hearer's mind; that to end with some grand burst, or with some surprisingly lofty note, is the only, or, to speak cautiously, the principal, requisite to a really great musical performance, — the intelligent grasp of such a truth as this, I say, seems to me to lie beyond the measure of a bird's capacity in the present stage of his development. Be this as it may, however, it is noteworthy that the indigo-bird exactly reverses the com-

mon plan. He begins at his loudest and sprightliest, and then runs off into a *diminuendo*, which fades into silence almost imperceptibly. The strain has no great quality of beauty; nevertheless it is unique, and, further, is continued well into August. Moreover, — and this adds grace to the most ordinary song, — it is often let fall while the bird is on the wing.

This eccentric genius has taken possession of a certain hillside pasture, which, in another way, belongs to me also. Year after year he comes back and settles down upon it about the middle of May; and I have often been amused to see his mate — who is not permitted to wear a single blue feather — drop out of her nest in a barberry bush and go fluttering off, both wings dragging helplessly through the grass. I should pity her profoundly but that I am in no doubt her injuries will rapidly heal when once I am out of sight. Besides, I like to imagine her beatitude, as, five minutes afterward, she sits again upon the nest, with her heart's treasures all safe underneath her. Many a time was a boy of my acquaintance comforted in some ache or pain with the words, "Never mind! 't will feel better when it gets well;" and so, sure enough, it always did. But what a wicked world this is, where nature teaches even a bird to play the deceiver!

On the same hillside is always to be found the *chewink*, — a creature whose dress and song are so unlike those of the rest of his tribe that the irreverent amateur is tempted to believe that, for once, the men of science have made a mistake. What has any finch to do with a call like *cherauwink*, or with such a three-colored harlequin suit? But it is unsafe to judge according to the outward appearance, in ornithology as in other matters; and I have heard that it is only those who are foolish as well as ignorant who indulge in off-hand criticisms of wiser men's conclusions. So

let us call the towhee a finch, and say no more about it.

But plainly the chewink, whatever his lineage, is not a bird to be governed very strictly by the traditions of the fathers. His usual song is characteristic and pretty, yet he is so far from being satisfied with it that he varies it continually and in many ways, some of them sadly puzzling to the student who is set upon telling all the birds by their voices. I remember well enough the morning I was inveigled through the wet grass of two pastures — and that just as I was shod for the city — by a wonderfully foreign note, which filled me with lively anticipations of a new bird, but which turned out to be the work of a most innocent-looking towhee. It was perhaps this same bird, or his brother, whom I one day heard throwing in between his customary *cherawinks* a profusion of *staccato* notes of widely varying pitch, together with little volleys of tinkling sounds such as his every-day song concludes with. This medley was not laughable, like the chat's, which it suggested, but it had the same abrupt, fragmentary, and promiscuous character. All in all, it was what I never should have expected from this paragon of self-possession.

For self-control, as I have elsewhere said, is *Pipilo's* strong point. One afternoon last summer a young friend and I found ourselves, as we suspected, near a chewink's nest, and at once set out to see which of us should have the honor of the discovery. We searched diligently, but without avail, while the father-bird sat quietly in a tree, calling with all sweetness and with never a trace of anger or trepidation, *cherawink, cherawink*. Finally we gave over the hunt, and I began to console my companion and myself for our disappointment by shaking in the face of the bird a small tree which very conveniently leaned toward the one in which he was perched. By rather vigorous efforts I

could make this pass back and forth within a few inches of his bill; but he utterly disdained to notice it, and kept on calling as before. While we were laughing at his impudence (*his impudence!*) the mother suddenly appeared, with an insect in her beak, and joined her voice to her husband's. I was just declaring that it was cruel as well as useless for us to stay, when she ungratefully gave a ludicrous turn to what was intended for a very sage and considerate remark, by dropping almost at my feet, stepping upon the edge of her nest, and offering the morsel to one of her young. We watched the little tableaux admiringly (I had never seen a prettier show of nonchalance), and thanked our stars that we had been saved from an involuntary slaughter of the innocents while trampling all about the spot. The nest, which we had tried so hard to find, was in plain sight, concealed only by the perfect agreement of its color with that of the dead pine-branches in the midst of which it was placed. The shrewd birds had somehow learned — by experience, perhaps, like ourselves — that those who would escape disagreeable conspicuity must conform as closely as possible to the world around them.

According to my observation, the towhee is not much given to singing after July; but he keeps up his call, which is little less musical than his song, till his departure in late September. At that time of the year the birds collect together in their favorite haunts; and I remember my dog's running into the edge of a roadside pasture among some cedar-trees, when there broke out such a chorus of *cherawinks* that I was instantly reminded of a swamp full of frogs in April.

After the tanager the Baltimore oriole (named for Lord Baltimore, whose colors he wears) is probably the most gorgeous, as he is certainly one of the best known, of New England birds. He

has discovered that men, bad as they are, are less dangerous than hawks and weasels, and so, after making sure that his wife is not subject to sea-sickness, he swings his nest boldly from a swaying shade-tree branch, in full view of whoever may choose to look at it. Some morning in May—not far from the 10th—you will wake to hear him fifing in the elm before your window. He has come in the night, and is already making himself at home. Once I saw a pair who on the very first morning had begun to get together materials for a nest. His whistle is one of the clearest and loudest, but he makes little pretensions to music. I have been pleased and interested, however, to see how tuneful he becomes in August, after most other birds have ceased to sing, and after a long interval of silence on his own part. Early and late he pipes and chatters, as if he imagined that the spring were really coming back again forthwith. What the explanation of this lyrical revival may be I have never been able to gather; but the fact itself is very noticeable, so that it would not be amiss to call the “golden robin” the bird of August.

The oriole’s dusky relatives have the organs of song well developed; and although most of the species have altogether lost the art of music, there are none of them, even now, who do not betray more or less of the musical impulse. The red-winged blackbird, indeed, has some really praiseworthy notes; and to me—for personal reasons quite aside from any question about its lyrical value—his rough *cucurree* is one of the very pleasantest of sounds. For that matter, however, there is no one of our birds—be he, in technical language, “oscine” or “non-oscine”—whose voice is not, in its own way, agreeable. Except a few uncommonly superstitious people, who does not enjoy the whip-poor-will’s trisyllabic exhortation, and the *yak* of the night-hawk? Bob

White’s weather predictions, also, have a wild charm all their own, albeit his persistent *No more wet* is often sadly out of accord with the farmer’s hopes. We have no more untuneful bird, surely, than the cow bunting; yet even the serenades of this shameless polygamist have one merit,—they are at least amusing. With what infinite labor he brings forth his forlorn, broken-winded whistle, while his tail twitches convulsively, as if tail and larynx were worked by the same spring!

The judging, comparing spirit, the conscientious dread of being ignorantly happy when a broader culture would enable us to be intelligently miserable,—this has its place, unquestionably, in concert halls; but if we are to make the best use of out-door minstrelsy, we must learn to take things as we find them, throwing criticism to the winds. Having said which, I am bound to go farther still, and to acknowledge that on looking back over the first part of this paper I feel more than half ashamed of the strictures therein passed upon the bluebird and the brown thrush. When I heard the former’s salutation from a Boston Common elm on the morning of the 22d of February last, I said to myself that no music, not even the nightingale’s, could ever be sweeter. Let him keep on, by all means, in his own artless way, paying no heed to what I have foolishly written about his shortcomings. As for the thrasher’s smile-provoking gutturals, I recall that even in the symphonies of the greatest of masters there are here and there quaint bassoon phrases, which have, and doubtless were intended to have, a somewhat whimsical effect; and, remembering this, I am ready to own that I was less wise than I thought myself when I found so much fault with the thrush’s performance. I have sins enough to answer for: may this never be added to them, that I set up my taste against that of Beethoven and *Harporhynchus rufus*.
Bradford Torrey.

WASHINGTON AND HIS COMPANIONS VIEWED FACE TO FACE.

THE following letter was copied directly from the original, which I discovered in the library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during a recent visit to London, when a commission from the New York Historical Society led me to devote some time to examining and partially indexing the twenty thousand or more manuscripts which constitute the so-called Lord Dorchester Papers.

This ill-arranged and uncatalogued collection of American manuscripts has thus far escaped scrutiny by historians. Nevertheless, it well deserves attention, including, as it does, the entire official and private correspondence of Sir Guy Carleton (afterward Lord Dorchester), the last British commander at New York, together with reports of the military and civil departments, inquisitions of spies and refugees, newspaper clippings, and vouchers of expenditures, both official and personal, — all of which were conveyed by Carleton to Canada, at the time of his evacuation of New York, on November 25, 1783.

The Dorchester Papers are divided into fifty-six parts, though with little reference to date or subject matter, and pasted into scrap-books. The document in question appears in the book numbered 45, and is unaccompanied by references of any kind, so far as I was able to discover. The writer was Christian Frederic Michaelis, of Hanover, physician and author, son of the Orientalist and biblical critic, John David Michaelis, and grandson of Christian Benedict Michaelis, professor of Hebrew at the University of Halle. From the records of this distinguished family we learn that Dr. Michaelis was born at Göttingen in 1754, pursued his studies at Coburg and Göttingen, and graduated from the University of Strasbourg in 1776, with the

degree of doctor of medicine; that he resided for some time in Paris and in England; that in 1779 he was appointed chief of the Hessian Medical Staff in America, and in 1785 was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. After the war he became professor of anatomy at the College of Cassel, and in 1786 was called to the same position in the Academy of Marburg, where he later received the appointment of chief professor of medicine, in which post he continued until his death, February 17, 1814, which was occasioned by overwork in his attendance at the Prussian General Hospital.

I also find, in an official list of Hessian troops present in North America in January, 1782, that the name of Dr. Michaelis appears as "Head Physician to the General Hospital at New York;" and this office naturally afforded him ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the important events then transpiring in this country, and with the individuality of the leading participants. Like all spectators at that critical period in American affairs, he was keenly interested in the tripartite struggle for political supremacy, then at its height; and his reputation as an accurate observer evidently caused his letter, containing a detailed report of the situation as viewed from his standpoint, to be deemed worthy of the notice of the British commander-in-chief. He naturally sympathized with the cause of England; but the value of his statements is emphasized by the fact that his report is not that of an advocate, expected to dress and color his testimony to serve a specific purpose, but merely a personal letter to an acquaintance, never intended for the public eye; in view of which no apology is demanded for its freedom of

expression, which might otherwise seem unguarded.

With this explanation, I reproduce the entire letter, *verbatim et literatim* :

NEW-YORK, October 4, 1783.

MAJOR BECKWITH,

DEAR SIR : Here are the observations I had an opportunity of making during a late trip out of the lines. I have suppressed only confidential intelligence ; a restriction which needs no apology to a man of your delicacy.

To avoid repetition I shall bring my remarks under certain heads. Forgive if I abuse of the permission of tiring you.

SIR GUY CARLETON. — No man stands higher in the estimation even of the most violent Whigs. Had he come sooner they say he would have made Tories of them all. His treatment of them in Canada, in which the dignity of a british Commander and the humanity of the man of feeling were so happily blended, laid the basis of that esteem which his later conduct encreased to such a degree that Washington himself is not more respected than Sir Guy. Even what they call his breach of the peace, his sending away those Negroes who came in under the sanction of proclamation, is not looked upon as the least bright part of his character. The only objection some individuals have against him, is his not giving up all the houses to their american owners.

There was a time when they were sanguine enough to flatter themselves Sir Guy would be british Ambassador at Philadelphia, and this was what many of the most violent Whigs who dread French influence, most devoutly wished for. The French respect him, fear him, and I believe hate him most cordially, and in this do justice both to his superior abilities and the darkness of their designs.

LORD CORNWALLIS. — Hated and despised by both the allied nations. The

French call him "the american traveler," and the younger students of the Princetown Athens "the infamous, rapacious Plunderer." Marboir asked me publicly if there was any man in our Army who still looked upon Lord C. as a general.

GENERAL WASHINGTON. — Soon the Protector of America. A deep, endless ambition, too thinly veiled to escape the penetration of some of those who saw him constantly in the various scenes of this revolution, saw him behind the coulisse as well as upon the stage, makes the basis of the character of this man, who has for ever inscribed his name in the annals of the world, great, not by shining talents, but by a happy concurrence of circumstances, a good, usefull understanding, an unwearied, passive perseverance, the mediocrity of all his competitors, and the weakness or perfidy of his antagonists. Genius, it seems, is not the growth of this western world, and even when imported droops and dies under this unfavorable sky. May this be as it will, genius at least was not the lot of Washington. Without a spark of imagination, enthusiasm, or that torrent of talent that carries every thing before it, cold, deliberate, slow, patient, persevering, he now finds himself elevated to a pitch of grandeur he never dreamed of, and would not even now grasp at the supreme power if to obtain it he must as Cromwell surround the State house and tell them "be gone! the Lord you seek has left this place!"

But no such exertion will be required. The nation is sick of Congress ; they speak of them with the utmost contempt ; Congress themselves are tired of their situation, the unpopularity of which they feel even in the streets of Princetown, and which is neither lucrative, nor honorable, nor durable enough to attach them. I know that they *all* expect, and that *most* of them look for a revolution.

The revolution is near at hand, but

I do not venture to affirm that it will affect *all* America. There is an opposition to it in Congress, a weak one, I believe, in number and power, though not in abilities, for I *think* Thomson is at the head of it. Besides, all the eastern provinces oppose it. But their joint endeavors cannot entirely prevent it. The Junto of Washington, Wederspun [Witherspoon], Plarboir, and the Cincinnati, besides the clear majority in Congress, and I am confident a majority of the people at large will certainly carry the point.

CONGRESS. — Never was the Areopagus of America composed of men so little respectable either by their abilities, family or fortune. They are so conscious of it themselves that they retire from the eye of the traveller, to hide their weakness and poverty; but none of them seems more fearful to expose the mock majesty of his public character by a knowledge of his private one than their President. [Dr. Boudinot, as it afterward appears.] Mr. Wilson, it is thought, will be nominated his successor, but will not accept of it. His ostensible reason for declining this office is his business; but his real one, perhaps, that he would lose his influence by becoming the speaker of this Senate, that is to say, the *only* man in it that never speaks at all. He is generally thought a french pensioner and man of abilities.

Maryland is most likely to become the residence of Congress, as that State has made the largest offers; this certainly must be an object with men half a dozen of whom used even at Philadelphia to live together, with their families, in a paltry boarding house. At Princetown they certainly will not remain. I heard the objection stated that Baltimore was too warm; but the answer was, "by the time the weather grows warm Congress *will sit no where.*" The source of this conversation was a tavern.

Their High-Mindedness themselves

acknowledge that they have no power at all, and that their situation is hard indeed, for being hated on account of their impotence. But they deny that the persecution of the Loyalists springs from this fountain; the majority of Congress is for this cruel measure.

DR. WETHERSPOON. — An account of the present face of things in America, would be very defective indeed if no mention was made of this political firebrand, who perhaps has not a less share in the revolution than Washington himself. He poisons the minds of his young students, and through them the Continent.

He is the intimate friend of the General; and had I no other arguments to support my ideas of Washington's designs, I think his intimacy with a man of so different a character of his own (for Washington's private one is perfectly amiable) would justify my suspicions.

The commencement was a favorable opportunity of conveying certain sentiments to the Public at large (for even women were present), which it now becomes important to make them familiar with. This farce was evidently introductory of the drama that is to follow. The great maxim which this commencement was to establish was the following: "A time may come in every republic, and *that may be the case with America*, when Anarchy makes it the duty of the man who has the majority of the people with him, to take the helm into his own hands in order to save his country; and the person who opposes him deserves the utmost revenge of his nation, — deserves — *to be sent to Nova Scotia.* *Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

These were the very words of the Moderator, who decided on the question, was Brutus justifiable in killing Cæsar. Or they thought us all that heard them blockheads, or they were not afraid of avowing their designs. This was plainer English still than the confederation of the Cincinnati.

When the young man, who with a great deal of passionate *claquere*, defended his favorite Brutus, extolled the virtues of the man who could stab even his father when attempting the liberties of his country, I thought I saw Washington's face clouded; he did not dare to look the Orator in the face who stood just before him, but with downcast look seemed wishing to hide the impression which a subject that touched him so near, had, I thought, very visibly made in his countenance. But we are so apt to read in the face what we suppose passes in the heart, maybe that this was the case with me. But if ever what I expect should happen, I shall think that moment one of the most interesting ones of my life.

The orations of the younger boys were full of the coarsest invectives against brittish tyranny. I will do Mr. Wetherspoon the justice to think he was not the author of them, for they were too poor indeed; besides, they evidently conveyed different sentiments; there was one of them not unfavorable to liberal sentiments even toward Brittons. But upon the whole, it is but just to suppose that Wetherspoon had read them all.

The Minister of France was not present though expected. But I have a right to think that *all* or almost all the members of Congress and all the Cincinnati there in the Neighborhood assisted at this Entertainment. The Cincinnati sat together *en corps*.

THE FRENCH MINISTER AND FRENCH GOLD. — Of all the men France could have chosen, *the most improper*. One should think the Court of London had had the appointment of this French Minister, and that of Versailles the nomination of some of our Generals. Even if Mr. de la Luzene was possessed of all the abilities he wanted (and then he would be a most able man indeed), his petty national and nobility pride, and his former residence at the pragmat-

ical court of München, would have entirely disqualified him for his present station. What do you think of the *savoir faire* of a French Ambassador at Philadelphia who remained an entire stranger to *many*, and has affronted *all* the members of Congress on account of a punctiglio of etiquette? who invites the Americans to his house, entertains them there with the condescendence of a French Lord of the Manor, who gives a feast to his tenants? who leaves the supper table when the company are just seated, to pay a visit at half after ten at night to the charming Mlle. Cr., and who by every look, word or action tells the inhabitants of America: *Vous êtes de la canaille, et moi je suis Baron François?*

This picture is not too high colored; had you patience and I leisure I might finish it still higher, — but this I think is sufficient.

Marbois, the soul of that Embassy, possesses every talent the other wants, that of pleasing excepted. You plainly see the moment he enters the room, that he passed his life at the bar of Colmar. Stiff, formal, cold, polite, grave, he puts every body upon his guard, without being upon his own. A Frenchman is indiscreet because he is a Frenchman, but never more so than when the honour of his nation is at stake. Their grand aim was to prove that they had done *all*, and the Americans *nothing*. These they represented as an indolent, apathetic, stupid, happy set of beings. If we believe them, the Sun spent all his genial influence in the east to form the fiery Frenchman, before she reached their western Hemisphere. Incredible as their *open* contempt of the nation they protect seems to be, and impolitic as it is to make it the common subject of their conversation at table, yet I heard myself the maxim laid down there: "*Que leurs femmes sont des anges, et les hommes des bêtes.*"

All this the Americans know full

well, and gratefully return the compliment. The french interest extends not an inch further than their gold; who is not paid to speak well of them detests them. The father trembles for his daughter, and the husband for his wife; for such is the influence of french manners already that both have some reason to tremble. Some say they dread french Atheism, and it is their religion they fear for. But the fact is they do not; for religion they have none. But a more just and more general complaint is that french luxury which begins to pervade all classes of people, will ruin a poor republic, whose exports are not one half of its imports. But this field is too wide, and I have already trespassed too long on your patience.

Give me leave only to add one word more, and that is that I am perfectly convinced that it would be very easy for a Brittish Ambassador to ruin the French interest in this country. I do not mean only that it would be easy for a Minister of Sir Guy's talent. Infinitely less would do. Send a man of social turn who can stoop to conquer, but let this man be a man of rank; for pride is after all the bosom passion of the Americans. French stiffness and formality will be no match for brittish Hospitality, nor french gold for good old Madeira wine. If a Minister of this turn had an intelligent Secretary, Monsieur de la Luzerne would be undone.

I hope for your indulgence in treating on a subject so foreign to my pursuits, and in a language not my own. But your goodnature I know will be my advocate. Besides, I think my ignorance in political matters is rather an advantage to you. When I wish to get an account of any subject of natural history, I always chuse as ignorant a man as I can. He has no system, and sees neither through Linneas nor Buffon's spectacles, but merely with his own unprejudiced eyes.

I have the honor to be, with great esteem, Dear Sir,

Your most obdt. humble servant,

C. F. MICHAELIS.

The foregoing account of the commencement exercises at Princeton is fully confirmed by the official records of the college, which, through the courtesy of one of the present professors, I have been permitted to examine and compare with the statements left by Dr. Michaelis.

According to them, it appears that the commencement of 1783 was "a memorable occasion in the history of the college, rendered so by the presence of General Washington, of the National Congress, and of two foreign ministers." The record continues as follows: "Driven from Philadelphia by a turbulent corps of soldiers, Congress had assembled at Princeton, and they held their sessions in the library-room of the college, which was in the front projection, and on what is now the second or middle story of the building." It also appears that, at the period in question, Dr. Elias Boudinot, a trustee of the college, was president of Congress; and it was partly out of compliment to him that the members adjourned and attended the commencement. We learn, moreover, from this source that the valedictorian of the day — referred to by Dr. Michaelis as "the young man, who, with a great deal of passionate *claque*, defended his favorite Brutus" — was Ashbel Green, afterward Rev. Dr. Green, and the eighth president of the college, who held that office for a period of ten years, beginning with 1812. The exercises were held in the First Presbyterian Church, then the only one in Princeton; and at the close of his valedictory young Green made an address to Washington, which is described as having been "received with manifest feeling." Dr. Green further records the fact that the General met him the next

day in the entry to the college, while on his way to a congressional committee-room, when he "took me by the hand, walked with me a short time, flattered me a little, and desired me to present his best respects to my class-

mates, and his best wishes for their success in life." Dr. Green adds, still referring to the same occasion, "There has never been such an audience at a commencement before, and perhaps there never will be again."

George Houghton.

BUCKSHOT: A RECORD.

I.

SEVEN years ago occurred the events herein recorded; and if in all that time I have cherished a fitful desire to put down in black and white what I then witnessed, that same desire was spurred to action by an incident, trivial in itself, which took place since the fall term of our school began. As usually happens on that occasion, more or less new pupils were added to our classes. Among them came young Stagsey. A day or two afterwards, the doctor came into my class-room, leading him by the arm, and said, "This is Master Stagsey; you will please examine him in Latin. And I think, if you observe him closely, that he will remind you of some one whom you have seen before;" as the doctor finished speaking the boy suddenly threw up his head and looked me full in the face; his clear dark complexion and keen black eyes did indeed so remind me of some one I had seen before that the resemblance fairly startled me for the time, and sent me off into a dream of the past for the rest of the day.

Such was the incident. Moreover, I am urged to record these facts because I know it will gratify the doctor to recall our memorable summer in these pages; and Mrs. Algernon (the doctor's daughter) has more than once given me to understand that it would be a pleasure indeed, though tinged with sadness, — as what pleasure is not? — to review

those scenes once more; as for Mr. Algernon himself, I know he would gladly spare half an hour to read this record in the gloom of his office, and to reflect upon the incident which had so nearly affected his own happiness. Seven years ago! Yes. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Algernon, who were but recently married, had resolved to spend the approaching summer away from home, and with much urging they had prevailed upon the doctor to accompany them. After the temporary adoption and final rejection of various plans, it was at last agreed to visit Colorado, and to pass the summer months somewhere in the mountains of that famous region. To account for my own presence in these pages, I must add that they kindly invited me to make one of the party, and that I was glad to accept of the invitation.

At the proper time, therefore, after we had supplied ourselves with what I may call the orthodox articles belonging to the outfit of the true tourist, such as field glasses, pocket flasks, patent drinking cups, not to mention shot guns, fishing tackle, and the like, we bade adieu for the time to our hot and dusty Eastern home, and turned our faces toward the cool breezes and pine-clad hills of the land of the setting sun. After a journey of several days by rail, unmarked by anything unusual, we arrived in Denver, and here our eyes were gladdened by the first view of the mag-

nificent panorama of the Rocky Mountains. Let me hasten to affirm at this point that it is not my intention to waste any time over tiresome descriptions of scenery; to be appreciated the mountains must be seen, not read about.

We remained in Denver some three or four days, undecided what course to take, until finally we learned, from a pleasant and affable gentleman whom we met at our hotel, that there was a certain section of Colorado called the "Divide," consisting of a chain of hills, or, more properly speaking, remnants of mountains, running east and west, at right angles with the main range. We were informed that on the southern slope of this Divide there were streams to fish in, and antelope, grouse, and other kinds of game to shoot, or to shoot at, as the case might be; moreover, we were further told that it was a section of country seldom or never visited by pleasure-seekers, and therefore, as we were in for what Algernon called a "pleasant, lazy time," we concluded that we could do no better than seek that favored region, and take up our abode there.

Accordingly, one bright, breezy morning in July, we took our seats in the coach, and rolled out of Denver behind four noble grays, a happy party, southward bound for a holiday in the hills. Traveling all that day and night, we arrived next morning at Spring Valley, which we found to be a rather pretty place, low-lying in the hills; but beyond the passing of occasional freight-trains and the arrival of the daily stage, it offered few inducements to a prolonged stay. However, after several days' search, we succeeded in securing accommodations with an old ranchman and his wife, who lived in a beautiful little valley on the Monument, at the base of the foot-hills, and in full view of the cañon through which that charming little stream breaks out of the mountains.

We found our host and his wife to be

a simple, kind-hearted couple, bent on making our stay with them as pleasant as possible. The old gentleman himself was quite remarkable for the "battles, sieges, fortunes," he had passed in the early days of the Territory, and I recall now many pleasant and profitable hours spent in listening to his characteristic tales. Here, then, in this quiet, secluded nook, far away from the roar and rush of the world, our ever-memorable summer began; and here, correctly speaking, this record opens.

II.

In my idle hours, I am given to smoking a brier-root pipe. Perhaps I should blush to make this admission, but I fear I do not. I smoke, partly because it is pleasant, and partly because I consider that the act of smoking is one of the few inducements to sound reflection. Sitting quietly smoking, one often sees visions round about him, in the fragrant clouds, that cheer and refresh him for his after-work. Who can tell how many of the worrying hours of his daily life are "rounded into calm" by the soothing spirit of the Indian weed?

So then, a few mornings after our arrival at the ranch, in accordance with my custom, I was enjoying my pipe in the open air, in front of the house. Near by the doctor, in accordance with his custom, was pacing to and fro, in an after-breakfast walk. Mr. and Mrs. Algernon were standing in the doorway, laughing and talking with each other, tossing now and then a word to the doctor or myself. Presently the doctor paused in his walk, and faced us:—

"I have been thinking of a plan whereby we might extend our acquaintance with the mountains. Suppose we should employ some one familiar with this region to lead us to the trout-streams and places of interest to strangers? With some one to guide us, we

might make excursions of days at a time, and so really 'rough it' in the hills, doubtless with much pleasure and profit." This project was no sooner broached than it was eagerly applauded by all hands.

"But," said Algernon, "I fear we should find trouble in procuring such a guide. I fancy the Pioneer, for instance, would decline the appointment himself, on account of other duties."

I may here explain that, as our host had given us to understand that he was an "old-timer" in the country, we had begun to call him, amongst ourselves, the Pioneer.

"Yes," rejoined the doctor thoughtfully, "I suppose he has more pressing duties."

"At any rate," said Meta, "if he cannot be our guide himself, he may be able to direct us to some one who can."

"A timely suggestion. Let us consult the Pioneer, then," replied her husband.

Accordingly, the Pioneer was summoned to council, and the question of a guide was laid before him. I recollect that he came fresh from the field, and that there were "cuckie burrs" clinging to his legs. After he had carefully removed these, he straightened himself, scratched his grizzly cheeks in a reflective manner, and said, —

"I don't — really — know of any one jist now. Most of the men is away in the mines in summer, and them thet's at home has ther han's full gittin' in hay. But then, thar's Pettigrew, two mile below here on the crick: he mos' ginerally has a houseful of boys, and you might git what you want down there."

Whereupon it was moved, and seconded, and unanimously carried, that a committee, consisting of Algernon and myself, should wait upon Mr. Pettigrew without delay, for the purpose of procuring a guide, if possible, from his houseful of boys.

"As we are to interview the gentle-

man, then," remarked Algernon, "I propose, as there is no time like the present, that we go at once." And so, without farther ado, the council adjourned, and the committee departed on its errand.

Even at this distant day I recall the cool, fresh splendor of that morning. Far below us the Monument brawled along its rocky bed, rippling and sparkling in the sunshine, and winding in and out between the rustling aspens that lined its banks. Above us were the foot-hills, green and shady with ancient pines; and far beyond them we caught occasional glimpses of the snowy range, like dim white clouds motionless in the sky. On this side and that of the road lay huge masses of rock, hurled down from the hills, who knows how many hundreds of years ago? After walking a mile or so, a sudden turn in the road disclosed an upland meadow, where two men were mowing hay. No sooner did I see the two men than I was conscious of a strong impulse to cross over and talk to them; so I proposed to Algernon that we should stop and have a chat.

"Of course," he answered, "and may be they can assist us in our search." So we turned out of the road and walked towards them; and they stopped working, and regarded us with no small curiosity. They were tall, powerful fellows, and, judging from a slight facial resemblance, I set them down as brothers. After the customary salutations and some original remarks on the beauty of the weather and the excellence of the grass, Algernon went on to tell them of our object.

"We want to employ some one with a knowledge of the country round about, who could make it convenient to take up his abode with us for the summer, for a reasonable compensation, and who would act as guide for us, you know."

"Jis so," assented the elder of the two, — "jis so; but I'm afeard you'll have trouble a-findin' anybody jis now.

It's a busy season with us ranchmen, — hayin' time."

"Yes," chimed in the other; "and men's pretty scarce in these parts, anyhow."

"I suppose so," answered Algernon, "and I fear our search will be in vain."

"But I say," suddenly broke out the younger, "thar's Buckshot!"

"Sure enough! Sure enough! Thar's Buckshot! I never thought o' Buckshot," replied the elder; and thereupon the two men grinned, and burst out laughing. Somewhat amazed at this sudden mirth, Algernon and I looked at each other, and Algernon asked, —

"Who is Buckshot?"

"Buckshot," replied the ranchman, in general terms, "is a young fellow that knows more about these mountains than any man in the Territory. He knows every cañon, and every pass, and every crick in 'em, and he's about the best hand at trailin' I ever see. But then, to tell you the truth, Buckshot's mighty skittish, an' if he don't take to you on the start he won't bother you long; he'll turn up missin', some fine mornin'."

"That's what he'll do," assented the other, grinning.

"Buckshot," repeated Algernon, slowly, — "that's a queer name."

"Yes, it is," replied the ranchman; "an' Buckshot's a queer young feller, too."

Whereat the two men fell a-laughing again. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the mysterious youth in question was stopping at present at the house of a neighbor; and on our expressing an earnest desire for an interview, the two men volunteered to get word to him in the course of the day, and furthermore considered it more than likely that he might "look in on us" early the following day.

"Now, then," remarked Algernon, as we walked leisurely back, "it remains to be seen whether we have done wisely

in engaging this same young Buckshot. I dare say he is a specimen of the average mountain youth, — red-haired, freckle-faced, with large hands and feet, and a tendency to blush whenever he is spoken to."

"Perhaps, in spite of his physical drawbacks, he may serve our turn exactly," said I.

"Let us hope so," rejoined my companion.

The doctor was amused at our sudden success, and he even ventured to predict that we should find quite a "character" in our guide when we became acquainted. For my own part, I was impressed that we had met with a very decided character, and I did not doubt that Mrs. Algernon would bear me out.

I wish I might present every incident that followed Buckshot's arrival in the same vivid colors with which 'they are portrayed upon my memory and upon the memory of all of us; but since that may not be, let me endeavor to relate as faithfully as possible how he came among us, how we fared together for a time, and how at last —

III.

The next morning Buckshot came, and I was so fortunate as to be first to receive him. I had just returned from my customary early walk, and was standing in front of the house, enjoying the cool, soft splendor of the morning. On a sudden I heard somebody at a distance singing in a clear, bell-like voice, of wonderful tone and sweetness, and shortly afterward a light, swift step sounded on the rocky path, and I saw a boy some twelve or fourteen years of age, to judge at a glance, coming toward the house. He was not as tall, may be, as most youths of fourteen, but he made up for his lack of inches by a wonderful grace and symmetry of build. His cheeks were brown; his hair was dark and curly;

his eyes were large, lustrous, black, and keen as a hawk's. These few points I observed as he swung towards me with a swift, springy gait and all the lithe and lissome beauty of a young panther.

His manner was as frank and easy as possible, as he gave me his hand, and simply said, "I'm Buckshot."

For a moment Algernon's fanciful description of the "average mountain youth" flashed before me, and I laughed, with an odd mixture of surprise and pleasure, as I clasped the boy's hand in mine. I observed, too, that his dress was of the plainest, — dark, tight-fitting breeches, a snuff-colored shirt, and Mexican moccasins of deer-hide; his handsome curly head was half hidden by a black slouch hat, and he wore no coat. May be the absence of the latter garment showed off his lithe form to still greater advantage. I confess that I was attracted toward him at once: perhaps by the force of his youthful beauty; perhaps, also, by his free and easy manner, which was at once void of pertness and modest. As we turned to the house, Meta came to the door, looking very pretty indeed in her crisp white morning-dress.

Now in all Buckshot's young experience amongst the mountains and mountain people, it is questionable whether he had ever met with any really refined and cultured woman until that morning, when he saw Mrs. Algernon smiling on him from the step. At least, such was my impression at the time, for the boy stopped and stared as if he had seen a vision.

"Meta," I said, "let me present a new friend. This is Buckshot."

The boy's black eyes fairly shone as she took his hand and gave him welcome. "So you have come to show us the mountains, have you?"

He nodded in reply, and looked up suddenly as the doctor and Algernon came out. Again introductions and welcomes took place, and the doctor, turning to me, said in a low tone, "What a re-

markable face! But what an outlandish name!"

"What *is* your name, my young friend?" he added, raising his voice.

"Buckshot," replied his young friend, promptly.

The doctor, being a sound churchman, perhaps unconsciously followed up with the second question in the catechism: "Who gave you this name?"

To which came the answer, clearly and modestly uttered, but hardly quoted from the Prayer-Book, "Be d—d if I know! You see I've been called Buckshot ever since" — But here, catching sight of the horrified countenance of the strange lady and the serio-comic expression on the face of his catechiser, he relapsed into sudden silence, and stood bashfully swinging his hat.

But the doctor was not to be repulsed in this manner. "Ever since when?" he asked again.

"Ever since I've been in the mountains," replied Buckshot. "You see," he went on rapidly, "I was born in Missourer, and wa'n't much higher 'n a grasshopper when the ole man started to Pike's Peak with the ole woman an' me. But the Indians got away with us down on the Republican. They killed the ole folks and took me off with 'em, and kep' me about five year, till one day, when they was camped close to Larned, I took a notion to leave; so I up and dusted into the post, an' hid there till they left. Then I got in with a train that was comin' out to Denver, an' I've been knockin' around in the mountains ever since."

"Poor boy," said Meta, softly, "what an experience!"

"Do you know how to read, Buckshot?" asked the doctor.

"Mighty little," answered the boy.

"Can you write?"

"No; I never had no chance to learn."

"Would you like to learn?"

"You bet your life," replied Buckshot.

The doctor smiled, and turned away ; and Meta, coming up, laid her hand gently on the boy's shoulder, and said, "Well, if you will stay with us this summer, you shall learn to read and write both."

And Buckshot closed the contract at once by raising his splendid eyes to her face, and saying, "All right."

It remained for us, also, to discover that Buckshot and the Pioneer were old acquaintances ; for when the latter entered the room and found a new arrival he stared a moment, and then came forward with a grin and held out his hand.

"Why, Buckshot ! — why, this ain't you ? Why, I ain't seed you since the time of the bear hunt. How d' ye come on ?"

To which the boy replied, in an off-hand manner, that he "came on" first rate, and asked, "How's the ole woman ?"

"She's middlin'," replied the Pioneer. And then they went off together to see the "ole woman," the Pioneer's wife.

That day the doctor resolved himself into a committee of one, and sallied out among the neighbors to gain what information he could in regard to the young stranger. But all that he could learn was what Buckshot had already told us ; except that he made his living by doing light work for the ranchmen, such as sheep-herding, as long as it suited him, and striking out over the mountains when he grew tired of it, to spend a month or two among the miners of South Park and other diggings, far and near. With the latter class, in fact, he was said to be an universal favorite.

And here I may remark that nothing more was ever learned concerning him. His real name, his birthplace, and his parentage are as much of a mystery to us to-day as they were on that memorable morning when he first came to us. After he had been with us some little time, the doctor, who was fortunately able to gratify so praiseworthy a whim,

resolved to befriend him, and to give him an opportunity of acquiring an education, if that suited the boy's inclination. And on that score none of us had the least doubt. Meanwhile, to lose no time, Meta began to teach him such rudiments as might best prepare him for school when we should return East in the fall ; and being of a remarkably apt and ready turn, he made no small progress. I am glad to record the fact, also, that he and I grew to be fast friends, and that he honored me in a great measure with his confidence.

As an instance of the vast respect which he entertained for the doctor, he informed me gravely, one day, that he "reckoned the doctor knowed it all," and he drank in every word that fell from the doctor's lips as if they were inspired.

As before remarked, he was carried away from the first by Meta's beauty and her kind and gentle manner, and I really believe he worshiped her, in his boyish fashion, as devotedly as ever a man loved a woman. Speaking of her to me once, he said she was "as white as a pigeon ;" and ever after he ignored her name of "Mrs. Algernon" except to her face, and when he referred to her in conversation with the rest of us he invariably spoke of her as the "White Lady." Owing in part to the rough and rude experience of his childhood, and in part also to a naturally sturdy spirit, Buckshot was a very self-reliant and enterprising young fellow ; he rarely undertook a thing without putting it through. Like most boys of a like nature, he was very sensitive. A word of praise from the White Lady, for a task well learned or a deed well done, would bring a blush to his cheeks and a sparkle to his splendid eyes in an instant.

Attention was early directed to the scantiness of his wardrobe, and he was abundantly supplied with what he called a "new outfit." But he reappeared the next day in his old costume, with the

remark that the new clothes "bothered him," and it was not without great difficulty that we could persuade him to wear them; and no amount of coaxing could induce him to wear an ordinary jacket, until Meta, with her woman's wit, fashioned a sort of zouave blouse for him, which at her request he consented to wear on extraordinary occasions. I recollect it gave him the appearance of a handsome young brigand.

As soon as he observed — which he was quick to do — that swearing was not regarded in the light of an accomplishment by his new friends, as it was by the miners of South Park, he informed me in private that it was his intention for the future to "skip all the big words," and I bear record now that he kept his resolution.

As an instance of his implicit belief in all that was taught him, and also as an evidence of his inquiring mind, let me relate the following: —

It was the doctor's custom every Sunday afternoon to read some portion of the Bible aloud, and then to impress the lesson still further on the boy's memory by a few well-timed remarks. On one particular afternoon he had been reading the account of the murder of Abel by his brother Cain, and after closing the book he expatiated at some length on the enormity of Cain's crime, and concluded by saying, "You see, my boy, how this wretched young man was punished for his wickedness. He became a wanderer on the earth, with no home, no friends, no country. Every man he might meet was his enemy; any man might slay him, and by so doing obey the divine" — When Buckshot suddenly broke in upon his peroration with a question that has puzzled many a wiser head than his own probably: "Why, what was the use of his dodgin' around like that? There wa'n't nobody in the whole world but himself and his father. He must 'a been mighty lazy if he could n't keep out of the ole man's

way!" It is hardly necessary to add that the lesson closed rather abruptly after this.

But it must not be supposed that all the time was occupied with instilling into his youthful mind Bible lessons or the multiplication table, for many a hunting party, and many a fishing party, and many a tramp through wild and wonderful mountain passes, was organized and carried out under his guidance, and his knowledge of the mountains gave evidence that he had the bump of locality excessively developed. He led us to the region of the Petrified Stumps, to the Garden of the Gods, to the Garden of the Giants; we drank soda-water brewed hundreds of feet underground, at his bidding; in fact, he was never at a loss for a new adventure. One in particular occurs to me now, which it may not be out of place to narrate.

It was drawing towards the close of summer when we were tempted, by Buckshot's representations of a certain stream, to try our luck in its waters. Accordingly, equipped with self-regulating rods and artificial flies (which, I regret to observe, the Pioneer used to regard with polite contempt), Algernon and I set out, one dull, cloudy morning, with our young guide on a trouting expedition. Buckshot as usual beguiled the walk by his characteristic conversation, and on this occasion even by a legend. After making our way with some difficulty over a rocky spur thickly covered with scrub oaks, we emerged at last upon a broad, open road which had the appearance of having been much used at some former time. Coming to a turn in the road, we found some ruins, consisting of a standing chimney in a very dilapidated state and the crumbling remains of a log cabin. If my curiosity was at all aroused by the sight, it was still further pricked by a solitary grave, covered with grass and tall, rank weeds, and having a half-sunken headstone of slate-colored rock. So when

we sat down upon some boulders to rest I questioned Buckshot in regard to the matter, and he delivered himself as follows:—

"You see, this here is the ole Pike's Peak's trail; an' right here is where ole Buster used to keep a ranch; an' every wiuter, when the water froze in the mines, some of the boys would come down to put in the winter with the ole man; an' one fall Handsome Jack, *he* come with 'em. Handsome Jack? Why, he was a poker-player. I dunno what they called him that fur, because he was the homelies' man, I believe, I ever *did* see. Well, one night Jack and the ole man got into a little game, an' they was makin' it all right, till at last the ole man he seed two king o' hearts, an' he knowed right off there was somethin' wrong. He wa'n't much of a man to fuss about a little thing, ole Buster wa'n't, but when he did go into a fuss he went in mighty sudden. So he says to Jack, 'Why, Jack, you ain't tryin' to knock down on me that way, air you?'

"What way?" says Jack.

"Why, ringin' in a cold deck," says the ole man.

"Then Jack, he remarked that the ole man lied. That settled the business right off, for ole Buster, he jerked his six-shooter and blowed a hole through Jack's head. That 's his grave there."

"Whose grave?" I asked, considerably startled by the tragic termination of the little game.

"Jack's. So ole Buster, he skinned out the same night, and the boys, they shied off from the place, an' bimeby the roof fell in and the house went to rack, and that's all, — let's go."

And Buckshot having thus concluded we arose and wended our way, thoughtfully and in silence. In due time we arrived at the stream, and proceeded at once to business. We found the water fairly alive with trout, and we became so absorbed in the sport, and followed

the creek so far, that the waning day and an approaching shower found us a long way from home.

I discovered, during my short stay in Colorado, that a very brief space of time is essential for the preparation of a first-class storm; and the one in question was not destined to be an exception to the rule. Its first mutterings were hardly over before we were sensible of its swift approach by the advance guard of great drops that beat into our faces. Here was a pickle. But Buckshot hurried us off to a house which he said was near at hand, where we could pass the night, and go home in the morning; for he cheerfully informed us that it was his opinion that the rain would last all night.

A brisk walk of ten or fifteen minutes brought us to a substantial-looking log house, with evidences of cultivation in a field that lay behind; but without waiting to observe things very closely, we hurried to the door and knocked. It was opened by a tall, rawboned woman, who stared at us in no very hospitable manner, as Algernon civilly inquired if we could obtain shelter until morning.

The woman hesitated; in fact, she waited so long that Buckshot, who was busying himself with the string of trout, suddenly made his way to the front, at a little distance, and, eying the woman with amazement, exclaimed, —

"Look here, young woman, we've *got* to stay! — that's all about it. D'ye think we are goin' to camp out in the rain?"

"Who is it?" queried a voice from the interior.

"It's that there young Buckshot," answered the woman, with a grin. "That boy's got more impiddence! Come in then, you young limb!"

Thus invited the young limb walked coolly in, and we followed meekly in his wake. As soon as we were inside, the woman excused her seeming want

of hospitality on the score of having a sick husband and being all alone. It was a large, square room into which we were admitted, and on a bed in the corner lay a sick man, whose pain-distorted face, lighted by a pair of lustrous black eyes, was turned toward us.

Evidently he and Buckshot were acquainted, for the boy nodded to him with easy nonchalance, and addressed him as "pardner."

"Aha! Buckshot! So it's you, is it? Come, shake hands. By the lovely, it does a feller good to see you!"

"What ails ye, anyhow?" inquired the boy, as he approached the bed and took the sufferer's quivering hand in his own.

"Rheumatiz, ole man, — rheumatiz," replied the other, with a feeble smile. "I rastled with it all summer, but it fetched me at last. How's times with you?"

To which Buckshot made answer that times were "loomin' up" with him; then he proceeded to inform the sick man that the carrying of potatoes in one's pocket was held to be efficacious in attacks of rheumatism, by those best informed on the subject; and he enjoined upon the sufferer the advisability of giving that novel remedy a trial, — all of which was listened to with ludicrous gravity by the patient, and with a succession of grins on the part of his wife.

After he had thus prescribed for the man, Buckshot turned to the woman, and gave her to understand that it would be about the correct thing for her to "fly around" and get supper, and he even volunteered his own services toward the accomplishment of that end; and, as a result of their joint efforts, a delicious meal of trout and hot biscuit and fragrant coffee was soon smoking on the board.

After supper, as the storm still held on its way, roaring down the cañons and driving against the door in windy

gusts of rain, we sat about the fire, and endeavored to draw our hostess into conversation. It must be admitted, however, that all our efforts would have been in vain, without the aid of Buckshot, who kept up such a fusillade of small talk, that Algernon and I were glad to drop into silence and play the part of listeners.

Bright and early next morning we were called to breakfast. Bright and early it literally was, for the valley was still in shadow, and only the mountains were glowing in the light of the rising sun. Bidding good-by to our entertainers, we set off gayly on our homeward journey. Every tree and shrub, and every blade of grass sparkled and flashed like diamonds in the early light. A cool fresh wind came bowling out of the west, and far below us the mist was rolling away before it.

Thus, with various adventures, for the narration of which this brief chronicle affords not sufficient space, day by day, like the leaves of a book, the summer folded itself up and vanished away, and the early mountain autumn was at hand, with hazy, dreamy days, and cool, crisp, starry nights, and the Appointed Time came on apace.

IV.

In the Rocky Mountain regions the clouds sometimes indulge in certain freaks which are known to the dwellers in the hills as "cloud-bursts" or "water-spouts." In other words, great masses of vapor come into close proximity, apparently, to the high table-lands, or to the foot-hills, and the consequence is a literal deluge down the cañons. More curious still, the people far below in the valley are likely to be startled and appalled by the sudden rush and roar of water down dry arroyos, leading from the hills, when the sky above is clear and the sun is shining, and only the distant

mountains are shaded by dense black clouds. I do not propose here to advance any theory of my own in regard to these phenomena, nor yet to argue for or against the theories of others. Some people believe that these "cloud-bursts" are cloud-bursts literally, while others claim that the sudden floods which follow these nebulous eccentricities are due solely to an accumulation of water from extraordinarily severe rainfalls within a given circumference. However the case may be, this record has naught to do with the probabilities or possibilities of either theory. My object is simply to describe, as far as in me lies, what I really saw myself; for here upon the Monument we were destined to witness one of these wonderful sights, and the picture of its awful grandeur must remain with us as long as life.

I have already hinted that the Monument was a beautiful stream; its banks were grassy and green in places, and steep and rocky in others, and it brawled along with a pleasant sound one always liked to hear. But we were yet to look upon it in its wrath, to see the little stream transformed, as if by magic, into an angry, rushing river.

Amongst the many rocks that strove to bar its rippling currents was one of a dull red color, torn from the womb of the mountain when laboring with volcanic throes, and hurled far below into the valley, while yet, may be, the world was young. It lay in the middle of the stream, and its top was smooth and level; on the lower side was a ledge, wide enough for a comfortable seat, the side of the rock forming a good support for the back. Here, on either bank of the river, grew tall aspens; and their outstretched limbs, rustling with green and silver leaves, barred out the noonday heat, and threw a cool and pleasant shadow on the rock. At some former time there had been a foot-bridge at this place, part of which yet remained, from the shore to the rock. It was a won-

derfully primitive foot-bridge, too, consisting, as it did, only of a broad, heavy board, one end resting on the bank, the other end on the ledge. The connection between the rock and the opposite bank was gone, possibly carried away by the water.

This was Mrs. Algernon's favorite place of resort, in the long, warm afternoons, to read or sketch, sometimes accompanied by her husband or father, but quite often alone; and from this circumstance we had come to dignify the spot with the name of the Red Rock.

And now the shouting of the boys outside is hushed, the dull, gray, wintry sky is blotted out, the creaking of the leafless trees outside my window is stilled, and I lean back in my chair and drift away into the past. How idle to think my old steel pen can ever paint the picture I see before me!

It is the afternoon of a clear day in September. The sky is cloudless overhead, and the sun shines with a mellowed brilliance through the hazy air around us. A black mass of clouds rests upon the far-off mountains; perhaps a storm is passing down the range. There is no breeze; the trees that grow beside the river stretch their long arms motionless in the air. The brawling of the water is muffled and deadened by the smoky atmosphere. A bird, chirping in a bush near by, sounds as if he might be miles away. The foot-hills show like pictures painted dimly on the background of the sky. It is the time for day-dreams, and I am dreaming them as the smoke of my pipe curls softly around my head.

On the walk in front of the house the doctor is thoughtfully pacing to and fro; near by Algernon is seated, lazily talking with Buckshot, who is lying on the grass.

All this I see now as I write, hundreds of miles away, as clearly as I saw it then, standing in the door regarding it.

Presently the doctor pauses in his walk, and says, "Yet a few more days, and our pleasant rambling holidays are over, and we get back to work. Buckshot goes with us too, of course," he adds, eying that young gentleman kindly; "henceforth our home is his home; he is to become a rare scholar, and finally develop into a wise and good man." Buckshot rises to a sitting posture on being thus alluded to, and his eyes brighten as he gazes shyly at the speaker.

With a smile the doctor resumes his walk, and silence falls upon us, broken only by the doctor's steady tread and the far-off murmur of the waters. Meantime, our thoughts go drifting backward through the happy summer now drawing swiftly to its close, and in the midst of this dreamy stillness we are suddenly startled by a loud, resounding peal of thunder, that breaks from the clouds above the mountains and goes echoing and rumbling down the cañons.

"Ha!" says Algernon, starting, "we shall have a storm. Hark!" he adds, as another peal leaps out upon the quiet air. The doctor pauses again, and all eyes are fixed upon the mountains. Buckshot, reclining on his side, with his head resting on his hands, regards the clouds long and earnestly.

"I believe," he says slowly, and in a low tone, "I believe that's a cloudburst, and it's right over the head of Monument Cañon. Look!" he cries suddenly, as he rises to his knees, "look at that!"

By degrees a low humming sound is wafted toward us, swelling in volume and growing louder as we listen, like the roaring of a mighty wind through the pines.

"What's that?" cries Algernon, as a heavy white mist comes slowly out of the cañon, waving and rolling like smoke. The booming sound grows louder and louder, and we hear distinctly the noise of rushing water.

"The White Lady would like to see

this," cries Buckshot excitedly; "let's call the White Lady!"

The doctor is under the impression that she is sketching on the Red Rock, and he calmly imparts this fact.

Buckshot leaps to his feet with a shout: "Where!" he cries. The change in the boy's face is absolutely startling; his cheeks are aflame, and his great black eyes blaze like lightning. Dropping upon the ground, he tears off his shoes in a jiffy, and leaping to his feet once more, he cries, "In five minutes that creek'll be full from bank to bank! If ever you did a good thing in your life, come on!" and he turns and shoots over the hill like an antelope, swift and steady and strong.

Roused and alarmed by the boy's wild actions, we call aloud to each other and race madly after him.

Meantime, the White Lady sat upon the Red Rock, half working, half dreaming; upon her lap lay an unfinished sketch of a grand and rugged cañon. So absorbed was she, that the dense mass of clouds piled upon the mountain tops failed to attract her attention. The little river rippled along with a musical sound, and broke into foam at her feet. Its steep rocky banks were flecked with alternate patches of shadow and gold, as the sunlight glinted upon them, and danced away on the water. Once, twice, a burst of thunder startled her, but she glanced around and above, the sky was cloudless overhead, and the warning passed unheeded. Presently a low humming sound was audible, but she heard it not, or if she heard it she fancied the wind was rising in the mountains. But it grew louder and louder, and the booming of waters struck upon her ears. Roused at last, she arose slowly to her feet and looked up the stream, and saw a great white cloud waving and rolling like smoke rushing down upon her, and she hurried to the bridge in terror. Too late! The terrible pressure up-

stream had already forced the water above its usual limits, and it was steadily rising around the rock, and lapping and floating the frail board that alone stood between her and death. She cried aloud for help, and wrung her hands in an agony of despair. Should she trust herself to the board that was already swinging loose from the rock, or should she cling to the ledge?

The booming noise grew louder and louder, and the great white mist was speeding faster and faster toward her. And yet not so fast as the feet that, through long years of aimless wandering, hither, there, and everywhere, were yet steadily setting in toward this self-same spot with the tireless persistence of fate.

In this supreme moment she heard a shout, and looked up; she saw Buckshot come flying down the slope to the river. He ran across the bridge like a squirrel, and leaped lightly on the rock at her side. "Hurry across," he gasped, "while I hold the board down!"

One look at him, and one at the angry water, and she obeyed. She stepped upon the board, it bent slightly with her weight, and the cold water filled her shoes; but steadily she crossed and stepped upon the shore, and was caught to her husband's breast. By this time the roar of the waters was absolutely deafening, and the air was filled with spray. But through it all she found courage to look back. She saw Buckshot step upon the already floating board, she saw him midway across, she saw the racing wall of water, with its long trailing veil of mist and foam, leap madly at him and strike him down, and drag him in and under, and whirl him away in the twinkling of an eye.

Not far below, the stream takes a sudden bend to the right, and here on a low, shelving bank we found him, where the water had flung him ashore, senseless, bloody, and dripping. We took him

in our arms and bore him up the hill in silence toward the house. Half-way up, the Pioneer met us, bareheaded and breathless with running. He gazed upon the boy's unconscious form with looks of commiseration, and once or twice I heard him mutter under his breath, "Poor little cuss!" Nothing would do but we must surrender our burden to him, and he bore the senseless boy in his own arms to the house.

By all the means in our power we strove to call back the fluttering spirit to his breast, and presently he gave signs of life; but it was evident by the dimness of his eyes and the ghastly pallor of his face that he had sustained some internal injury beyond our power to alleviate. The only physician the country could boast lived in the Old Town, twenty miles distant; and it devolved upon me, therefore, to go for him at once. Accordingly, I lost no time in saddling one of the Pioneer's horses and galloping away.

The sun was already behind the mountains when I started, and by and by the sun went down, and twilight fell, and the stars came out, and the night wind blew keen in my face as I sped along the road. However, I arrived at Old Town at last; but only to find the lights all out, and the straggling houses looking grim and silent in the darkness. Being a stranger, I was at a loss how to proceed in my search for the doctor, and every moment was a lifetime; when to my great relief I saw some one coming down the middle of the street. I rode at once to meet him, and a nearer view disclosed, as well as the darkness permitted, a gentleman evidently "deep in his cups," for he swayed to and fro on his legs, and his voice was gruff and husky.

"Who sick? Tha's wha' I want er know. Who's sick?" he demanded defiantly, when I addressed him.

"Buckshot," I replied briefly.

"Wha'? No! Little Buckshot sick?"

Wha's matter wi' little Buckshot?" he asked again.

Stifling my impatience, I told him of the accident in as few words as possible, and urgently begged him to show me the doctor's house.

"Stranger," he replied with drunken politeness, "'scuse me, if you please; jis come along o' me, stranger."

So I dismounted, and, leading my horse, walked alongside of my conductor, who took up much more than his own share of the street.

"This is 'bout the 'crect locality, sir, I believe; yes, sir," he said, stopping in front of a small white house, with a huge black patch upon the door, which I took to be the doctor's sign; and without further remark my new friend began to hammer the door with his knuckles. After some fruitless efforts in this direction, he turned around and said with tipsy irony, "Durned ef I don't think he tuck a pint or two o' laudnum afore he went to bed. Stop a bit, though; I'll rout him." Thereupon he fell to kicking the door steadily with his heavy boots. These vigorous means speedily had the desired effect, for a voice from the interior cried, "You need n't break that door down! I'm coming!"

"Oh, you are, are you!" said my guide briskly; and then as he ceased his attentions to the panels and sat down upon the step, he muttered to himself disgustedly, "Yes, *you 're* a-comin', 'n so 's Christmas, 'n it's mos' likely to git here fust."

By this time, however, a light glimmered through the window, the door swung open and the doctor appeared. As briefly as possible I made known my errand; and in the course of half an hour the doctor and I were driving rapidly out of town, leaving my friend and conductor in peaceful slumber on the doorstep.

The autumn night waned, the stars went out in a gray darkness, the sky began to redden and glow, and at last the

sun rolled up and kindled the land into warmth before we arrived at home.

As we crossed the Monument, now reduced to its usual current, and brawling along in the sunshine as musically as ever, I glanced toward the fatal rock with a nervous apprehension of woe. Not a sound broke the stillness as we alighted and walked up the path to the house, and I knew at once that the merry voice that had so often sounded here was hushed and silent now forever. No need, O White Lady! to meet us silently at the door and lead us to the bed, whereon lay the stiff and rigid form, so changed, yet so familiar. His poor bruised hands were folded meekly upon his breast, a smile was on his lips, and about his head were scattered white wild flowers that perchance his light feet had pressed but yesterday.

Yes, Buckshot was dead! The only vision of grace, and beauty, and charitable love upon which his poor eyes had ever rested had bent above his dying bed; perhaps her gentle counsel had led him back to that heaven away from which his youthful feet in ignorance were straying; doubtless, also, his last hours were soothed by the reflection, that he had given his young life that another might live.

"It was after midnight," said Meta tearfully, "before he gave the first signs of consciousness. He raised his head and looked around, and strove to speak; and as we listened to catch his words, he suddenly fixed his eyes on me and smiled, and then his head dropped back upon my arm, and so, without a word, he died."

All the fond hopes we had cherished for his future vanished utterly, as we looked down upon the beautiful face, the lustrous eyes darkened forever, and the features white and still in the serene repose of death.

And now no more remains for me to tell; save that, when the next day's sun was wheeling to its rest, all that was

mortal of Buckshot was borne by kindly hands up the well-remembered path, out upon the hill; and there, in the shadow of the mountains he had loved so well, we made his grave; through long years to come to be green and fragrant with the flowers of spring, and white and shining with the snows of winter.

J. Howard Corbyn.

BOATING.

A JUNE day, cool from recent rain;
The sky without a speck or stain
To mark the gray storm's toil and stress;
The brimming river rippleless.
Into the stream the long boat swings;
Soft drop her oars, like sinewy wings;
And more than lifeless steel and wood,
She leaps into the middle flood.
Her strength is ours, our will is hers,
One life within us thrills and stirs.
What joy with rhythmic sweep and sway
To fly along the liquid way,
To feel each tense-drawn muscle strain,
And hear the dripping blade's refrain;
Or, resting on the level oar,
To drift beside the dusky shore,
Through green pads, whispering, as we pass,
And bending beds of pickerel grass,
And watch with eager, grateful eye
The woodland's changing pageantry:
The gnarled oaks spreading broad and low,
The elms that like leaf-fountains grow;
Ash, chestnut, lightsome maple grove,
With elder-thickets interwove,
And sharply clear against the green
The swaying birch's silver sheen.
We catch the smell of sun-warmed pines,
Of marsh-pinks and of wild grapevines,
And scent, to make the bee's heart glad,
Of pungent balm of Gilead.
And now, in sunlight once again,
We round the headland's narrow plain;
Three strokes, and on the shelving sand
We bring the willing boat to land;
Then off through stubbly pasture dells,
Sparse-set with cedar sentinels,
To where in cool, leaf-laughing nook
Slips o'er the stones the swollen brook.

Outstretched full-length beside the stream,
 We lie half waking, half in dream,
 And feast our ears with woodland notes.
 Down the warm air the wren's song floats,
 Sharp trumpets out the angry jay;
 Hark! from some tree-top far away
 The cat-bird's saucy answer falls;
 And when all else is silent calls,
 Deep-bowered on some shady hill,
 The day-caught, sleepy whip-poor-will.

But look! the level sunbeams shine
 Along the tree trunks' gleaming line;
 A sea of gold, the water fills
 The purple circle of the hills.
 Home then our sparkling path we trace,
 The sunset's glory in our face,
 Which fades and fades, till as we reach
 The low pier and the shingly beach,
 On stream, and wood, and hill-top bare
 The moon's soft light lies everywhere.

Augustus M. Lord.

CHARLES RIVER, June, 1884.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE GODS.

It is exactly three quarters of a century since the greatest English poet of his time turned the weapons of his keenest and most trenchant satire against a Scotch lord, who had transferred to the smoky air of London the matchless marbles of Pheidias and his disciples. This nobleman, however, was not the first, but one of the very last in a long line of plunderers, who had been unable to resist the temptations presented to them by the plastic masterpieces of antiquity. He might have replied that if he had erred, he had done so in most respectable company,—that kings and princes, victorious generals, governors, and emperors had been guilty of the same offense before him; so that his sin, if sin it could be called, should be taken only as an evidence of greatness. This method of defense Lord Elgin seems

never to have thought of; and even had he done so it may be questioned if it would have afforded him any great consolation under the stigma which Byron's immortal verses have forever affixed to his name.

The vicissitudes to which the works of ancient art have been exposed, as a result of the cupidity of external nations, form one of the most striking chapters in its entire history. From the time when Rachel stole her father's gods, and by her neat ruse defeated the close-fisted and unscrupulous old fellow in his attempts to find them, down to that comparatively recent day when a recognition of the reciprocal rights and duties of nations put an end, as we may hope forever, to the pillaging of conquered states, the only principle accepted by the world appears to have been,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The original motive to these robberies is well seen in the case of Rachel herself. It was to obtain objects of worship. By degrees, however, as skill in the use of the brush and chisel rose to the dignity of art, works of painting and sculpture came to be admired and coveted for their own sake, and to be everywhere regarded as lawful plunder. As early as the sixth century before Christ, Cambyzes carried away from Egypt large numbers of statues, to be set up in the cities of his own dominion. Many of these were recovered by Ptolemy Euergetes on the conquest of Syria, almost three hundred years afterwards; that monarch returning to his capital with no less than twenty-five hundred which he had taken from the Persian king. The Artemis and Athene of Dipoinos and Skyllis seem to have been transported from Sikyon to Asia in the struggle between Cyrus and Croesus. The Carthaginians, on capturing the Sicilian cities, conveyed to Africa the bronze Artemis from Sergesta, the bull of Phalaris, and various works from Himera, Gela, and Agrigentum. Xerxes, in addition to what he destroyed, removed from Greece the Apollo of Kanachos and the statues of Harmodios and Aristogeiton. The latter were subsequently recovered and sent back to the Athenians by Alexander, or one of his successors, and the Apollo by the Seleukidæ, who claimed descent from that god.

It was at the time of the second Punic war that the Romans began to awake to an appreciation of Grecian sculpture. Hitherto their art, like a great part of their institutions, had been derived from Etruria; such works as they possessed being either of wood, terra cotta, or bronze, wrought by Etruscans, who had been invited to the Latian capital, or plundered from conquered cities like Volsinii, whose two thousand statues

were carried to Rome in 265 B. C. In 214 B. C. Marcellus was sent into Sicily to subdue those towns which had formed an alliance with the Carthaginians. In these Hellenic art had been cultivated for nearly three centuries and a half, and the Roman general, set face to face with its finished beauties, was not slow in recognizing its superiority over that with which he was already familiar. On the capture of Syracuse, in 212 B. C., he gratified his taste for the newly discovered treasures by removing a large number to Rome, and depositing them in the Capitol and the temples of Honor and Virtus, which he himself erected. These are said to have been the earliest Greek works which the Roman people possessed. The statement, however, is not strictly correct, since statues of Pythagoras and Alkibiades, undoubtedly by their own countrymen, stood in the Comitium from 324 B. C. till the dictatorship of Sulla. Still, according to Plutarch, Marcellus was accustomed to boast that he was the first to teach his fellow-citizens the beauties of Grecian sculpture, and his pride seems to have been just. Cicero records it to his honor that he molested no figure of the gods. On the fall of Capua, in the following year, Rome was again enriched by similar acquisitions. On the conquest of Tarentum, in 209 B. C., Quintus Fabius Maximus, like Marcellus sparing the images of deities, conveyed to the Capitol the famous sitting Herakles, which remained one of the chief ornaments of the city for several centuries.

The conquerors of Sicily were not long in learning the lesson which Marcellus sought to teach them. Painting had already risen into such fashionable prominence that it was even cultivated as an accomplishment by the nobility. In 403 B. C. Caius Fabius had produced for the temple of Salus a battle-piece, which enjoyed the distinction of being the first work from a purely Roman source, and gained for its author the

complimentary title of Pictor. His son, Numericus, and his grandson, Quintus, received the same honorable designation from their skill in the use of the brush, and the young Pacuvius, now a boy just entering his teens, was destined to become not less an artist than a poet. The mind of the Romans was therefore in a condition to receive the impression which Marcellus wished to make upon it, and circumstances in the political world placed within their reach the means of gratifying the recently awakened taste. In 216 B. C. Philip V. of Macedon, jealous of his Italian neighbors, had concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Carthaginians. At the close of the second Punic war an army accordingly marched against him. After an indecisive campaign of two years Philip was deserted by the Achæan League, and a few months later was entirely routed by Titus Quinctus Flamininus. The consul, on his return home, took with him a large number of statues, both in marble and bronze, among them the celebrated Zeus Ourios, of which more will be said hereafter. But no sooner had he departed than intrigues broke out anew, and Antiochus the Great was induced to come into Thessaly with an army of ten thousand men. This fact again called the Romans into Greece. On the defeat of the Syrian king at Thermopylæ, in 191 B. C., the victors destroyed the temple of the Itonic Pallas which contained his statue, plundered the sacred edifices in the island of Bacchium, and carried away the images of the gods. In the following year the war was transferred into Asia, another brilliant triumph was won at Magnesia by Cornelius Scipio, and the city was stripped of its sculpture to adorn the all-powerful mistress of the West.

Meanwhile, the Ætolians, taking advantage of the disturbances in the East, had made an attack upon the Macedonians. The latter, after their defeat at

Cynoscephalæ, had according to custom been admitted to alliance by the senate, and Marcus Fulvius Nobilior was therefore sent to protect them. The Ætolians had retired to Ambrakia, which, having formerly been the royal residence of Pyrrhus, was filled with works of art of every kind. Upon the fall of the town Fulvius carried to Rome all its pictures, and no less than five hundred and fifteen statues, of which two hundred and thirty were of marble and the rest of bronze. Among the latter were the nine Muses, for which Fulvius erected the temple of Hercules Musagetes, near the Circus Flaminius. So complete was the pillage that the inhabitants complained that they had not a deity left whom they could worship.

On the death of Philip, and the succession of his son Perseus, the Romans, alarmed at the alliances which the ambitious young monarch seemed to be forming against them, at length declared war upon him. In 167 B. C. Perseus was totally defeated at Pydna by Lucius Æmilius Paulus, and soon after fell into the hands of his conqueror. In this battle the liberties of Macedonia became extinct, and it was reduced to a Roman province. The treasures of the entire country were now at the mercy of the consul. How well he improved the opportunity given him may be judged from the fact that, in the triumph celebrated on his return to Rome, it required no less than two hundred and fifty wagons to transport through the streets of the capital the works of painting and sculpture, including an Athene by Pheidias, which he exhibited to the people as among the fruits of his expedition. On the capture of the pseudo-Philip, in 148 B. C., another supply of statues was secured by Metellus, and employed to adorn his portico. These included the twenty-five equestrian figures from the hand of Lysippos, erected by Alexander in honor of the captains who fell in the battle of the Granicus.

For seventeen years the Greek leaders who favored the cause of Perseus languished in Italian prisons. When they were released, out of a thousand only three hundred remained. In this number were Diaios and the historian Polybios. The former, in whom long captivity had begotten a rankling hatred and the most inconsiderate rashness, soon plunged the Achæan League into war with Lacedæmon. The Spartans appealed to Rome for help, and an army again crossed the Adriatic. The battle of Corinth, which followed in 146 B. C., was to the Hellenic states what that of Pydna had been to Macedonia. In it perished the independence of the land of Plato, Perikles, and Leonidas, and the country was added to the ever-increasing dominion of Rome. An immense booty also enriched the victors. The wealth of Corinth had enabled its inhabitants to indulge their luxurious tastes without restraint, and the city was filled with the masterpieces of Grecian art. These were first collected with the other plunder, and the town was then set on fire and was burned to the ground. So great was the spoil secured here, and in Sikyon, Thespiæ, and other parts of Greece, that Lucius Mummius, the consul, embellished not only Rome and Italy, but even the provinces, with the paintings and statues thus obtained. Polybios, in one of those fragmentary chapters of which only a few lines remain, speaks of seeing soldiers seated on the ground, after the battle, and playing dice upon the celebrated picture of Dionysos by Aristides, and another representing Herakles tortured by the poisoned robe of Deianeira. It was only when Aratos offered him a large sum for one of these that Mummius awoke to a sense of its real value, and ordered it to be carefully preserved. Among the works carried away from Thespiæ were the statues of the Muses, with other marbles, which in Cicero's time stood in front of the temple of Felicitas. The

celebrated Eros of Praxiteles was spared to the town, however, on account of its sacredness in the eyes of the people. The language of Mummius to the seamen who engaged to convey these rich treasures to Brundisium has ever since been regarded as a sort of standing joke on the Roman ignorance of art. "If they are lost or broken," said he, "you will have to secure others equally good, at your own expense, to replace them."

It was on this occasion that sculpture was first brought from Greece itself to Italy. Henceforward the Romans seem to have considered the art of every land as their lawful prey. On the capture of Carthage a large number of statues fell into the hands of Scipio, and were employed to grace his triumph, and subsequently to beautify the forum, streets, and temples of the city. The generosity of the conqueror was shown, moreover, by restoring to the Sicilian towns, as far as they could be identified, the gods which had been taken from them by the Carthaginians two centuries and a half before. In the Mithridatic war Sylla plundered Athens and the cities of Bœotia, the fane of Apollo at Delphi, of Asklepios at Epidauros, and of Zeus at Olympia; even robbing the Olympieion at Athens of its columns to adorn the Capitol at Rome and the temple of Fortuna at Præneste. The sanctuary of Zeus at Olympia, however, probably remained uninjured so far as its architecture was concerned, since the gold and ivory figure by Pheidias was to be seen there for a long time afterward. The Luculli and Pompey secured great quantities of sculpture in their Asiatic campaigns, including the great Apollo from Apollonia in Pontus, which was forty-five feet in height, and in the time of Pliny stood in the Capitol. Murena and Varro, in their ædileship, removed to Rome the pictures of Sparta and the walls on which they were painted. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, in the games which have made his name so famous, stripped

the temples and other public buildings of Sikyon of paintings which that city had pledged as security for its debts, and also obtained in other parts of Greece no less than three thousand bronze statues for the sumptuous theatre which he erected. Antony seized in Samos Myron's Zeus, Herakles, and Athene, all of colossal size. For the first of these Augustus constructed a shrine on the Capitol, but restored the other two to the Samians.

The example set by the victorious generals was eagerly followed by the Roman proprætors, who, so long as their plunderings fell short of a national disgrace, seem not to have been molested by the government at home. Verres, — and he was only one of many, — after desecrating the temple of Athene at Athens, of Apollo at Delos, of Here at Samos, of Artemis at Perga, and of several other deities in Greece and Asia Minor, received the proconsulship of the rich province of Sicily. His infamous conduct here is well known from the trial conducted against him by Cicero. There was scarcely a temple, portico, public square, or even private dwelling, in the whole island whose masterpieces escaped his hands. Among the more famous works thus seized were a marble Eros of Praxiteles, the bronze Herakles of Myron, the two Kanephoroi of Polykleitos, an Apollo belonging to Lyson of Lilybæum, the beautiful colossal bronze Artemis at Sergesta (one of the works restored by Scipio on the capture of Carthage), the Hermes at Tyndaris (also presented to the town by Scipio from the Carthaginian spoils), the Demeter at Catine, two ivory Nikes at Melite, and the bronze Demeter and Nike at Henna. From Syracuse he carried off the celebrated painting of Agathokles charging at the head of his cavalry, which hung in the temple of Athene, and was regarded as one of the wonders of the city; twenty-seven portraits of Sicilian sovereigns from the same

sanctuary; the Sappho of Silanion from the Prytaneion; the famous Apollo from the shrine of Asklepios; the statue of Aristaios from the fane of Dionysos; a beautiful bust from the temple of Persephone; and the renowned figure of Zeus Ourios, of which there were but two beside this in existence, — one at the mouth of the Bosphorus on the Black Sea, the other that brought to the Capitol by Flamininus after the conquest of Philip. Cicero, indeed, says that Syracuse lost more gods through Verres than it formerly had lost men through Marcellus. The doors of the temple of Athene seem to have held in antiquity a rank corresponding to that of the celebrated works of Ghiberti in more recent times. They were entirely sheathed with gold, upon which the *argumenta*, or representations of events, were elegantly wrought in ivory in the highest style of art. Cicero declares that nothing more elaborate or magnificent was anywhere to be seen, and says that the number of Greek authors who had left descriptions of them was incredible. These, too, were completely ruined by Verres, who tore away the ivory figures, stripped off the sheathing, and pulled out the gold nails by which they were held together. It is difficult for the modern mind to realize the splendor of works like these. If the renowned productions of Ghiberti were thought worthy to be the gates of Paradise, what language will adequately describe these wonderful creations, in which the finished skill of the goldsmith united with the consummate art of the worker in ivory to produce a result that even to the instructed eyes of the ancients was a marvel and surprise!

It will readily be conceded that the countrymen of Marcellus had proved apt pupils. Within fifty years from the date of his death the sentiment which he strove to awaken had become so strong that Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Perseus, even appointed paint-

ers and sculptors to instruct his sons in the rudiments of their respective arts. From nobles the feeling passed to the people, until in the Mithridatic war the common soldiers of Sylla were as eager as the commanding general himself to plunder every object of beauty on which they could lay their hands. Still, the instincts of the Romans were essentially foreign, if not antagonistic, to true æsthetic feeling. They seem at first to have coveted the products of Hellenic genius from cupidity rather than from any just appreciation of excellence. This fact, seen in its strongest light, perhaps, in the case of Mummius at Corinth, is plainly discernible in the nation as a whole. By degrees, however, connoisseurship in such things became the fashion and culminated in what may be fitly characterized as a rage for Greek works. But the Romans never rose above the rank of amateurs. With them art at best was only a matter of the intellect; with the Greeks it was a matter of feeling. Influenced by the fame of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Pheidias and his successors, the Romans sought, by learning rules and technicalities, to acquire the ability to understand and enjoy them. With the nation that conceived and executed these masterpieces they were the result of a direct creative impulse that could not be restrained. They were the visible embodiment of conceptions which could find expression in no other way, — the consummate blossoming of the entire life of the people. The Roman mind might respond to them, but it could not originate them; and though its services to humanity have been equally great in other directions, it never attained to that sublime ideal height in the spiritual realm which has made the Greeks leaders for all time. So dissimilar were the feelings, lives, and modes of thought developed by the two civilizations that the Latin capital was never without a strong party who held in honest contempt everything emanating from

the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Cato was accustomed to complain in bitter irony of the fondness of his countrymen for pictorial and plastic excellence, regarding it as a proof of luxury and the decadence of virtue; while Pliny praised the good old times, when even the images of the gods were confined to the simplicity, or, as we should say, the rudeness, of early representations. This feeling was sufficiently strong to induce Cicero, when conducting the prosecution of Verres, to speak of Greek sculpture as if acquainted with it only by hearsay, for fear of injuring his case before the judges. Petronius, alluding to the national character, declared that to all, men and gods alike, a lump of gold seemed more beautiful than anything which Apelles or Pheidias, crazy Greeklings, had produced. Certain it is that the stern, practical qualities that made the Romans rulers of the world were incompatible with that fineness of organism which is the first requisite in the artistic temperament. Hence it is that no statues of the first, second, or even third grade of merit have come to us from a purely Roman chisel. From the age of Marcellus to that of the Antonines the best works were brought from beyond the sea, or were moulded by Grecian artists who had settled in the Italian metropolis. Still, the rank of intelligent amateurs should not be denied to the conquerors of Hellas, and it is with interest that we picture to ourselves scenes like those which must have been presented at Cicero's country house, when Brutus, Metellus, Pompey, Cæsar, Lucullus, Varro, and others who lived near him on the Tusculan hill, came in to look at some fine statue, bust, or painting which had been picked up for him in Greece. His love of such things is well known, and passages occur in his letters in which he urged friends who happened to be traveling abroad to secure for him, regardless of expense, anything that could beautify his four-

teen or fifteen villas, scattered about in different parts of Italy.

The pillaging which had been begun by the Roman generals, and had been kept up by the governors of provinces, was continued by the emperors. Augustus, on the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, transported from Alexandria, the richest city in the world after Rome, a multitude of statues of the highest rank, which had been collected by the triumvir in Greece and Asia Minor as a present for the Egyptian queen. Four oxen by Myron were ranged around an altar in the portico of the Apollo Palatinus, and an Aphrodite by Pheidias was placed in the colonnade of Octavia. At Cos the emperor appropriated the renowned painting of the Anadyomene by Apelles, for which the celebrated Phryne, or as others say, Pankaste, had furnished the model. This was hung in the temple of the deified Cæsar at Rome, but was in a condition of decay as early as the time of Nero. Augustus also obtained the Zeus Brontaios and Alean Athene of Endoios, the Kastor and Polydeukes of Hegias, and various works by Boupalos and Sthenis. Asinius Pollio, the well-known *littérateur* and patron of art under this emperor, possessed in his valuable collection the Aphrodite of Kephisodotos, the Dionysos of Eutychides, a Kanephoros by Scopas, and figures of Mænads and Sileni by Praxiteles. He also brought from Rhodes the famous group representing Dirke bound to the horns of the bull, which, either in the original or a copy, is now to be seen in the Toro Farnese of the Naples Museum. Tiberius seized at Syracuse the colossal Apollo Temenites, which Verres himself had spared. Caligula sent Memmius Regulus to Greece with instructions to ship to Rome the masterpieces of every city, and distributed them among his various country-seats. At this time was secured the beautiful Thespian Eros of Praxiteles, which Metellus had not ventured

to molest, and which Claudius, a few years later, sent back. Caligula even intended to carry away the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias, but was dissuaded by certain persons at Athens, who assured him that so large a work could not safely be disturbed. According to another account, he had actually entered upon the task of removing it; but the vessel prepared to convey it across the Adriatic was struck by lightning, and the laborers engaged about the figure heard a laugh of derision from its ivory lips, and fled in terror. It is probable, however, that the statue had before this time been robbed of its gold and of the rich and varied ornaments of the throne and base. Nero also dispatched emissaries to Greece, Asia Minor, and the Italian cities, plundering the former country of its sculpture even more mercilessly than Caligula had done. From Delphi alone the superb Apollo and no less than five hundred bronze statues were sent to Latium. Many of these were used to adorn the emperor's Golden House, near where the ruined baths of Constantine now stand. At this time the Thespian Eros was again dragged from its shrine and placed in the portico of Octavia, where it was destroyed by fire on the burning of that celebrated colonnade in the reign of Titus. The spirit in which Nero worked may be seen in the enormous picture of himself, one hundred and twenty feet in height, which he caused to be painted on canvas; and in the bronze colossus, a hundred and ten feet high, representing him as Sol crowned with rays, which he erected in front of his palace. This immense figure was subsequently taken away, to make room for the temple of Venus and Roma, and required the combined strength of twenty-four elephants to convey it to its new position. Its square base still exists in the area near the entrance to the Coliseum. In addition to the works already mentioned there were then to be seen in Rome the famous

Niobe group, now in Florence; the nude Aphrodite, the Achilles group, the Ares, and the Apollo Kitharoidos of Scopas; the Apoxyomenos of Lysippos; the Leto of Euphranor; the Silenos of Praxiteles; the Artemis of Timotheus; the Zeus Xenios of Papylos; and the Leto, Artemis, and Asklepios of Kephisodotos. Of the Apoxyomenos it is related that it was so great a favorite with the people that when, on one occasion, Tiberius removed it from the baths of Agrippa to his own palace, the populace, at the next circus games, rose in a mass and so vociferously demanded its return that the emperor was obliged to comply. It is probable, however, that their conduct was prompted by a feeling that his action was an encroachment upon their rights, rather than by any intelligent appreciation of this masterpiece itself.

It is estimated that the number of statues which had thus been collected at Rome amounted to not less than a hundred thousand. It might be supposed that the cities and shrines of Greece were by this time without a deity. Such was by no means the case. Although similar robberies continued till the reign of Vespasian, Pliny, the contemporary of that emperor, declares that there still remained twelve thousand works of sculpture distributed equally between Athens, Delphi, the island of Rhodes, and the sacred inclosure of Olympia. Even a century later Pausanias found the Grecian cities well stocked with art, and enumerated more than three hundred pieces which were then standing at Olympia. There is nothing, perhaps, which can give us a better conception of the fertile genius of this wonderful people. Although wronged and plundered for more than nine successive generations, their possessions in marble and bronze would still have put to the blush the treasures of any modern country, if we except the productions of their own hands now garnered in the different museums of Europe.

But it would be wrong to suppose that Greece was always pillaged by her neighbors. Indeed, there seems never to have died out of more generous minds a certain chivalrous feeling for that nation, which, above all others, has been the intellectual light of the world. This sentiment was especially strong toward Athens, although it was by no means limited to that city. Even before the Romans had set foot on Attic soil, Attalos, King of Pergamos, had erected on the Acropolis a votive offering, consisting of four plastic groups: one of which represented the war between the gods and the giants; a second, the conflict between the Amazons and the Athenians; a third, the battle of Marathon; and the fourth, the struggle of Attalos himself with the Gauls. These were to be seen in position as late as the fourth century after Christ, and ten of the individual figures are believed still to exist in the Vatican museum, and at Venice, Naples, Paris, and Aix. Antiochus IV. of Syria not only placed many statues in the shrine of Apollo at Delos, but also roofed in the Olympieion, finished the interior in a magnificent manner, and provided it with an image of the god corresponding in size to that executed by Pheidias at Olympia. Other temples and secular edifices were erected by various kings of Egypt, Syria, and Cappadocia. The same spirit at length began to manifest itself among those great plunderers, the Romans. Appius, father of the infamous Clodius, constructed a portico at Eleusis; Cicero at one time contemplated the erection of a new gate for the Athenian Academy, a place rendered sacred to him by the memories of Plato and his disciples; Pollio and Agrippa, the favorites of Augustus, also contributed generously to similar undertakings; and Trajan and Hadrian returned to that much-pillaged land many works which had been taken from it by their predecessors. It was the latter emperor, however, who

showed himself the great friend of Hellas. In this he was influenced both by a recollection of its glorious past and by a far-reaching plan for restoring and beautifying the cities of the entire empire. Of the twenty-one years of his reign, fifteen were spent in visiting every part of his dominions; and wherever he went, sumptuous and useful monuments remained as memorials of his munificence and enlightenment. It was but natural that the country of Perikles and Pheidias should receive the richest favors of his patronage. At Athens he built temples to Zeus, Here, and Dionysos, the Pantheon and the Stoa which bore his name, besides greatly enlarging and adorning the Attic capital in other respects. The Olympieion, which had been in process of erection for seven hundred years, was now completed and furnished with sculptures in ivory and gold. Among these was a colossal image of Zeus; the one placed there by Antiochus IV. having probably been destroyed in the plunderings of nearly three centuries which had elapsed since that monarch's reign. The structure also received many figures of the emperor himself, dedicated by different cities in his honor. The generosity and zeal of Hadrian awakened in the breasts of the Greeks the hope that they might yet regain their former glory, and Herodes Attikos, the celebrated orator and statesman, erected at his own expense statues, theatres, stadia, and similar monuments at Marathon, in Athens, and other towns, and in the islands of the Ægean. But it was in vain. No second Hadrian arose, and art relapsed into decay. In the fourth century it was practically extinct.

The change of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople was the signal for another extensive removal of art. Statues were now as much in demand to beautify the seven-hilled city on the Bosphorus as formerly to adorn the seven-hilled city on the Tiber. It

might have been supposed that Constantine would employ for this purpose the innumerable works which thronged the streets, temples, porticoes, palaces, and villas of the West. That such was not the case is shown by subsequent events, to which we shall have occasion to allude, as well as by the discoveries which in the last four hundred years have been made on Italian soil. His aim seems rather to have been to collect the scattered remnants which still existed in the minor cities of the empire, and to supplement them by such additions from Rome as would impart especial dignity to the colonnades and forums of his new capital. In pursuance of this policy he ransacked the provinces from end to end, until there was scarcely an important town which had not yielded up its possessions more or less completely to his hands. Of the statues obtained at Rome, sixty of the most celebrated were assigned to the hippodrome, among them the colossal Herakles, which Maximus had conveyed to the capital on the capture of Tarentum, and which remained thenceforth undisturbed till destroyed by the crusaders, nearly nine centuries later. In that part of the hippodrome where the athletes practiced were placed an Artemis, and figures of pugilists, wrestlers, and charioteers almost without number. The *spina* of the racecourse was ornamented with the usual line of altars, bases, obelisks of marble and bronze, and columns supporting sculpture. A representation of Thessalia stood above the emperor's throne, another of the Dioscuri in the surrounding portico. The Sminthian Apollo was set up in a different quarter of the city, and the celebrated Muses that had graced the sacred grove on Mount Helikon were now employed to adorn the imperial palace. A statue of Alexander the Great, which for six centuries and a half had been one of the treasures of Chrysopolis, on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, was transferred

to the strategion, or public training-field, where also was a Fortuna Urbis holding a horn of plenty. Among the works brought from far-off Iconium were a well-known Zeus and the Perseus and Andromeda that had stood above the city gate. The former was placed in the already crowded hippodrome, the other two were conveyed to the baths of Constantine. The forum received a Fortuna Urbis and a Kybele, probably of marble, which, with a statue of Jason, had been dedicated by seamen on Mount Dindymos, overlooking the ancient city of Kyzikos. By changing the hands of the goddess and removing the lions which are her ordinary attributes, the Kybele, however, was made over into a praying woman. In the forum Constantine also erected his great porphyry pillar, which was eleven feet in diameter and over eighty-six feet in height. The shaft consisted of eight sections, the joints being concealed by laurel wreaths of bronze, and the whole was so enormously heavy that three years are said to have been consumed in transporting it from Rome. The column was surmounted by a bronze figure of Apollo, whose head was surrounded by a circle of rays made of the nails used to fasten the body of Christ to the cross. This was dedicated to the emperor himself, to typify his character as giving light to the city. By some it was said to have been brought from ancient Ilium; by others to have come from Athens, and to have been a work of Pheidias. Such statements merit little attention. From Delphi Constantine obtained another image of Apollo, probably erected to replace the one carried off by Nero, and also the great tripod, some fifteen feet in height, which after the battle of Plataea the allied Greeks had made from the Persian spoils and consecrated to the son of Leto. This magnificent offering consisted of a large golden bowl supported between the heads of three intertwined serpents of bronze, on the

coils of which were inscribed the names of the states that had assisted in repelling the invaders. The bowl was melted and coined into money when the Phokians plundered the temple in the second sacred war; but the standard was left uninjured, and, with the statue of the god, was placed by Constantine in the hippodrome. The heads of the serpents were broken off long ago, — probably by the Turks, whose religion forbids the representation of animate objects, — and the *débris* of centuries gradually accumulated around the base to the height of about ten feet. It was at length exhumed in 1855 by Mr. Charles T. Newton, of the British Museum, its folds retaining, still distinctly legible, the list of states engraved upon it, the whole having been preserved from injury by the earth that had hidden it from view. There it may yet be seen amid the strange surroundings of the Moslem capital, one of the most venerable relics of the past, which for more than twenty-three hundred years has stood in silent but eloquent commemoration of the glorious deeds of "old Plataea's day," — doubly precious because so few monuments of its kind have come down to modern times. The lines of Byron on the field of Marathon express a well-nigh universal truth in regard to the visible tokens of those great achievements whose memory has become the heritage of all succeeding ages: —

"The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear,
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear, —
Such was the scene. What now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, proud stranger,
spurns around."

But Constantine was not content to be merely a collector. He caused no less than thirty new works to be erected in the forum, and there is reason to believe that other parts of the city were similarly embellished with such crea-

tions as the expiring genius of antiquity was able to produce. It is probable that these, with the exception of a few religious subjects, were nearly all portrait figures, as also were multitudes of those secured by him and later emperors in various parts of the world. Of such in general our space forbids us to speak.

The task of providing the city with statues was continued by Constantine's successors. We read of eleven which were removed from Rome in the consulship of Julian. One of these, a Hercules, found shelter in the Cistern Basilica, but was afterward transferred to the hippodrome. Four horses of gilt bronze were secured in Chios by Theodosius the Younger, who also obtained from the temple of Ares at Athens the elephants which stood at the Golden Gate. According to another account, these were original works, made in Constantinople to represent animals on which the emperor had ridden into the city. Justinian placed above the arch in front of the Chalke, or vestibule of the palace, four Gorgon's heads and two bronze horses which had belonged to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Constans II., in the middle of the seventh century, is said to have carried away from Rome all the sculpture of marble and bronze, and all the most beautiful ornaments of the temples, and to have committed greater depredations in one week than the barbarians had done in two centuries and a half. A large part of these treasures was lost in a storm in the Straits of Messina. The statement of his plunderings is without doubt exaggerated, since many of the choicest plastic monuments of antiquity have been found among the Roman ruins. The Eastern emperors, indeed, felt no direct antipathy toward the city of Romulus. Though choosing Constantinople as the place of their abode, they were, as a class, men of too much enlightenment to devastate the ancient capital, or

allow it to fall into decay. Constantius, the son of Constantine, on visiting Italy twenty years after his father's death, was so impressed by the august and massive greatness of those structures that have ever since been the wonder of mankind that he transported to the Circus Maximus the obelisk of Thebes, which Constantine had brought down the Nile to adorn some one of the Byzantine forums. This monument, the largest of existing monoliths, now surveys the modern world from the piazza of the Lateran.

Thus fostered by its rulers, Constantinople had become not only an elegant city, but a vast magazine of art. It contained no less than five palaces, fourteen churches, two public baths, two basilicas, four forums, two senate-houses, two theatres, a hippodrome or circus, and fifty-two porticoes. Of the latter, the four erected by Euboulos, in the time of Constantine, were lofty and extensive colonnades, supporting each a platform paved with slabs of hewn stone, and forming a magnificent promenade. They may find illustration at the present day in the Grand Marble Terrace at Genoa, which, lifted above the arcades of the Via Carlo Alberto, extends a third of a mile in length and sixty feet in width, and overlooks the busy harbor of the Ligurian Gulf. But, unlike it, the porticoes of Euboulos were ornamented with countless bronzes, and when covered with gay throngs of pleasure-seekers, sauntering listlessly in the clear, delicate atmosphere of the Byzantine capital, must have presented a scene capable of awakening the admiration of the dullest eye. Statues, too, were set along all the principal streets, and in the theatres, baths, palaces, and even churches. A Diana and Venus were placed in the great senate-house, which was also well stocked with works in porphyry and bronze; and another Diana in the Xerolophos, afterwards known as the forum of Theodosius or Arcadius. The forum of Con-

stantine was adorned with an Amphitrite, sirens, the Ephesian Artemis, Poseidon, several figures of Pan, and giraffes, centaurs, and tigers. A suburb of the city took its name from a Daphne which had been brought from Rome; a very ancient Kybele stood in a shrine in one of the porticoes of the Forum Augusteum, a statue of Alexander the Great in the Pittakion, others of Jupiter and Saturn in the citadel; while by the horologium of the forum a Minerva of silver was to be seen as late as the eleventh or twelfth century. In the place known as the Amastrianum were a reclining Hercules and the great temple of Sol and Luna, whose images the unsuspecting Kedrenos declares to have been by the hand of Pheidias. A head of Apollo, said to have been by the same artist, was in existence until the latter half of the twelfth century. In the hippodrome, besides the works already mentioned as referable to earlier emperors, were a seated Minerva, a Felicitas, and a bronze Sol borne in a chariot; in the Forum Tauri, a reposing Hercules, representations of swine, and the colossal bull from which the square derived its name. In the Milion — a building so called because it contained a column covered with a network of gold, from which, as from the *milliarium aureum* at Rome, distances were reckoned — were to be found, among other highly esteemed productions, two bronze elephants, a much venerated kneeling Hercules, and a Fortuna Urbis; the latter, by a strange mixture of paganism and Christianity, being chained to a large cross. The baths of Zeuxippos, erected by Severus after his destruction of the city in 196 A. D., and embellished by Constantine and later emperors, were crowded with statues of the great heroes, heroines, statesmen, philosophers, historians, orators, poets, and poetesses of Greece, a few portraits of famous Romans, and images of Apollo, Poseidon, Hermes, Artemis, and Aphrodite; some of marble, others of bronze, and all

of such beauty and excellence that, in the language of the old chroniclers, they failed of perfection only in not being endowed with life. This testimony we may accept with a good degree of confidence. The names of the works, as given in the list of Kedrenos, compel us to regard them as included in the number of those which were collected from the Hellenic cities of Europe and Asia Minor, and hence as by Grecian artists. This magnificent collection also contained an immense number of engraved gems, and an extensive series of bronze busts of renowned personages of former times. In the edifice known as the Lausos was preserved the Athene of Lindos, whose epithet, Laossoös, the Arouser of the People, probably gave name to the building. The statue was of emerald, six feet in height, and was reputed to be by the early masters, Dipoinos and Skyllis. Here, also, are said to have been the Knidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles, the Samian Here and a supposed Kronos of Lysippos, the winged Eros from Myndos, and the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias. The names given by Byzantine writers, however, are to be taken with more or less distrust. The identity of early productions was involved in much uncertainty even in antiquity, and this uncertainty increased with every century. In the case of the Olympian Zeus it was especially easy to confound the chef-d'œuvre of the age of Perikles with the image erected by Hadrian in the Olympieion at Athens. Still, as regards the figure which stood in the Lausos, it may be said that Constantine or his successors would hardly have been content to secure in Greece the later and less valuable work, while leaving behind that matchless creation of which the whole world had been talking for seven hundred years, and which it was considered a misfortune to die without having seen. The probability is, therefore, that it was this masterpiece of which the Lausos had a right to boast.

Some conception of the amount of sculpture at Constantinople may be formed from the fact that when Justinian rebuilt the church of St. Sophia he found in its area alone no less than five hundred and seven statues, of which eighty were portraits of Christian kings, and the rest antique. The greater part, indeed, were of pure Greek origin, and over seventy were of Hellenic gods and goddesses. These were all distributed in various quarters of the city. Eusebius, in his *Life of Constantine*, says that the Eastern capital was everywhere filled with elegant bronzes which had once been scattered throughout the provinces of the empire. Later emperors continued feebly to protect these, and to employ them in adorning new structures which they erected; but the creative power and impulse were alike dead, and the discriminating faculty was no longer able to distinguish between masterly excellence and the veriest of rubbish.

After the fall of Rome the taste for the beautiful constantly sank lower and lower in the West, until marble statues were not considered worth the stealing. With figures of silver, gold, and bronze the case was different, though even these were valued chiefly for the old metal contained in them. With art as art the mediæval world had little to do. Europe had been overrun by the barbarian nations, and society everywhere was in a state of restless ferment. Life was a serious business, and the problems which it presented for solution left no time to be bestowed upon the elegant trivialities of Greek painters and sculptors. Still, such works as had survived the calamities of war and the iconoclasm of over-zealous Christians apparently remained undisturbed for the greater portion of the Middle Ages, mankind no longer concerning itself with them either one way or another. If they stood, they stood; if they tottered from their bases through decay, or were over-

thrown by accident or malice, they were allowed to lie where they fell, till covered up by the drifting sand which no one cared to sweep from above them. Indeed, so little were they prized that they were often broken to pieces to serve the purposes of ordinary stone or to be burned into lime, though it was only in the centuries immediately preceding the modern period that anything like wholesale destruction was begun.

Of more recent plunderings there is little to be said. The reader will remember the rapacity of Bonaparte in the campaign of 1796, when he extorted from the helpless Pius VI. a hundred of the choicest paintings and statues in Italy; and again in the following year, when the Vatican and other celebrated galleries were mercilessly robbed to supply the needs of the Musée Napoléon. Among the treasures thus carried off were the bronze horses of St. Mark's, which adorned the triumphal arch of the Place du Carrousel until returned to the Venetians by the Emperor Francis in 1815. From the ill-fated Parthenon, in addition to the Elgin Marbles now in London, numerous fragments have been conveyed to Paris, Vienna, Baden, Copenhagen, and other places, where they may still be found.

To discuss the various removals of sculpture in modern times would take us beyond the limits of the present article, involving, as it would, an account of the discovery of the principal works, the founding of the great European museums, and the variations of ownership dependent on gift, purchase, or inheritance. So extensive have these changes been that it is often impossible to locate with certainty statues described by Winckelmann, Visconti, Clarac, and other writers of a generation or two ago. The antiquities of the Giustiniani Palace have in part been left undisturbed, in part have been taken to the Vatican, in part have become the property of Prince Torlonia. Of those formerly in the Far-

nese Palace, some are now in the museum of Naples, others in England. The possessions of the Villa Campana have been transferred to St. Petersburg and Paris, those of the Villa Negroni to Paris and England. Of the two hundred and ninety-four statues of the Villa Albani, which were seized and sent to France by Napoleon, all except a relief of Antinous were sold there by Cardinal Albani, on their restoration in 1815, to avoid the enormous expense of carrying them back to Italy. In the future, as in the past,

similar vicissitudes will of course occur, as family lines become extinct, or the loss of wealth compels the sale of private collections, to retrieve the shattered fortunes of their owners. Only when all the products of the ancient chisel have been gathered into national galleries, like the British Museum, the Louvre, and the Glyptothek of Munich, can they expect to find a permanent and settled abode. For the benefit of all students and lovers of art, let us hope that this may be at no distant day.

William Shields Liscomb.

A BOURGEOIS FAMILY.

WITH feelings anything but jubilant we received our first impressions of the *intérieur* in which we had engaged to pass several months. And yet the privilege of entering thus a French household was one not to be found every day; was one that we had searched for, plotted and manœuvred for, ever since we had been in provincial France, and one which we had finally obtained only by means of the quiet treachery of one member of the family to the rigid principle of exclusion and seclusion which governed the rest.

That we had no choice in *familles bourgeoises* goes without saying. It was Hobson's choice, and one which we ought to be thankful for. So we were, later, when we found our French speech becoming glib, and our manners unbending from their Anglo-Saxon stiffness into something of the suppleness and suavity of those around us; but that time of thankfulness seemed somewhat remote as we received our first impressions.

The seaport town was centuries old and marvelously quaint. Its appearance from the sea was a cluster of colorful walls steeped in antiquity, high-roofed,

and covered with gray moss and straggling ivy. Gothic spires rose above the roofs, time-worn and gray; picturesque ruins, with voluminously draped Virgins flaunting gaudy raiment from gabled and cusped niches, gathered close upon the quays. The abrupt *côte*, rising like a background of solid emerald behind the town, was crowned with even greater antiquity, and from its summit grim, fortress-like Norman walls looked down upon the Gothic airiness below as a septuagenarian might gaze upon the youthful frivolity of half a century.

Through the dusky streets fishers' wives, in gay kerchiefs, profuse petticoats, and clanking sabots, cried their glistening merchandise. Norman peasant women, in tall snowy caps and russet-hued garments, drove in from outlying farms donkey carts laden with brilliant fruit and vegetables. Foreign-looking sailors and native fishermen, almost as bronzed and as jeweled as the sailors, loitered and basked in the sunshine. Even the bourgeois element (there is no aristocracy in that sleepy, provincial town), with its dress of yesterday and its dull, listless air, seemed entirely of another race and world from the gay and

bustling Parisians upon whom we had founded our knowledge of French life and character.

As we turned away from all this picturesqueness, it was with something of a shock that we faced the intérieur that was to be our temporary home. There was nothing picturesque about it; for what in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth can be less picturesque than provincial bourgeoisism? Peasant homes are picturesque, although comfortless, and a beauty-loving temperament can find some compensation for chill and gloom, dampness and disorder, in quaint irregularity of forms, the half mystery of unwindowed and noontide twilight, the antiquity of household gods handed down from one generation to another with religious care. Provincial bourgeoisism, dressed by cheap tailors and dressmakers, its intérieurs furnished from vulgar modern shops, — what can be more bourgeois? Not even the cabbage roses and sad haircloth of American rural “best rooms” are less beautiful than the waxed or painted floors with showy, rectangular *tapis* in their centre, the stiff and ghostly chairs and tables from the first empire, the wax fruit, paper roses, atrocious pictures, china vases, superabundant gilt clocks, and mantel statuettes in painted *faience* of French provincial middle life.

Our household was more interesting than many, for the reason that it represented an unusual blending of social distinctions, a coming together of two different strains, and a consequent uneasy position between the upper strata of the unconventional *basse classe* and the lower of the respectable and priggish bourgeoisie. One grandfather had lived in a château (his own by purchase, not by heritage), as we were soon told. The other had commanded a fishing-boat, as we more tardily learned from the indiscreet revelations of the garret. The châtelain's daughter invested her reduced

fortune in a trimming-shop, and the fisherman's son put his into an education. By the marriage of the fisherman's socially promoted son and the châtelain's socially descended daughter the trimming-shop was turned into a cheap boarding-school, patronized mostly by fishermen's sons, peasants' sons, and the sons of town butchers and shoemakers. The fisherman's son and the châtelain's daughter had long ago accomplished their warfare with life, with poverty, with baffled ambitions, and, if truth must be told, with each other, and for years had slept in one grave in the parish cemetery. The boarding-school had been turned into money, and upon that feeble sum, supplemented by the trifling wage enjoyed by one of the sons as a government *employé*, lived the celibate family whose intérieur received us.

There were four in the family, one brother and three sisters: all between thirty and forty years of age; all with nerves and red hair; all unselfishly devoted to each other, making, three of them at least, every sacrifice one for another; but all manifesting this unusual affection by what seemed to our calmer though perhaps not better tempers the fiercest and most persistent quarreling possible to human nature. Often and often, as we have sat at meat with them, has some trifling discussion arisen, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand in its first threatening, but swelling almost instantly to such a tempest of tempers and tornado of words that first one has flown away from the table in a rage, then another, another, and another, till, in the lull which followed the banging of doors and the shouting of recriminations through keyholes, we two Americans have sat smiling alone, sole possessors of the table. Ten, perhaps five, minutes later the flushed and disheveled belligerents would return one by one to their places, and the repast would finish amid a most beatific atmosphere of family affection. It was a usual occurrence,

on my return from an absence of a few days, to find the key of my room missing. Inquiry would invariably reveal the fact that during a volcanic eruption one of the sisters had flown to my room and locked herself in from the others. As soon as the elemental chaos had subsided, and the locked-in sister had emerged from her retreat, one of the others would possess herself of my key and hide it, that she might another time have easier access to her sister's ear, and not be again forced to scream sisterly vituperations through a keyhole. That keys were scarce in our house is easy to believe!

Once we sat in the little salon quietly entertaining a friend. Suddenly we heard the family vials uncorked in an adjacent room, and the family wrath hiss and fume after the customary fashion. Suddenly the salon door was violently thrown open, and a distracted figure rushed through the room and out at another door. This was Mademoiselle Marie, from whom Mademoiselle Juliette had taken refuge in a locked room, and upon whom Marie stole a march by descending upon her unprotected rear through the unguarded salon door.

One only of such quarrels as these would, I am convinced, leave gall enough in our less effusive and more vindictive natures to spoil the beauty of affection forever. But with our deep resentment for insulting words, we know better than to use them; with a capacity for undying anger in ourselves, we refrain from arousing it in others; and realizing that dissension is a most serious thing, we avoid it with the awe and trembling we yield to all tragic powers. Did we consider all this as but the temporary atmospheric disturbance — electrical and painful while it lasts, but swiftly passing — that our French friends do, doubtless our lives would witness the same interminable succession of scorching typhoons and balmy calms, which would hardly be an advantage over the more

serene even if duller monotony of our days, I believe. The dry, feverish skins and drawn faces of the sisters, each prematurely aged, showed the physical effects of this uncomfortable vivacity of temper and utter want of self-control which are such marked characteristics, not only of our particular family, but of the whole French race. The French are a demonstrative people, whose life is largely emotional, and who regard moral discipline and self-control chiefly as an English folly. French children rarely learn the moral weight and significance of self-control, and when it is taught at all it is merely as a matter of social convenience and convention, — one of exterior politeness and not of spiritual culture and harmony. Conscience is not developed among them, — conscience is not a personal possession in the Roman Catholic Church, — and to be agreeable is greater in France than to be good. Thus the French are fussily polite away from their intérieurs, while in them they live in an incessant restlessness of emotions, good and bad. Emotional expansiveness and freedom are sometimes good to see, but the self-restraint of our more conscientiously introspective northern temperament is safer and surer to live and die with. There may be fewer kisses and cooler embraces with us, but likewise fewer stinging words and breezy recriminations.

Our first impression (and our last) of the house we were to enter was of a blank and staring white modern wall, entirely devoid of architectural decoration, standing by itself in an uninteresting street, — one of the new streets upon which the inhabitants prided themselves as proof that their town was not falling into decay. There was not one inch of garden space about it, and the narrow front door opened directly from the street into a long, dark entry, from which ascended long, dark stairs. A grocer's shop and an *étude d'huissier* occupied the ground floor, while the real

dwelling began only at the top of the staircase. Such, as is well known, is the habit of France, and the most elegant of town and city *appartements* are often over shops and offices. French *appartements* usually extend over but one floor, and a flight of stairs within an *appartement* is almost unknown. I remember how astonished we were, after years of Continental life, at the extreme neighborly familiarity which seemed to exist in London houses.

"Why, *maman*," said Charlie, "they are all over each other's *appartements*, exactly as if *chez eux*! One sees the same faces at the windows, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber!" It was only with an effort that *maman* herself remembered that English families, like American, usually live not upon one floor, but all over the house.

Our house, however, was owned by its occupants, and entirely occupied by them. It was large, light, and airy, with wide French windows, light-papery walls, and earthen-tiled floors. It was somewhat raggedly furnished, — that is, ragged in effect, not in fact; for unmendedness was an abomination in the eyes of the thrifty sisters. Everything was whole, but most things were threadbare. There were a few heirlooms, such as carved bedsteads, handsome plate, and massive bureaux. The salon curtains were *châtelaine* grandmamma's cashmere shawls; the table cover was a patchwork of several generations of silk and velvet gowns; the bit of square tapis was cheap and worn; there was no sofa; the chairs were rickety, modern, and mean. The bed-rooms were cheerful and the beds luxurious, but the toilet conveniences were scarcely less primitive than those of a prairie farm-house, and the carpets patched and darned. The small dining-room, except for a magnificent buffet, was of Spartan simplicity, as was the boudoir, where the sewing-machine stood.

There were twelve dozen dozens of

sheets in the overflowing presses, and as many pillow-cases. Of tablecloths and towels there seemed to be no end, and I could hardly find a place to hang up a garment because of the insolent ubiquity of packed piles of napkins. This wealth of napery had not been a *parti pris*, but was the accumulation of various heritages. One grand-uncle, dying at ninety-two, had left seven hundred sheets to be divided among his heirs! In our family was a special shelf set aside for linen "in use," and when a guest came who passed perhaps two nights, perhaps only one, in a year in our house, the bed linen which he had used during the last visit, ticketed with his name and the date of that event, was brought down from its shelf in the garret! Napery in bourgeois families is a property, like houses and land. Its owner never expects to wear his stock out, but to reckon it always a part of his wealth and important assets of his estate at death.

The old fashioned, coarse, and clumsy under-linen of the sisters was in scarcely less profusion. Some of it had descended from the *châtelaine* grandmother, some was woven by the piscatorial ancestress. This stock was held in common, as was every other right and possession of the establishment. Only the solitary brother has a right to say "*ma chemise*;" those garments in feminine form being not individual possessions, but common property, always spoken of as nuns in convents refer to theirs, not as "*ma chemise*," but "*une de nos chemises*."

One of the sisters, Juliette, had been eighteen months a governess in England. With the sharp but excessively limited powers of observation common to all the family, she fancied herself familiar with every in and out of the Anglo-Saxon character, every peculiarity of national, social, and domestic life. Juliette frequently declared that this *vie de communauté* would be impossible to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, — to

anything other than French *dévouement*. This is undoubtedly true; but, considering the tumult and turmoil of speech and spirit that a bit of ragged trimming or a ruptured place in "une de nos chemises" created in that communauté, the thunderings of doors, the banshee-like whistlings at keyholes, the red eyes, and the electrical upstarting of passionate hair, it is to be questioned if *dévouement* has every advantage over selfishness.

All the domestic labor of the family, except the washing, done every four months away from the house, was accomplished by two of the sisters (the youngest being an invalid and a spoiled child) with the aid of a *femme de ménage* a few hours each day. Bonnets and dresses, coats and trousers, thick petticoats and clumsy stockings, everything worn in the communauté as well as eaten by it, except the bread, were manipulated by those apt and busy fingers. Somebody once asked Gambetta what was the secret of the extraordinary wealth of the French nation, by means of which the heavy Prussian indemnity was so quickly paid.

"The thrift and industry of French women," was the reply.

This thrift and industry were exemplified in our family to an almost deplorable extent. Economy was the watchword; to *save*, the fundamental and pyramidal principle of every effort. It was an unintellectual, narrow system, involving a wearing-out of human brains and strength in a ceaseless struggle to stretch a pound of meat to the utmost limit of its nourishing tenuity, to extort its last fibre of wearing capacity from a yard of cloth. Body and soul were bent to the ignoble business of mere living, and it was pitiable to know what artistic inclinations and ideal aspirations were crushed beneath this Juggernaut of economy. It was the more pitiable as the whole family was generous by nature, hospitable to a fault, magnificent in *pour boires*, willing to dine off a crust

in order to give a roll to a beggar, and anxious to divide a last sou with a friend. As milliners, teachers, housekeepers in other families, these poor women could have lived fuller and happier lives, and it was only the narrow though sharp worldly prescience of the fisherman's son that bound them to this martyrdom of their higher natures. Struggling with poverty all his life, he died believing poverty the very blackest of earth's evils. He had outgrown, or rather overgrown, all his own aspirations, and forgot that such might be more tenacious of life in others. His marriage had proved unhappy, and he wished his daughters never to marry; he had worked at a profession all his life, and finished his heavy course at last with a deserted school upon his hands and not a penny more of money than the châtelain's daughter had brought him. He made his will, therefore, tying up the children's heritage in such manner that it could not be divided: binding his daughters to celibacy because without *dots*; forbidding them independent careers because without educations; and forcing the grinding toil, the mortifying privations, the inevitable intellectual narrowing, of the communauté upon them by refusing them the *right* to escape from it. The poor man never realized that he was thereby entailing the curse of his own contracted nature and defrauded experience upon children larger than himself, or he would have turned remorsefully in his grave to hear the unvarying response to every wild longing to escape to more congenial and better paid labor: "*N'en parle pas! Thy services* belong to the communauté."

One of the fiercest quarrels I ever witnessed took place one evening as we sat by the dining-room fire. The youngest and least amiable of the sisters stooped and picked from the ashes a half-consumed piece of paper. She instantly recognized the handwriting as that of a lady in Paris with whom Juli-

ette was intimately acquainted, but who was only slightly known to the rest. The bit of paper bore Juliette's name, and no sooner did Marie behold it than she burst into fury, and the usual result of agitated doors, keyholes, eyes, voices, and tempers followed, in which all but ourselves took part, — just because Juliette had dared to receive a letter unknown to the rest of the communauté!

In truth she received many; for letter-writing was poor Juliette's sole literary distraction, and her scribblings were familiar to her absent friends. But the amount of intriguing, the undignified hustlings and shufflings of half truths, the real falsehoods forced upon her, that she might enjoy her innocent pleasure, and take time and postage for it from the communauté, the plottings with the postman, the connivings with the grocer's wife downstairs, were Machiavellian, and not calculated to recommend the community system to a dignified mind. Intrigue was thoroughly the rule of the establishment, each one's sole defense against the rest. The intrigues were innocent enough in intention, but the habit was a second nature with them all; and we always felt that we were turned loose among pitfalls and snares when with them, never knowing when incautious words of ours would betray some one's "little game" to some one else. That communauté system was in fact the most absolute of despotisms, totally wanting in reverence for individual rights, coarsely trampling down every instinct of personal dignity and delicacy beneath the brutal hoof of community rights. I firmly believe that Juliette spoke the truth, and that only the French nature could support it; not alone because of the French dévouement but because the French character is more supple, plotting, and conscienceless. Conscience is not its affair: it is the affair of the priests.

The intelligences of our family were bright and keen, although so low and

so circumscribed of horizon. "Papa" (pronounced "pappa"), albeit so long ago translated, was still their oracle, and "*Papa le disait*" the cap sheaf and key stone of all argument. To them "papa's" school was an all-comprehending microcosm of the universe, and not all the evidence of history, the testimony of the ages, the experience of nations and races, weighed anything against the triumphantly crushing "*Papa remarquait toujours à la pension.*"

Did we declare that the history of civilization proves that the strongest intellectual and moral forces are generated at that equalizing point between luxury and privation which we call the "middle classes," the confutation of our ignorance did not tarry to overwhelm us. "*Vous vous trompez, madame! Papa remarquait toujours à la pension* that the sons of poor fishermen and cobblers were better and brighter boys than the sons of rich grocers. Is n't it so, Émile?"

And the communauté, thus appealed to, would confirm with acclamation this annihilation of one of those "aristocratic" fallacies with which, according to our family, Americans were so generally deceived. In all our discussions the family argued for the virtues and the rights of the very humblest classes of society, and the aristocratic prejudice which they combated was merely our intellectual conviction of the superior moral and intellectual vigor of the class of society that to us was *moyenne*, but which to them seemed *haute*.

In spite of its want of real self-respect, — such want as enabled them to wage their warfare before any chance observer, — our communauté had a petty sort of susceptibility continually surprising us.

"Such proud, parvenu, upstart *canaille* as is Madame Bush," said Marie, coming in from market hot and angry. "She speaks French like a *poissarde*, and looks like a *femme de chambre*. She

passed me in the market without bowing."

"Such a *distingué* dame is Madame Bush. She speaks French with such distinction, and is a perfect *dame du grand monde*. She bowed to me this morning!" would be the next day's testimony from Marie. Jealous as they were of their bourgeois rights, shocked beyond measure to be detected by outsiders wearing the blue working aprons which they seldom quitted in-doors, they seemed never to take note of the fact that their lower class sympathies and proletarian theories were not a result of personal observation and judicial reflection, but of the simple material fact that a fisherman was their grandfather, a fisherman's son their father. And yet family feeling was even stronger than bourgeois susceptibility. Once walking with Juliette we met an elderly washerwoman returning from a day's work at the fountain, accompanied by a cowed-looking, shambling old husband in peasant costume, who carried the basket of wet linen upon his back. To my astonishment, Juliette greeted the old peasant cordially, kissed him upon both cheeks, and called him uncle. When we had left them, she explained that he was her father's only living brother.

"And he never comes to your house?" I asked.

"Never; his old washerwoman wife will not allow him. She mocks at us because our mother was born in a chateau."

None of our family were readers. As I have known two of them to consume all the available portions of seven days to recreate a gown, that recreation composed when finished of one hundred and sixty-two different bits of stuff, it is easy to know that they had no time for reading. But their active intelligences craved occupation, and that occupation they found in analyzing the characters of their acquaintances. A great deal of really keen observation, subtile thought,

and power of close analysis was continually thus displayed, evoking regret from one foreign member of that famille bourgeoise that fate had not given them a larger field and more dignified opportunity.

"The curé of Saint Léonards is so often *chez* Madame Doval as to make a perfect scandal," would be one item of the peurile gossip brought to every meal. "The Protestant minister drinks his wine pure and by the goblet full," was another; whereupon follows such minute and fluent dissection of curés' and ministers' characters as would be a lesson to Balzac or Henry James. The *femme de ménage* was never reproved for loitering long at the fountain, although she was paid by the hour, for there she drew gossip as well as water. When a change of these *femmes* took place, she was chosen from among all applicants who worked in "such and such intérieurs," where the family histories were liveliest, and monsieur was jealous of madame, or *vice versa*. I seldom dared ask who might be this man or that woman, lest I should bring down upon myself the history of their lives from the cradle, the *chroniques scandaleuses* of their ancestors, with really clever analyses of every probable and improbable cause and motive that has made them what they are. Once, in wandering for hours through one of the old burial grounds, I was told such startling tales of the dead who slept below, the gossip and scandal of lives that ended almost before that of their present *reconteuse* was begun, that I felt thoroughly shamefaced among those silent sleepers, and heartily glad to escape from their voiceless reproach.

In the matter of social etiquette we found our family also noisily effusive as they found us *roide* and cold. An uneasy atmosphere of fuss was about every act, it seemed as if about every thought, of the *ménage*, a fussiness almost as irritating to us as the stealthy action of a blister. When the sisters and Léontine

were together in the kitchen, the “gabble” of insistent assertion and equally insistent contradiction, of voluble argument, protest, and denial, reminded us of the gabble of a startled hencoop. It was the etiquette at table, when a guest declined to partake again of a dish, to insist beyond measure with spoon or fork furnished with a portion of the debated viand poised in direction of the guest’s plate. If still the guest insisted to decline, — and that seemed part of the etiquette, — his plate was forcibly seized upon by the nearest of the hosts. Then the guest would instantly grab the opposite edge, and a friendly tussle of words and forces would follow, ending sometimes one way and sometimes another as the guest’s indisposition for “more” was real or assumed. Sometimes, as may be imagined, when several guests and several hosts were engaged in this tourney of politeness, the scene was more animated than conducive to tranquillity of spirit.

“Why do you do it?” I asked one day, after a dinner at which a bottle of wine had been overturned, the stopper of a vinegar cruet broken, and a plateful of *crevettes* scattered into our laps.

“Because it would be impolite not to,” answered Martha impressively.

The sisters were all impressive on social forms. They thought our education — or want of it — required impressive treatment.

“It is not so *chez vous autres*,” spoke up Léontine, the *femme de ménage*. “I was once well cheated for not knowing it. Once I took some clothes home to an English lady one very hot day. I was dying with thirst, and longed to arrive, knowing that madame would offer me a glass of wine. She did; I said ‘*Merci*,’ expecting, of course, to be urged. To my astonishment she put up the bottle at once, and I have never said ‘*Merci*’ when I meant ‘*Si! vous plait*’ to an Anglaise since.”

This same persistent insistence was

conspicuous all through the conduct of our family, and is really a marked peculiarity of the Norman character. One of our American artist friends assured me that his landlady almost insisted upon painting his pictures. Upon one occasion Juliette insisted so persistently upon some change in the sleeves of my new gown that she fairly took it off my back, carried it away, and made the change, thus forcing me to an expense of ten francs to my dressmaker for restoring it to its original condition.

L’insistance Normande is perfectly well recognized by Normans themselves as a characteristic of their race.

“*Voilà, Mademoiselle P.*,” I heard a fishwoman in the market say to her daughter as Juliette and I drew near; “put up thy mackerel five sous; she will insist upon having them five sous below their price.”

“And I will insist upon her paying six more,” answered the younger *poissonnière*. “Am I not as much Normande as she?”

Our bachelor communist, Monsieur Émile, demonstrated his insistence in an original way. Like all the others of the family, he was in many things unselfish to a marvel, devoted to his sisters, and troubled about nothing more than to see them overworked. He frequently assisted them in domestic services little in keeping with his six feet of stature and voice like a windy trombone, — clearing tables, and even, at a domestic crisis, washing dishes as he had been taught to do as a boy. With all the extreme order of the sisters in their toilettes, strict order, but no daintiness, no elegance, no suspicion of coquetry, only a peasant-like simplicity, their house-keeping was a supremely shambling and disheveled affair. When Monsieur Émile did not clear the table, it not unseldom stood uncleared from one repast to another, and dishes were sometimes neglected for days. The stately buffet was forever cluttered with empty bottles

and decaying bouquets, untidy castors and half-emptied jam pots.

This peculiarity of refined personal neatness and domestic disarray is by no means unfrequent in France; hence Frenchwomen have a better reputation for neatness than they entirely deserve. Often on market days a succession of rustic visitors would defile through the house. To every one was hospitably offered a cup of tea, or a glass of wine or *liqueur*. Not unfrequently I have seen this whole procession of callers served, one after another, all day long, at a disordered, ill-complexioned table not yet cleared since the last meal; and I believe it was the habit of the house not to clear the dinner-table till the hour for morning coffee.

Émile took it into his head to spare his sisters the care of his room, and used to lock his chamber door behind him every morning when he left the house. Whether he ever made his bed or not they could not find out; he always insisted he did. The sounds of *Normande insistance* that I heard at his door morning and night as the sisters insisted upon entering, and he insisted they should not, would have been amusing, had I not known their inevitable issue of door-banging, keyhole whistling, red eyes, and uplifted hair. One day the sisters got a key from the locksmith, entered the room, and put it in order.

The storm that followed M. Émile's return beggars all human powers of description. My hair almost turned white as I heard its shrill and thunderous uproar from my own room.

Charlie and I dined alone that day, while the family, swollen eyed and gasping, lay scattered about in the different bed-rooms.

That very night M. Émile fastened a spring lock upon his door which could be opened only by the peculiar key in his pocket.

It is two years since that night, but no human eye save M. Émile's has pen-

etrated the mystery of that ever-locked chamber!

"*Un caractère de chien!*" agreed the sobbing sisters of their brother that night.

"*Espèce d'imbéciles!*" I heard him call them.

But next day the market was ransacked for a certain choice fish, an extra dessert graced the dinner. When I asked the reason of a mysterious parcel by M. Émile's plate, —

"It is the fête of our brother!" answered the beaming trio.

Our family showed two seemingly antagonistic characteristics, each to a marked degree. It would seem as if two strains of widely differing natures, château and fishing smack, met in them, not to mingle, but to flow side by side. Their hospitality, although, as is usual in France, confined to their own relatives, was free and flowing, while their acquisitiveness was even miserly. Not the meanest scrap of anything was ever thrown away, and the whole house was submerged beneath worthless trash: seedy artificial flowers, ragged and frowsy ribbons, old pasteboard boxes, dilapidated remnants of school-books, even broken crockery, in such smothering confusion as would drive a tidy housekeeper mad, and that reminded us continually of the overreaching grasp and greed of the Norman peasantry. On the other hand, with opportunity their hospitality would have been seigneurial. Guests were not infrequent at their table, and then the best was not too good for them. Exquisite wines, put down in the cellar at the date of "papa's" marriage, a celebrated vintage year, would appear; the cost of God only knows how many a pitiful sacrifice and struggle would be put into the banquet; the table would be dressed with flowers and massive plate, and the struggle between host and guest become animated. That this was not mere ostentation was proved by the truth that

the family was perfectly unostentatious in every other habit, and that its hospitality was free to all alike, "papa's" humble kindred as well as "maman's" bourgeois relatives. To be sure, the plate was not brought out to greet the presence of Père Patiot at the table, nor the flowers, but the wine was, and the best fish, flesh, and fowl of the market. Père Patiot was but an obscure peasant, who apologized in curious patois for sitting down with us with his hat on, saying that night and day for seventy years he had never been with uncovered head, and would die if he should take his hat off. But he came only twice a year, was simple, kindly, and good, and was an early friend of "papa's," which was claim enough to all honor.

Scarcely a child, rich or poor, ever

came to the house and went away without a handful of fruit or sweet English biscuits, and the mendicant habitués of our stairs were of varying countenances. And yet the fruit of our pudding was the squeezed skins of the currants used for jam: and when we drove one day to T—— in two donkey carts, and dined upon the contents of our own hamper upon weather-beaten tables in the auberge orchard, the furious discussion with the patrone over a difference of a franc for donkeys' feed was hardly to be endured. And when one of the communauté went to pass a day at L——, the others coolly discussed before our very faces how far her unconsumed portion of the day's food would go toward paying the amount of her railway fare.

Margaret Bertha Wright.

SOUTHERN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

THERE is a great awakening in the South with regard to public schools; but in the higher education our policy, or rather tendency, has always been wrong. We have too many so-called colleges and universities, and too few preparatory schools. There has been no great advance, if any, in college work in the South since the war, and in preparation for college there has been a positive decline in most of the States. I am led to this view partly by my own experience; for in six years of college work in the South I have found few men whom I considered fully prepared, both in quantity and quality of work, for a good Freshman class. Besides, I have consulted by letter leading educators in most of the Southern States: of twenty professors, ten, whose experience covers both periods, say that preparation before 1860 was better than it has been

since; six, who began to teach after the war, make no comparison, but deplore in the strongest terms the present low state of preparation; four think we have improved somewhat in this respect. For other proof of the decline in preparatory work, it would only be necessary to remind Southern educators of the fact that most of our ante-bellum academies, or preparatory schools, — schools which, upon the whole, did better work than our Southern colleges did, — no longer exist. This fact is almost universally admitted by my correspondents. In Louisiana, out of twenty-four, or more, academies fostered by the State before the war, not one survives.¹ Louisiana is by no means alone in this respect.

What, then, are the causes of this decline in secondary education? The war

¹ Printed address of E. H. Farrar, Esq., of New Orleans, 1880.

had its effect. Many fine old academies went down in the general ruin. But too much stress must not be laid upon this; for why was the mortality so much greater among the schools than among the colleges? Besides, most of the academies in Louisiana, referred to above, had ceased to exist before the war. Again, business has taken the place of *otium cum dignitate*; the result has been eagerness, impatience, haste to get into active employment. Young men will not take the time to get ready for college, nor stay in college when they get there. Naturally there has been a reflex action on the part of the colleges, which have adapted their requirements to the new conditions. As to the effect of the public schools on college work, an eminent Georgia professor writes me, "The bastard 'common-school system' has broken up the large neighborhood schools that used to exist in Georgia, and the fragments are generally in the hands of young women and others, who are incompetent to prepare young men for college." In the same strain writes a professor from Virginia: "Our public schools have as yet done nothing towards making themselves preparatory schools to the colleges. They have, however, succeeded in totally destroying the 'old field schools,' that used to do that work before the war." There is at present serious trouble just here. We look forward to a better day, but the transition stage is very disheartening. A leading member of the school board in Nashville said recently, "It is a serious matter to know how to get a boy fitted for college. The public high school does not do it, and yet no private preparatory school can exist beside it." There are in Tennessee only four public high schools, but in none of these is Greek taught, and in only one sufficient Latin for the Freshman class of a good college; other branches are little ahead of the Latin. There is usually in the

South a gulf of one or two years between the public high school and the college. It would seem easy enough to put on extra classes at the top, and charge extra fees for the instruction, but it has not been done. It will be done, no doubt, as soon as the colleges make their terms of admission such as to require it. When we shall begin to approach the Massachusetts idea, where "in every town containing four thousand inhabitants and over a high school is required to be kept, in which the pupils are all offered the advantages of a preparation for any of our colleges," and where the high schools are so popular that "about eighty towns are now maintaining such schools, though not required to do so by law," and where the whole number of these public high schools is 226,¹ certainly we in the South shall have no fault to find with the public schools. This state of affairs in Massachusetts is but the legitimate result of the policy inaugurated in 1647 by the law of the colony, which required "that every town of one hundred families should maintain a school, the teacher of which should be able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university."

But the greatest cause of the decline of preparatory schools is, I believe, none of these. The great fault is with the colleges themselves. Preparation for college regulates itself by the law of supply and demand. All the colleges publish requirements for admission; very few enforce them. Since the boy is not required to prepare for college, he comes to college without preparation. What little there was in the way of college endowments in the South was swept away by the war; the colleges must live, however, and no resource was left but to live on tuition fees, — what no good college could live on. Hence arose an unseemly competition for numbers; and

¹ Private letter from the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

this has gone on, — as was natural, since there are among us at least three times as many colleges as the country can legitimately support, — until the colleges and universities have entered into competition with the very preparatory schools, and left them nothing to do. “The university,” writes a professor in one of the oldest colleges in Virginia, “takes students whom we ought to have; we take boys who should be in our preparatory school; and it, again, takes infants (so to say) who ought to be taught at home.”

The greatest evil in Southern education, it seems to me, is the fact that we have so many colleges and universities. One would suppose that in America the mere number of colleges would no longer impose upon any one, but such statements as the following occur in a recent defense of Southern ante-bellum education: “In 1860 the New England States had twenty-one colleges with 3738 students, and the single State of Georgia had thirty-two colleges with 3302 students.” “This is a startling showing,” the writer adds. Indeed it is. The irresistible conclusion seems to be that the State of Georgia was then better educated than all New England. The same writer compares the eight colleges in Massachusetts with the twenty-three in Virginia, and the two colleges in New Hampshire with the fourteen in South Carolina. He seems to proceed on the assumption that a college is a college. The paragraph that went the round of the newspapers a few years ago, to the effect that there were two universities in England, four in France, ten in Prussia, and thirty-seven in the State of Ohio, seriously taken, would prove Ohio to be the most highly educated land the world ever saw. A professor in a small Southwestern college once gravely informed me that the course in Latin in his college was higher than that in the University of Virginia, and *proved it by his catalogue*. Emerson, or Carlyle

(I forget which), writes to the other, “Nothing can lie worse than figures except facts.” Suppose we were to work out the problem of the relative superiority of New England and the South, in point of culture, in this way: in the six New England States there are only seventeen male colleges; in six Southern States, namely, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, there are sixty-seven male colleges, — just four to one. Is that the ratio of culture of the two sections? What better *reductio ad absurdum* could one wish? How many of our colleges would Harvard alone outweigh in any just estimate of higher education! Any one who will study the question carefully will be very likely to come to the conclusion that in the United States culture is generally in the inverse ratio to the *number* of colleges. Where you find the largest number of colleges you will be apt to find the fewest fitting-schools and the lowest state of what we call the higher education. In fact, great density of ignorance round about is necessary to the welfare of a certain kind of college.

It will, no doubt, be generally admitted that New England, and especially Massachusetts, approximates more nearly the proper state of the higher education than any other section of the United States; and on that assumption some comparisons are made, with no purpose, however, of depreciating the South, but simply to ascertain just how we stand in educational matters.¹

In 1880 Tennessee had twenty-one male colleges and universities, and sixteen female colleges and seminaries, ten of which latter confer college degrees; but there were only two distinct preparatory schools, — though at least nineteen colleges had preparatory departments, — sixty-three secondary schools,

¹ The authority for statistics, where not otherwise given, is the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1880 and 1881.

and four public high schools. It would be safe to assume that not more than one third of the sixty-three secondary schools could fit a boy for a good college. In Massachusetts, in 1880, there were seven male colleges and universities, and two female; but there were twenty-three preparatory schools, a large number of which would anywhere in the South or West be called colleges, and 215 public high schools (now 226), with 494 teachers and 18,758 pupils, besides forty-six other schools for secondary instruction.

The income of sixteen New England colleges in 1881 was \$1,024,563,¹ and they had 720,187 volumes in their libraries; all the one hundred and twenty-three Southern colleges and universities had together an income of \$1,089,187 and 668,667 volumes. Of the one hundred and twenty-three Southern colleges and universities, sixty-nine had each property in grounds, buildings, etc., valued at not more than \$50,000; of the sixty-nine, there were thirty-five with not more than \$25,000, and fourteen with not more than \$10,000. Of the sixty-nine, only five report productive funds valued at \$50,000; five more report \$25,000; the remainder report less, or none, — mostly none. In New England, in 1881, not a college reported property valued at less than \$100,000, and only two productive funds below \$150,000. The forty-three New England preparatory schools reported in 1881 nearly twice as much property and productive funds as the sixty-nine weakest Southern colleges, and indeed four of these preparatory schools had as much property and as much productive funds as the sixty-nine Southern colleges.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five regular preparatory schools in the United States in 1880, there were in New Eng-

land forty-six; in the six Middle Atlantic States forty-six; in the Southern States six; in the remaining (Western and Pacific) States twenty-seven. "Forty-four per cent. of the property, eighty-four per cent. of the productive funds, and sixty-three per cent. of the income from productive funds represented in the list of preparatory schools are from New England."²

Money will not of itself make a college or university, but it is equally true that college and university cannot be made without it. For universities, indeed, as President Gilman is reported to have said, "it is no longer a question of tens, or even of hundreds, of thousands of dollars; it is a question of millions;" and for a good college at the present day it is hardly a question of less than hundreds of thousands of dollars. We cripple our college work all over the country, and especially in the South and West, by spreading our resources too much. The money that would run a reasonable number of colleges well serves merely to protect the feeble existence of a great many. The policy of diffusion rather than concentration of resources is in education necessarily fatal to high and thorough standards. When I think of our educational policy, the anecdote about Franklin Pierce always occurs to me. After he had been nominated for the presidency, an itinerant lecturer asked an innkeeper among Pierce's native hills, "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" "Waal," he replied, "up here where everybody knows Frank Pierce, and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I'm afraid he'll be dreadful thin in some places." The "*tertium comparationis*," as the commentators on Homer call it, is the dreadful thinness

¹ Manifestly an error, for Harvard's annual expense account, a year or two ago, was said to be \$582,390, and Yale's over \$350,000.

² Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1880.

in some places, and some examples may now be in order.

A few years ago, in a certain backwoods section, there were in the same class in a large country school two boys: one the son of the principal: the other a man whom I afterwards knew at Harvard, and from whom I had the story. The principal determined, as he had more than one hundred pupils, to charter his school as a college. He did so, and in due time his son was made professor. The other boy went to Illinois, studied a while in a *university* there, and then went to Phillips Exeter Academy to get ready for Harvard. When I knew him he was in the senior class at Harvard; his former classmate had been for some time a professor in the new college. About that time a flaming puff in a local newspaper challenged the United States, England, or Germany to show a more learned faculty or better advantages than this college offered. I find its whole property reported in 1880 at \$4000. There is a chartered institution in Tennessee where a few years ago one man was running the presidency and all the professorships, and when he resigned a local newspaper claimed that he was one of the ablest educators in the land. Certainly he had need to be, if man ever had. A Vanderbilt professor received recently a letter from a man who said that a fund of \$10,000 had been raised in his town, and that it was proposed to start a college. One of the founders of the Culleoka Academy, the best preparatory school in Tennessee, says that when the school was first established people urged them to charter it as a college; and the pressure was so strong that, though their sole desire was to found a good fitting-school, they might have been forced to yield, had not Vanderbilt University been just then opened. The president of a university in Texas told me that he would have preferred to call his institution a college, but that there the

name of college was so common and in such ill repute, that the character of the institution would have been totally misunderstood. This agrees pretty well with a certain Texas girl's idea of a college. A modest graduate of a Georgia college, whom she persisted in calling "professor" and his school "the college," begged her not to put him to the blush. "Well," said she, "it was a college before it burned down, for it was *three stories high*." And this is about on a par with the report from a certain Western State, where, it is said, they have three universities and the *logs cut* for the fourth.

A certain Y. M. C. A. secretary once entertained the students of a Northern college with an account of his travels. He visited, one day, in a Southwestern State, a college, or university, the president of which was a D. D., and LL. D. He had been invited to dine with the president, and was puzzled to know where the dining would take place, as he saw no house near by. At noon the president produced a *tin bucket*, in which he was accustomed to carry his dinner to college, took off his coat and spread it on the floor, the dinner on that, and then cordially invited the secretary to "pitch in." Almost Spartan simplicity! True, Socrates gave a first-rate university education with, if possible, even less outfit; but without a Socrates it is perhaps impossible to get on with so little. This is a realization of President Garfield's ideal Ohio college, without, however, the great essential, — Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench.

The height and the depth of absurdity in college-making have perhaps been reached in the case indicated by the following letter, received last year at one of our larger institutions: —

MY DEAR SIR, — We have a fine College Building neare completion in ———, & will be ready for buisness 1st Sept 1883.

I write you to inform the board of directors of Some Good man that would take hold of our College as Principle. We want a wide awake man, a thiror graduate & a man of Repetation. Will you be so kind as to give us a name &c. I am sir yours &c.

I am told that there is now living in Tennessee a man who is the founder of seven colleges, and I doubt not, when he dies, his friends will record this fact on his tombstone as the proudest memorial of him. Indeed, it does seem that such a benefactor should be named in history along with Thomas Jefferson; for surely the founding of seven colleges ought to be considered an offset to the establishing of one university and the drawing up of one Declaration of Independence. But, seriously, I am afraid that there are at least twelve men in Tennessee, natives or aliens, who, if appointed to devise some suitable way of rewarding such zeal for education, would propose to hang the founder.

The writer is not alone in the views here expressed. Professor Blackwell, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, writes, "If you publish the facts about our system, or non-system, I think you will do the cause of education great good. But our people do not want facts; they want flattery. Our Superintendent of Education was boasting, some years ago, that there were proportionately more Virginians pursuing the higher education than any other nationality, not excluding Prussians. This nonsense was repeated all over our State, and even in the United States Senate. As long as our people think that a Virginia college is as good as the University of Berlin, why should they be concerned about their educational system?" By the side of that statement may be put the following. Though there are five universities in Louisiana, the able man who has been called to the presidency of the munificently endowed Tu-

lane University said recently in his printed report, "There is not a single youth pursuing within the borders of the State what can justly be called a university course. They have no opportunity to do so." Other remarks, quite as radical, indicating dissatisfaction with the present state of the higher education in the South, could be easily selected from my correspondence.

It is not meant to be implied, however, that the South errs more than some other parts of the country with regard to diffusion of resources in the higher education. For instance, in Ohio, in 1881, the combined income reported by thirty-six colleges and universities was \$302,436, and the whole number of volumes in college libraries was 321,147. Harvard University alone reported that year \$357,431 and 214,000 volumes. There were in Ohio seventeen colleges and universities with property valued at not more than \$50,000 each; nine of these, indeed, having not more than \$25,000, and three not over \$10,000. Again, eleven report no productive funds; twenty-six have not more than \$10,000 income, of which number eighteen have not over \$5000 income. The report of the Commissioner of Education reveals the same state of affairs in Illinois with twenty-eight colleges and universities, Iowa with eighteen, Indiana with fifteen; and so it is in other States.

In connection with this some comparison of the universities of the different sections of the country may not be uninteresting. Of 362 higher institutions reporting to the Commissioner of Education in 1881, 116 are called universities. Of these, forty-three belong to the South, six to New England, twelve to New York and Pennsylvania, and all the rest to the West. Of the 116 universities, thirty-seven have property valued at not more than \$50,000; of these, fourteen belong to the South (seven to the negroes), all the rest to the West.

Of the 116, again, fifty-eight report endowments valued at not more than \$50,000; or, to be more exact, seven have \$50,000, four \$25,000, fifteen \$10,000 or less, — mostly less, — and thirty-two report none. Of the fifty-eight, twenty-five belong to the South (ten to the negroes¹), one to New York, and all the rest to the West. There is sometimes a certain kind of consolation in finding others seemingly as bad off as ourselves, and so we might be pardoned for sympathizing with Kansas in the fact that she has five universities, — one with an endowment of \$6000, another with \$2000, and three without any; that one of these universities had in 1880 two professors and eighteen students, another three professors and twelve students.

With our own vast outfit, numerically, in the way of universities, it is interesting to look at the kingdom of Prussia. In Prussia there were in 1876 (the latest statistics to which I have access) only nine universities; but there were 233 Gymnasien and eighty-three Realschulen of the first rank (whose pupils are now admitted to the universities), in all 316 schools preparatory to nine universities. In 1880 the city of Berlin had fourteen Gymnasien with 7247 pupils, nineteen Vorschulen preparatory to the Gymnasien with 3787 pupils, seven Realschulen with 3946 pupils, and *one university*.

All these facts and figures go to prove, if they prove anything, the truth of a remark of the Commissioner of Education:² "When the resources necessary to meet the demands of modern education are considered, it seems that the concentration of means upon a few institutions for superior instruction, and the establishment of a sufficient number of vigorous preparatories, both public and corporate, secure to a State the

best conditions for liberal education." One of the great evils of the land is the vast number of so-called higher institutions of learning. "We may well exclaim," says Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins,³ "that ours is a great country, having more than the whole world beside. The fact is sufficient. The whole earth would hardly support such a number of first-class institutions. The curse of mediocrity must be upon them, to swarm in such numbers." "It may be urged," he adds, "that all these institutions are doing good work in education, and that many young men are thus taught who could not afford to go to a true college or university. But I do not object to the education, though I have no doubt an investigation would disclose equal absurdities here. . . . But I do object to lowering the ideals of the youth of the country. Let them know that they are attending a school, and not a university; and let them know that above them comes the college, and above that the university. . . . In other words, let them be taught the truth."

There is a very large number of so-called higher institutions which give neither preparation for college nor college training. By their low entrance standards they prevent a boy from getting a thorough preparation elsewhere, and, once entered, he is neither able to take, nor they to give, real college instruction. It is hard to look upon this otherwise than as a crime against the youth of the country.

Closely and perhaps inseparably connected with the evil of inadequate preparation for college is, I think, the very general adoption throughout the South of the so-called school system, which is an arrangement of studies in independent departments or schools, and permits unrestricted election throughout the whole course. At least thirty-five South-

¹ It is interesting, in connection with universities, to note the fact that of seventeen higher institutions for the colored race in 1881, *thirteen were universities*.

² Report for 1880, page cxxxii.

³ Science, August 24, 1883.

ern colleges and universities have adopted this system, following the example of the University of Virginia. All that will be said here applies to colleges and universities that do only college work. No one whom I have consulted doubts that for real university work, with such students as, for instance, Johns Hopkins has, a free choice of studies is the proper plan. I shall give now the arguments in favor of the school-system, compressing them into as brief space as possible:¹ —

Its general adoption by the Southern colleges and universities was to suit the time and means of students, and it has opened the higher education to those who have no classical training, who were formerly excluded by the curriculum. Besides, it is well adapted to the somewhat irregular preparation of Southern students. Owing to the multiplication and enlarged extent of the subjects which might be taught in college, there must be some choice, if we want a thorough knowledge of a few things rather than a smattering of many, and if bent of mind and purpose in life are to be considered. Students can be more correctly classified under the school-system; for as few students come to college uniformly well prepared in all studies, to place one either according to his most advanced or least advanced studies would be equally hurtful. With this system he can be placed in each study just where he belongs. Besides, a bright boy will be stimulated by the prospect of rapid advancement. Public opinion at the University of Virginia holds students to a certain order of studies, which does not differ materially from a good curriculum, and thus the evil which might arise from the selection of light and easy courses is avoided. How strong is this student public opinion at the University of Virginia is shown by the fact that

¹ The views here given are in substance those offered, in private letters, by Professors R. E. Blackwell, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia; R. W. Jones, of University of Mississippi; G. F.

a student, who had taken French and Spanish as the two modern languages for his degree, found, after he had gotten his certificates of proficiency, that student public opinion regarded no other modern language as an equivalent for German for the A. M. degree, and he therefore took German in addition. What enlightened student public opinion does in the University of Virginia, direction and oversight of the faculty must do in smaller institutions, where students are younger. Besides, the irregular element under a curriculum is as troublesome as any residuum that cannot be properly influenced under the school-system. This latter, by the independence of the different departments, removes the temptation to pass a student who is deficient in one department into the next higher class because he is good in other departments. This compensating system is, it is claimed, the bane of the curriculum, and is perhaps inseparable from it. Inasmuch as there are, with the elective plan, no classes holding together for long periods, there can be no development of that class spirit which leads to combination against the faculty on the one hand, and to hazing, cane-rushes, and the like on the other, — a feature the most troublesome to deal with in the government of the older colleges of the North. The curriculum, furthermore, tends to obliterate the individuality of professors, while the school system emphasizes the work of the individual, lays full responsibility upon him, opens the way to just reward for faithful work done, without subjecting him to disparagement on account of the negligence or unfitness of others. It has, by reason of these influences, introduced into Southern college work a greater degree of thoroughness, a higher development in special directions, than was ever known in our colleges before.

Nicolassen, of South-Western Presbyterian University, Tennessee; and N. T. Lupton, Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.

Against the school-system, as I look at it, the case may be stated about as follows: ¹—

Whatever the original intention, the result of the adoption of the school-system has been, in most colleges, to lower standards by abolishing requirements for admission. In fact, it is not easy to prepare boys for the school-system. So long as the college adheres to a definite course, the lower schools know what they have to do. But when, in place of this, comes a plan with unrestricted election, they know not how to prepare for the various courses that may be chosen; and, if they knew, the work is too various and general to be done by them. Then there is the question of choice of studies. To arrange a judicious course, at the present day, would put to the severest test the best teacher's skill, and be too hard a problem for our best prepared Freshmen. How absurd it is, then, to expect men who are as wretchedly prepared as the vast majority who enter our Southern colleges to choose what is best! I am quite willing to believe that public opinion at the University of Virginia will hold men who look forward to taking degrees to a strong course, but I do not see how it could greatly affect that element which corresponds to "irregulars" under a curriculum, and which is, and must always be, larger with the school-system than with the other. The faculty of a college, by their utmost effort in directing choice of studies, can only partially control the matter, since so many of our students come to college expecting to stay not more than a year or two, and afterwards make up their minds to take a full course, only to find that they have wasted much time by rather aimless work

at the beginning. President Johnston says that he knew at Washington College a new student from the West who wished to elect as his course "the violin and mathematics," or, more plainly stated, "the fiddle and fractions." When President Johnston went to Baton Rouge he "found thirty-eight students in twenty-eight classes. One boy had for studies arithmetic and civil government only, — a course which might be the correct one, if he was predestined to be the auditor of the State." A student once came all the way from Texas to attend the gymnasium at Vanderbilt University, and though he chose certain studies he made no pretense of doing anything in them. He became the best gymnast at the university, but this was not considered sufficient cause for allowing him to continue his connection after the first year. The greatest evil I have observed, however, is not that men try to shirk hard courses, but that they attempt too many hours, or the higher work before they are ready for it. I have seen most of the time of a faculty occupied at weekly meetings for two months with petitions to be allowed to drop certain studies. In a class of nine I found recently two students who had such a combination as sub-college Greek and Hamilton's Metaphysics. This system gives professors a dangerous opportunity to magnify their own departments by requiring too much of a student's time, so that he must either neglect some other work or sink under the burden. While, in an institution like the University of Virginia, the school system may act as an incentive to the individual professors, the very independence of the different schools may work badly; for under the school-system the president can

¹ The following, in addition to the writer, are more or less responsible for the views here given, namely: Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, Ex-Chancellor of University of Georgia; President William Preston Johnston, Tulane University, New Orleans; Professor R. Means Davis, South Carolina College; Professor F. C. Woodward, Wofford College,

South Carolina; Professor T. W. Jordan, Emory and Henry College, Virginia; Professor E. Alexander, University of Tennessee; Professors W. M. Baskervill and W. F. Tillet, Vanderbilt University; Professor B. F. Meek, University of Alabama; President D. R. Hendrix, Central College, Missouri.

hardly be more than chairman of the faculty, and if trustees elect an incompetent man there seems to me to be no check upon him, and he may do, in a college, endless harm by his methods, or lack of any method.

An evil of the curriculum, in the South at least, is that often excellence in one department is allowed to compensate for deficiency in another, and a majority of the faculty vote a man into the next class over the protest of one or two. But this is not a necessary feature of the curriculum, for I have seen it worked entirely free from this evil; each officer being allowed to "condition" students as they required, and a certain number of conditions cutting off a man. Such heterogeneous elements as the school-system brings together, in our practical application of it, prevent anything like thorough drill or systematic progressive work in the class-room. It is my experience, and I think it is general, that in most classes will be found men differing in training all the way from one to four years. How much this adds to the labor of teaching may be easily imagined. I reckon honestly, from actual trial both in New England and Southern colleges, that the teacher must expend at least twice as much vital energy on our mixed lower classes, as on the better arranged classes there.

At its best estate it is, I fear, as President Johnston says, "collegiate work performed with university methods by students untrained, and therefore unfit, for this kind and degree of education;" and in the light of this statement it is fair to charge the system with a tendency to obscure the sharp distinction which should be drawn between university and college work. "It is just as demoralizing for a college to invade the domain of true university work as for a preparatory school to attempt to be a college." And as there is as little limit or check upon granting college or university charters in the South as there seems to be to

granting medical school charters in Massachusetts, it is easy to see, when once old traditions are broken up, what confusion may be wrought by ignorant trustees and incompetent faculties. The school-system has aggravated the endless tinkering on college courses in the South, and pretty much every institution has a course more or less peculiar to itself.

Under the school-system, the college, or university, does not get the hold on its students that the curriculum college has. Class feeling may be troublesome in some of its phases, but the *esprit de corps*, the fellow-feeling that grows up among those who march for several years toward a common goal, make students love the college all the more, help to hold them there, and then, more than anything else, perhaps, bind them as alumni to the Alma Mater. Of course no worse evil can befall a college than that its students should be perpetually changing. That the school-system seems to have some inherent weakness at this vital point I propose to show by the following comparison of colleges. In no case will graduating students be counted. Of the 226 academic students at Vanderbilt University in 1881-2, 111, or about half, did not return, though five of these entered purely professional departments of the university. In 1882-3, out of 201 academic students the loss was 93, or nearly half, though here, again, five entered professional departments. The great majority of these left during or at the end of the first year. It may be claimed that Vanderbilt is a young institution, and has not yet gotten the hold upon its students that such institutions as the University of Virginia have. Certainly, if any institution in the country may claim the allegiance of its students, that one is the University of Virginia. In 1878-9, of 226 academic and medical students combined, 126, or more than half, dropped out, though six or seven of these seem to

have entered upon purely professional studies. Of the 126, 67 had been at the university only one session, 37 two sessions, 11 three sessions, 4 four sessions, 1 five sessions. In 1879-80, out of 217 academic and medical students, the loss was 107, or about half, including seven or eight who returned for professional study. Of the 107, there had remained at the university one session, 51; two sessions, 37; three sessions, 12; four sessions, 2; five sessions, 3. After all due allowance made for rigid examinations at these two institutions, there would still seem to be a weakness in the system on the point under consideration.

Of the smaller colleges, Wofford College, South Carolina, adopted the school system in 1880. In 1880-1, out of 128 students the loss was 51; in 1881-2, 58 out of 131. Davidson College, North Carolina — not one hundred miles from Wofford — has a curriculum with parallel A. B. and B. S. courses. In 1880-1, out of 90 students, only 16 failed to return. Emory College, Georgia, has the old curriculum. In 1879-80, the loss was 41 out of 137; in 1880-1, 53 out of 161.

It is fairest, of course, to compare Southern colleges only with Southern, for poverty has much to do with loss of students in that section; but a comparison with some Northern colleges may not be uninteresting. Out of 174 students at Williams College in 1880-1, the loss was only 24. From personal knowledge, I should say that there were as many poor students at Williams, working their way through college, as at the University of Virginia or at Vanderbilt. There is a great difference in this respect, however: students in the New England colleges allow poverty to interfere with their education far less than Southern students do. At Yale College, in 1880-1, there were 482 academic students, of whom only 51 failed to return next year. Of the 51, 25 were Fresh-

men, 14 Sophomores, 12 Juniors. The New England colleges sift their students at entrance; in the practical application of the school-system, the sifting process begins with the first, or rather with the first final, examination. To illustrate: Williams College rejected, in 1882, just *one third* of the applicants; and that means that it started with just one third less baggage than a college in the South, under the school-system, would have been burdened with.

The history of the school-system, as I have seen it worked, may, without much injustice, be epitomized about as follows: A large mass of mostly crude and perfectly heterogeneous material is taken in, and straightway the eliminating process begins. Many drop out during the year; many do not attempt the examinations; still more, trying, fail; and most of those who drop out, or fail, never return. Of 40 students in German in Vanderbilt University, in 1882-3, only 12 passed the examinations; in French, out of 33, only 12; of the remainder, in both studies, about half dropped out during the year, and the others failed in the examinations. Of the students in German only 12, in French only 8, returned. In chemistry, the same year, 59 were matriculated; only 19 passed the examinations. Some years ago there were in the Senior Greek class, at the University of Virginia, 75 men; of the 75, only 15 thought it worth while to attempt the examination; of the 15, only 5 got through. What does that mean? I am perfectly willing to admit that the examinations of the University of Virginia are the most terrible ordeals on this continent; but it is quite certain that if the seventy-five men had had any sort of preparation for a Senior Greek class, — in other words, if they had been in their proper places, — the proportion that passed this examination must have been greater than one in fifteen.

It may be proper to say, by way of

side remark, that it is refreshing to note the tone of respect in which all my correspondents refer to the University of Virginia. It is a tacit acknowledgment of her preëminent position in Southern education. The whole South owes her a debt of gratitude. She first, perhaps, introduced among us the element of real thoroughness in college work. When the war was over and our colleges were beginning to revive; at a time when we could not, under the smart of recent events, look to Harvard and Yale and Princeton for models in our rebuilding, then it was that the University of Virginia held aloft, as ever, her high standard of graduation, though it cost her professors money to do so, and she became the one model for all our institutions that aspired to do high and good work. Witness her influence in the fact that at least thirty-five Southern colleges and universities, mistaking the true source of her excellence, have adopted her school-system. With such professors as the University of Virginia has always commanded — and there, of course, has been the source of her strength — her work would have been of a high character under any system. But what might she not have done for Southern, for the national, higher education if, while selling her degrees and certificates so dearly, she had been as strict as Harvard in admitting students! But I must think, to use the language of one of my correspondents, that “the effort to imitate the University of Virginia has done no end of harm to Southern colleges.”¹ Again, this system emphasizes examinations too much and teaching too little. The best teacher is not the man who can “pitch”² the most men, but the one who can get the most men through fairly. The system requires more men and more means than most, perhaps any, of our Southern in-

¹ It is not my purpose to criticise the University of Virginia. Her work has been of so high and thorough a character that I should hesitate to say anything against it. The attempt on the part of

stitutions can command, even if it be the best system in itself. It becomes impracticable, by the cost of the machinery, to run it.

It may not be out of place to give now the opinions of a few of the best known Southern educators with regard to the school-system. President Carlisle, of Wofford College, South Carolina, writes me, “We made the mortifying discovery that six men could not attend to one hundred and twenty boys without help from two students as ‘sub-tutors.’ That fact alone proves to me that we have not yet reached the wisest scheme for us. We are attempting too much.” Professor Joynes, of the South Carolina College, till recently an ardent advocate of the school-system, says now that it is “a failure all round.” President William Preston Johnston, of Tulane University, writes me, “While I approve of the ‘elective system’ for *real* universities, I regard its application to colleges and schools as a misfortune.” This opinion is, like the last, of especial value from the fact that this able educator published, in 1869, an article strongly defending the school-system even in an institution of college grade. Chancellor Garland, of Vanderbilt University, who bears the same relation to Southern that Mark Hopkins does to New England education, having been professor or president in leading Southern institutions of learning since 1830, says of the school-system, as compared with the curriculum, “It is susceptible of producing higher scholarship, if rightly applied, but most commonly its results are marked by less training of the mind and less thoroughness of attainment.” Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, late chancellor of the University of Georgia, writes, “The old system trained and disciplined young men better. The old B. A. curriculum has never been so many weaker institutions to imitate the University of Virginia is what I am principally concerned with here.

² Southern college term for English “pluck.”

equaled for compactness and concentration. We have gained in quantity and lost in quality." President Hendrix, of *Central College, Missouri*, proposes "to return this year to the four-years curriculum, with certain elective studies after Sophomore year; to refuse to matriculate students under a given age and without specific requirements; and to have the preparatory department wholly distinct." The following opinion is from a man who is by common consent without a peer in his specialty in the South, but unfortunately I have not the liberty to use his name. To mention even that specialty would be to make known the man. He was himself educated under the school-system. "The elective course was proper enough in the University of Virginia, but one institution of the sort would probably have been sufficient for the entire South. The new state of affairs (after the war) induced other institutions to imitate the University of Virginia. Even this might have been without injury, if they had adopted elective curricula, and required students to select one or another of these. I am not in favor of requiring Greek, for instance, of all students; but I am in favor of requiring fixed courses to be pursued in a fixed order. I should certainly like, in a college, a good old-fashioned four-year curriculum,¹ but branching in about three directions; and then genuine university work."

It is a noteworthy fact that all my correspondents who propose anything constructive agree upon two or more curricula, as circumstances may allow, and would limit the choice of studies in college to curricula, with perhaps some elective studies after the Sophomore year. Vanderbilt University made last year the two first years of the undergraduate course required for all who propose to take a degree, with only a choice between curricula. *Central Col-*

lege, Missouri, and *Wofford College, South Carolina*, will this year go back to the curriculum course or courses. *Emory and Henry College, Virginia*, will hereafter give only the A. B. diploma.

Intimately connected with the school system, and no doubt sprung from it, so far as this country is concerned, is another evil that obtains largely in Southern college work, — I mean long examinations. When Vanderbilt University was first opened, the time for examinations was not limited; but after one professor had been kept up by classes two days in succession from nine in the morning till midnight, he moved that a limit of six hours be fixed. The time has since been reduced to five hours. This is simply an instance of the extreme to which examinations have been carried; in many colleges they are still unlimited as to time. Professor Blackwell, to whom I am so much indebted for views in favor of the school-system, expresses himself on the question of long examinations substantially as follows: There is something wrong about our present system of examination. There are teachers who give *the whole book*. "Discuss subordinate sentences," is merely a sample question. A student could prepare for that kind of examination and write all day without making a mistake, and yet might be unable to answer a few well-chosen questions, which would really test his knowledge. Such broad questions allow only the most meagre treatment, because of the vast extent of the ground to be gone over, and one who knows anything of the subject can write a large number of pages without showing either knowledge or ignorance. Twenty-five lines of Livy will test a man's mastery of Livy as well as one hundred, if the examiner is already acquainted with that man's general scholarship. One result of stressing the examination is that the student gets flurried. The fact that it counts so much

¹ He says elsewhere that he would call the classes Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior.

frightens him. In a monthly examination, on one occasion, forty-seven lines from Heyne's *Reisebilder* were assigned a class for translation; and, though the students wrote on their knees, without support for book or paper, all finished in one hour, and some in less time. Had it been a regular semi-annual examination they would have taken two hours or more. In the same college an examination paper on trigonometry, on which three and a half hours were allowed at the Naval Academy, was given to a class, — or rather only three fourths of it was given. The students took from six to nine hours to write it. In the one case one third of the year's work was involved; in the other the whole. Then, too, the effect on the health of the students is very bad. The best students in the colleges, where such examinations obtain, look, at examination time, almost like walking ghosts. In proof of this last remark of Professor Blackwell's, I may state that I have seen a young man examined for five days in succession, six hours a day. It was not long before he could neither eat nor sleep; he could not even think clearly. At the end of the time he was almost wild, and had barely passed on his examinations, though he was a hard student, and was conceded to be one of the brightest men in the institution. If that can happen in a daily six-hour examination, what must happen in those that last twice or three times six. I know the case of a young man in another college, who, after sitting in the examination room from eight in the forenoon till seven in the evening, came the next day to another examination, in which a medal was at stake, and in which he himself was acknowledged to have all the chances in his favor, and said, "Professor, I cannot stand the examination. I am utterly prostrated. Even if my diploma depends on it, I cannot stand it." In one town last year I heard, at one time, of six cases of brain fever, or other seri-

ous ailment, believed to be the result of overwork in college. I am firmly convinced that, below the university, examinations should be limited to four or five hours at the outside, — better three; and that they should count in a student's standing not more than one third, recitations counting two thirds. The custom and law at Yale, Harvard, and Williams is three hours.

I believe that these excessively long examinations belong, if anywhere, with the school-system, in the *real university*. One of the worst features in a system which allows such long examinations is the tendency to merge the teacher in the examiner, than which nothing can be more fatal to college work. Such instruction is apt to result in the professor's knowing as little of his pupils as the Latin professor at the University of Edinburgh, who always confounded Thomas Carlyle with a certain other dull Mr. Carlyle, for which Thomas never quite forgave him. In college work the teacher is infinitely above the examiner. As President Johnston says, in college we want "a teacher, and above all things a teacher." "There is no substitute for a live man in teaching;" he makes his pupils men as well as scholars, and inspires them to scholarship largely by his own enthusiasm for learning, and through their love and respect for him.

This mania for long examinations, beginning in the higher institutions; has worked downward until it has invaded even the primary schools. In the public schools of Nashville the examinations are held in writing from the time the children learn how to write, and they have two examinations a day, together equal to five or six hours. The children of one of my colleagues in Vanderbilt have written examinations, in one of the private primary schools in Nashville, covering five or six consecutive hours. They are eleven and thirteen years old respectively. Think of a child

of eleven years writing five hours in succession! It is physical torture! It is cruelty to animals!

The assignment of a considerable amount of parallel reading, especially in the classics, may be mentioned as another evil that obtains in Southern college work. This too is probably the offspring of the school-system, and belongs, with it, in the university. It is difficult to see the sense of assigning to a student, who has already as much as he can bear in his regular class-work, from fifty to five hundred or two thousand pages extra, to be read privately. It is simply putting a premium on translations. A professor of recognized scholarship and experience writes to me, "I do not publish any parallel reading, for I am determined to stop lying in print. I cannot understand how some of our teachers can get so much Latin and Greek read. I worked on the parallel reading at the University of Virginia honestly for a while. I very soon, from sheer necessity, took to the translations." Of course parallel reading is in itself highly beneficial, and all first-class students must read a great deal privately if they would become scholars. But in college it should not be assigned as a task. A good teacher may be trusted to inspire in a bright pupil so much enthusiasm that he will do the work simply on advice. The trouble is that an extra task, which is easy for the brightest man in a class, becomes an insupportable burden for the weaker men. There is great danger, too, that professors, especially young men, vying one with another in making high and hard courses, may grind the student as between the upper and nether millstones. Against this it has been urged, that "a teacher who acts as if his were the only department is a one-sided man. The right way to give parallel reading is to assign only so much as the average student can read, and then see that the class reads it." Yet the professor who wrote those

lines says, that when he began to teach, he required two thousand pages as parallel reading in German of one class in one year. Of course he soon learned better. But it happens that all the professors of my acquaintance who have used the method gave immense quantities at first, and only very gradually learned reason. Most of these have virtually discarded the custom of assigning parallel reading as a task. But while they were learning moderation, what was becoming of the poor boys?

We have also in the South, of course, the same trouble that exists all over the country, namely, the overtaxing of students by requiring too many studies for graduation. It is an evil that thinking men see to exist even in the public school courses. Chancellor Garland says, "The vicious feature in our colleges is overtaxing the pupil with routine work, and affording no opportunity for general culture by reading useful books. Our students have too many subjects to study. They have time only to *learn lessons*; none to *master subjects and principles*. It is a cramming process." It is a constant subject of remark among Southern professors how little students read. The students are aware of this, but claim, with much justice, that they have no time for reading. I was astonished, when professor in Williams College, to see how many daily papers were taken by the students. Still more surprised and delighted was I to hear a Sophomore say, that he and a classmate were accustomed to meet once or twice a week to read aloud and discuss Emerson, and that they had just finished *all his works*. That man stood near the head of his class. I remember with what a feeling of pride another student showed me his treasures, the British and American poets, and how I marveled at his knowledge of them. He was only one of many. Students crossing the campus of the South Carolina College late at night used to see George

McDuffie's light burning, and hear his sonorous voice as he read aloud some English masterpiece. I am afraid we do not allow our students time for that now. In Harvard and Yale, with the exhaustive preparation they can and do require for admission, the elective studies, in the higher classes particularly, seem to solve the problem in great measure. But with us, where wretched preparation is the rule, election is never safe before the third or fourth year, if then. It seems to me the only plan is for the better colleges in the South to have and rigidly enforce certain fixed requirements for admission; then to have two or more parallel courses, as circumstances allow, with fewer studies in each course, and more time given to each; and finally, in the third and fourth years, if possible, some elective studies.

After this jeremiad there is space only for the mention of a few of the hopeful signs in Southern educational work. I take hope from the fact that the South is more generally aroused on the subject of education than ever before, that primary education is more generally diffused. The effect will be seen in time. Young men who aspire to professorships are beginning to fit themselves for the higher work in a manner not known before. The unwritten law of good Northern colleges that a young man must have first-class university training, at home or abroad, if he hopes to rise, is

being established among us, too. Eleven graduates of recent years of a college in South Carolina, which has really not more than one hundred names on its rolls, are now pursuing, or propose to pursue, a university course either in this country or abroad. With two or three exceptions, these young men are seeking not professional training, but simply higher culture. Best of all, two thirds of them are making the money necessary for the course they propose. There was an increase in the incomes reported by Southern colleges from 1880 to 1881 of \$109,330. The idea that colleges must be endowed is gaining ground. There is a growing conviction that fitting-schools of a high order are as necessary as colleges. We do not yet, however, appreciate the truth that preparatory schools, in order to good work and *permanence*, must be endowed. Two facts have given me more encouragement than anything else. Culleoka, recognized as the best fitting-school in Tennessee, is every year crowded with students from all parts of the South, and sometimes rejects in one year applicants enough to fill another school. The other fact is the founding and *endowing*, a few years ago, of the Holy Communion Institute, a good *academy*, in Charleston, South Carolina. We have probably touched the lowest point, and those of us who are young will see better things in the "New South" than our fathers ever saw.

Charles Forster Smith.

THE SOLITARY BEE.

A VERY slight and fugacious hint from nature is enough to excite expectation in one who cultivates her friendship and favor. Fancy starts up, and follows the foot-marks along the earth or the wing-prints in air, — unless in-

deed it be a very dull and jaded fancy. Not long ago, as I was reading in the open air, I became conscious that some musical insect was busy in a rosebush near by. On looking up, I saw a bee just hovering in departure, a portion of

green leaf folded in its embrace. In an instant the creature was gone, with a mellow touch of the "flying harp." At that moment the whole visible world seemed to pertain to the ingenious bee: I had been singularly favored that I had seen the insect at all, and a glimpse of the queen of fays and her "little team of atomies" could scarcely have surprised or pleased me more. However, I began to regret that I had not seen the leaf-cutter plying her keen-edged scissors, and to wish that I might find where she went with her plunder. I examined the leaves of the rosebush, and was surprised to notice how many of them had been subjected to the scissors. The snipping had been done in two patterns, — deep, nearly circular scallops, and oblong segments with the corners rounded. The edges were left quite smooth, from which it was evident that the operant was no crude prentice hand.

After this chance introduction to the leaf-cutter (who I found bore the burdensome name *Megachile*), I watched the ways of my distinguished new acquaintance, and made sundry attempts to trace her from the rosebush to the laboratory in which she worked up the raw material of the leaves: this, I fancied, would be either an excavation in old wood or a burrow underground; it proved, in the case of my acquaintance, to be neither of these.

My quest met with no success, until, one day in the vegetable garden, I observed a thick-set, dusky bee, with narrow yellow bands, entering the hollow of an onion top, two or three inches of which had been cut off. No wonder my curiosity ran high: could this be the residence of the aristocratic leaf-cutter? Could it be, that one whom I had mentally associated with *Titania* herself should have no finer perception of elegant congruity than to set up house-keeping within walls of garlic, bringing thereto rose-leaf appointments? If so,

I thought it would be no slander to report the hymenopterous tribe as deficient in the sense of smell. I waited for the bee to come out, which she presently did, and then peeped into the onion top, where I discovered a cell in process of construction. As there were other cut or broken tops, I examined those also, and found several that were similarly occupied. Some stalks contained one, others two cylindrical cells about an inch long, the sides formed by overlapping oblong bits of rose-leaves, while the top and bottom were closed with circular pieces, the whole structure held together as though it had been pressed in a mould. The inner layers were united by means of a substance that acted as cement. Afterward, when I compared the pieces of which these cells were composed with the notches in the rose-leaves, it seemed not impossible that, with time and patience, the cut-out portions might be fitted in their original places. In some cases, as I split the onion stalk, the bee was still at work storing bee-bread for the support of her offspring, and could not be induced to leave until all but the inner walls of her laboratory had been torn away. Some cells were already closed, and within was the large waxen-looking larva, feeding on the provision laid up by its solicitous parent, its appetite unimpaired by the garlicky character of the flavoring.

I have yet to learn that a community of leaf-cutters (in an onion bed, too!) is a matter of ordinary occurrence; certainly, it will cause me some surprise if the novelty should be repeated another season. To speak of a community of solitary bees would be to speak in paradox, and it should be added that these insects, though occupying the same neighborhood, apparently exchanged no social civilities. I remember to have questioned one of these independents very closely on the subject, — to have questioned and to have been answered in some such way as the following: —

"Lone leaf-cutter in thy cell,
Where the green leaves of the rose
Thee, as in a bud, enclose,
Solitary, do thou tell
Why thou choosest thus to dwell,
Helping build no amber comb,
Sharing no rich harvest-home!"

Hummed the recluse at her task :
"Though an idle thing thou ask,
I will freely answer thee,
If thou, first, wilt clearly show
Something I have wished to know, —
How the hived honey-bee
Can forego sweet privacy!"

Edith M. Thomas.

PALMER'S ODYSSEY.

WHILE Mr. W. J. Stillman is cruising among the isles of Greece to detect the actual route of Ulysses or Odysseus, an American professor has published a book¹ which leaves us no excuse for not exploring the original narrative of that hero's adventures. Bearing on alternate pages a sumptuous reprint of Homer's *Odyssey* and a charming translation, the volume offers at once a treat to the eyes and an invitation into the still air of delightful studies. It surely should have appeared earlier in the season, for it is emphatically a summer book, deserving indeed to head one of those lists entitled *For Summer Travel* with which all enterprising publishers delight to greet what has this year scarcely been the warmer season. The much-wandering Odysseus is in reality the very chief and type of all itinerants; nobody ever went so far within a small space; he was like Thoreau, who "had traveled a great deal in Concord." Nobody else ever extracted so much voyaging out of a limited sheet of water, nobody else ever stayed so long from home in order to do this, nor did any one else ever put his wife and son to so much trouble to find him. What are the trivial wanderings of Father Æneas to the two days' swim of Homer's hero; what was Dido for an enchantress, beside Kalypso? What eminent society, famous in the romantic records of all time, did this experienced

traveler encounter; sometimes conversing with gods or sailing with goddesses, and happening in as a stranger guest upon the restored domesticity of Menelaus and Helen. That traditional beauty of all the world, divine among women, *δία γυναικῶν*, did not indeed make him immortal with a kiss, as Marlowe's Faustus demanded; but she was for him the stately and gracious hostess: she bade her maids lay beautiful purple rugs for his couch; and she poured into his wine a drug, known to her only, that quenched pain and strife, and brought forgetfulness of every ill. "He who should taste it, when mixed in the bowl, would not that day let tears fall down his cheeks, although his mother and father died, although before his door a brother or dear son were cut off by the sword and his own eyes beheld." What hostess of these days, whether at Newport, or the Isle of Wight, or Trouville, has such a beverage to offer?

This is the book which we have, one might almost say, for the first time in English, at the hands of Mr. Palmer. Not that it has not been more than twenty times rendered into our language, but it was reserved for Mr. Palmer to hit upon a mode of translation so admirable that he succeeds in preserving, in Homer, for the first time, certain peculiar qualities that others have missed. All previous versions have been made either

¹ *The Odyssey of Homer*. Books I.-XII. The Text, and an English Version in Rhythmic Prose. By GEORGE HERBERT PALMER, Professor of

Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

in verse, or in that other form of language which Molière's hero had spoken all his life without being aware of it. It was reserved for the present translator to hit upon a sort of rhythmic prose, constructed in loose iambs, which are sufficiently veiled to be unobtrusive, yet distinct enough to be effective; thus giving us, just as Homer supplies it, narrative and poetry in one. This mode of rendering was first tested in public readings at Harvard College, and most successfully; the exercises took place in the evening and were wholly voluntary, yet the attendance was large and the enthusiasm great. The general testimony was, both among the undergraduates and on the part of the general public, that they felt for the first time the real charm of Homer, when Mr. Palmer, seemingly in the most off-hand and colloquial manner, gave this fresh version of the immortal song.

Whether the result thus achieved has gained or lost by the printing may be seriously questioned. Mr. Palmer himself says, in his ample and admirable preface, "I cannot expect that methods originally fitted to the ear will be equally well-suited to the eye" (page xiii.). It is possible, as he further suggests, that many who enjoyed the reading may have failed to recognize the covert rhythm, although they felt its influence. The careful scholarship of the book is best tested by the eye, no doubt; but the eye is more critical than the ear as to this new experiment in prose metres. Take, for instance, the two lines describing the grief of Penelope.

Τόσσα μιν ὀρμαίνουσιν ἐπὶ λυθε νήδυμος ὕπνος.
εἶδε δ' ἀνακλινθεῖσα, λυθεν δέ οἱ ἄψα πάντα.

(IV. 793-4.)

Mr. Palmer renders this, the marks of supposed quantity being our own: "Tō hēr in sūch ānxiēty swēet slūmber cāme ānd lȳing bāck shē slēpt ānd ēvery jōint rēlāxed." Here the alternate short and long syllables evidently require a little forcing from the voice, but with that aid

the hearer would not criticise, though the reader might. Again, the close following of the Greek arrangement of words, as attempted by Mr. Palmer, leads to a frequent inversion, which was charming when given as colloquial, but seems sometimes constrained in print. Once more, the demand of the rhythm leads occasionally to the insertion of undue particles in English, or to a slight stretching of the Greek particles; and this is more readily recognized by eye than by ear. Sometimes Mr. Palmer vibrates too visibly between a statelier and a more familiar vocabulary, according to the same rhythmic necessities. We can perfectly understand, therefore, in view of all these considerations that some of the more technical Grecians at Harvard College should have questioned these performances, as they would perhaps have questioned Homer's own, had they heard them; yet, after all, their loss is the world's gain; the rhythmic version gives a sense of wholly new enjoyment, and the result is, that Mr. Palmer has, to our thinking, come nearer the soul and spirit of the *Odyssey* than any translator before him. Whether his method would apply as well to the sterner strain of the *Iliad* may well be doubted; but he must be judged by what he attempts.

The story of *Odysseus* takes us back in many respects to the childhood of the world; but instead of finding there only grossness and rudeness, we see rather a dignified propriety of moral standard, a fine courtesy of manners, and a respectful and even refined treatment of women. Nothing can be more marked in this respect than the picture of the domestic attitude of Helen, as already mentioned; she moves among her household still a queen, and the recognized equal of her husband within the domain of home. The same is the case with the princess *Nausikaä*, the white-armed, *Ναυσικάα λευκώλενον*, who, although she goes with her maidens to the riverside

to wash clothes, yet rides in her father's best carriage, and plays ball, possibly lawn-tennis, when the work is done. The book is full of delicate touches of home life and high-bred courtesy, joined, it must be owned, with very hard hitting when the fight comes on. Homer is in truth as simple and straightforward in his blood-letting as in his love-making or his hospitality; and the tortures inflicted by the red Indians are hardly worse than the manner in which Ulysses and his son Telemachus handle the offending suitors and erring maidens when the wanderer comes back to his own. Mr. Palmer's version discreetly stops short before this carnival of vengeance, for he gives us only the first twelve books.

There is nothing finer, either in the original or in the translation, than when, at the beginning of the eleventh book, Odysseus visits the realm of the dead. Hardly less powerful than Dante's vision, it is less grim; and it makes Virgil's similar adventures seem remote and merely literary. "Then gathered there spirits from out of Erebus of those now dead and gone,—brides, and unwedded youths, and worn old men, delicate maids with hearts but new to sorrow, and many pierced with brazen spears, men slain in fight, wearing their blood-stained armor. In crowds around the pit they flocked from every side, with awful wail." (XI. 36-40.) Then follows a vision of fair women like Tennyson's; and at last comes the king of men. "When then chaste Persephonê had scattered here and there those spirits of tender women, there came the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing. Around thronged other spirits of such as by his side had died at the house of Aigisthos, and there had met their doom. He knew me as soon as he had tasted the dark blood; and then he wailed aloud and let the big tears fall, and stretched his hands forth eagerly to grasp me. But no, there

was no strength or vigor left, such as was once within his supple limbs. I wept to see, and pitied him from my heart." (XI. 386-95.) This is one of the few passages in the *Odyssey* where Homer gives us a softened, or, as we might say, a modern strain; and we may indeed feel that the whole twelve books here translated do not together equal in depth of tenderness the two untranslated Greek hexameters in which Mr. Palmer inscribes the work to the memory of his own wife. After all, something has been gained since the days of the glory that was Greece.

It is hardly to be expected that a rhythmical translation, even in prose, should be as literal as one free from all such effort; yet after the comparison of many pages with the original, we should say that, even in the precision of single phrases, Palmer surpasses the translation of Butcher and Lang, his only real competitors. When, for instance, in the opening lines he renders *ἐταίρων* by "his men," it is more literal as well as more vigorous than the phrase "his company," twice used by Butcher and Lang. For the Greek word is plural, not a mere noun of multitude, and it is closely followed by a plural pronoun referring to the same party; and though it might be claimed that it carries a meaning of comradeship which is better represented by the word "company," yet the constant use in army and navy of "his men" or "my men," in the sense of subordinate companions, renders that word equally applicable as well as more terse. Again, in the early lines, the Homeric phrase *νύμφη πότνι* (I. 14) is rather inadequately rendered by "lady-nymph," in Butcher and Lang, while the statelier phrase "potent nymph" of Palmer is more satisfying. In the same line Kalypto is also called *διὰ θεάων*, and this the English translators render lightly as "fair goddess," while Palmer's "heavenly goddess" is surely better. This suggests a rather amusing

discrepancy between the two versions, in a later passage. Where Odysseus describes, with his usual grave dignity, an intrigue between the god Neptune and the mortal maiden Tyro, the English translators describe her as "lady" when the god is wooing her, but make him address her curtly as "Woman!" when he leaves her; while Palmer precisely reverses this arrangement, making her a "woman" when she is sought, but "Lady!" when the successful lover makes his parting address. The Homeric word is in both cases the same, *γυναικα* (XI. 244), *γύναι* (XI. 248); and it involves the delicate question whether a woman is entitled to more or to less courtesy after she is won. Mr. James or Mr. R. G. White might easily devise an "international episode" from this probably accidental divergence of the English and American translators. These authorities might also charge it as an undue cis-Atlantic familiarity, when Nausikaä appeals to her kingly father as "Papa dear;" but when we consider that the original phrase is *Πάππα φίλ'* (VI. 57), the equivalent English is unmistakable; and when we observe that the young princess was standing very

near her father, *μάλ' ἄγχι σῆσσε*, and possibly, though Homer does not mention it, had her hand on his shoulder, — we should no more wish to miss this touch of familiarity than the fact that she asked for "the high wagon with good wheels" (*ὑψηλὴν εὐκυκλον*) to transport herself and her attendants.

We do not propose, however, to discuss the comparative details of translation, where both competitors are so excellent. Mr. Palmer's *Odyssey* must stand or fall by the success of his rhythmic experiment, and the more poetic flavor that he has tried — successfully, as we think — to secure. If this success is less than when tested by the ear only, it is still very great, and we hear with much regret that the work is not to be completed. He has attained what Newman vainly attempted by his ballad-metre version of the *Iliad*; he has restored to us Homer the bard; and his strains are as fascinating as if "sung but by some blind crowder," — the phrase used by Sir Philip Sidney in speaking of Chevy Chase, — or as if we sat listening to the harp beside some cottage door in Scio's rocky isle.

THE LIFE OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

HERE is a book¹ which has the charm of autobiography, and a fascination of its own besides, to which the most ingenuous confessions of a life can hardly offer a parallel. When a man tells his own story, we never can be sure that he tells it quite right, and we can almost always be sure that he does not reveal the whole of his heart. However frank and truthful he may be, however little he may dread unsympathetic scrutiny,

there is a great deal of his character which he does not himself know. Bayard Taylor was one of the most open-hearted, sincere, and straightforward of men; he was as clear as a mountain brook; the lines of his character were beautifully simple and distinct, — but the last man in the world to describe him as he was would have been Bayard Taylor. It is fortunate for us that the delightful records of his inner life, pre-

¹ *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.* Edited by MARIE HANSEN-TAYLOR and HORACE E.

SCUDDER. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

served in his journals and letters, have been completed and illustrated by the companion who knew him best, who loved him best, and who appreciated most justly his rare union of masculine boldness and exuberance with feminine sensibility and reserve. The work has been done not only with affection, but with judgment and good taste. The result is a finished and accurate picture of a most attractive subject.

The hero of John Godfrey's Fortunes is made to say, "I belong to that small class of men whose natures are not developed by a steady, gradual process of growth, but advance by sudden and seemingly arbitrary bounds, divided by intervals during which their faculties remain almost stationary;" and this has been interpreted as Taylor's judgment of himself. His mind did expand quickly under the influence of external associations, but it seems to us that there never was a time when his powers were not enlarging faster than his opportunities. His early circumstances were singularly unfavorable, not only to the growth of the poetical spirit, but to any form of literary activity. The community in which his home was placed, and toward which the warm impulses of his heart were always directed, was a little society of Quaker farmers, who clung to their narrow beliefs and prejudices with a bigotry nearly akin to tyrannical fanaticism, and looked upon verses as vanity and the aspiration for a larger life than theirs as a sin. The rigorous restrictions of village opinion would not have troubled Bayard much if his affections had not been so strong; he broke through them when he forsook the farm, when he made his first adventurous journey abroad, when he entered the trade of authorship, when he left Pennsylvania for a more stirring career in New York; but the effort always cost him pain. It was not opportunity tempting him, but a sturdy intellectual growth bursting the trammels of circum-

stance. The book by which he first made a name, *Views Afoot*, was probably of all his writings the one he valued least; but it has a special interest to us as a remarkable example of the "self-dependence" which he set himself to cultivate as a precious element of character. It is curious to note that no special literary influence controlled his early powers. He speaks in one of his boyish letters of "Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell (all Americans, you know)" with an equal fervor; and at the age of seventeen he made a rapturous excursion into the pages of Tennyson; but none of these poets can be said to have formed him. Afterward he became a delighted student of Shelley; but by this time his development had taken its own course. The literary society into which he was first thrown was pleasant to an ardent and cheerful young man, yet it could hardly be called stimulating. Rufus W. Griswold was the great critic of that coterie; N. P. Willis, Charles Fenno Hoffman, "Major Jack Downing," Mrs. E. F. Ellet, were among the favorite authors; *The Home Journal*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and *Graham's Magazine* were dread arbiters of opinion. "What a constellation!" exclaims Taylor, after penning a catalogue of the company at a literary assembly to which he has been invited, soon after his arrival in New York. Griswold, Willis, and Hoffman were good friends to him, and he never forgot them; but he soon soared beyond them. Longfellow gave him immediate sympathy and recognition. Lowell, Irving, and Bryant admitted him to their friendship; and he formed an intimate and congenial companionship, broken only by death, with two poets of nearly his own age, who belonged to a stronger race than the dilettante school then verging toward its decline, — we mean R. H. Stoddard and George H. Boker. To these a little later was added Edmund C. Stedman,

whose fine spirit was much like Bayard's own.

The truth is, Taylor was born a poet, and the faculty was too strong in him to be repressed or wasted. In his early letters, long before there is any attempt at literary form, or any mark of the influence of particular books, the indications of original poetical feeling are unmistakable. He looked on the flowers and the trees, the mountains, the storm, the painted sky, the swelling buds, the blue midsummer haze, with the poet's eye, and, as the biography well says, "with a latent passion for the exuberance of a warmer clime. There was an Orientalism in nature which he early discovered, even before he was brought into familiar knowledge of the actual East. Thus he used to greet the first dandelion of the year with delight; it was to him a symbol of the ascendancy of the sun; and in the early fall he welcomed the pale pink flower of the centaury plant, and its spicy odor, with its faint suggestion of the East."

It happened that while these poetic impressions were in their first force, a romance entered into his life which is told here with idyllic grace. Mary Agnew, the beautiful Quaker girl whom he loved with inexpressible tenderness and devotion almost from boyhood, and married on her deathbed, just as he was beginning to win the success which he had valued chiefly for her sake, had a happy influence on his genius. "She was not so much the inspiration of special poems addressed to her," says the biography, "as she was the guiding star to Bayard Taylor's passion and thought. It was no mere poetic commonplace which made his early verses insensibly turn to her, however their movement may have been first directed; and the plans which he laid for the course of his life all had immediate reference to Mary. The ambition which he possessed in no slight degree to make himself a name and place in lit-

erature was kindled by the thought of sharing his reputation with her, and the tumultuous discharge of his hopes and fears through the pages of his diary is witness to the ardor with which he mingles the happiness of the home for which he labored with the aspiration for enduring expression of his poetic genius." She seems to have been in every way worthy of the pure and fervent love which she inspired, — a gentle and spiritual being, absorbed in Bayard, and touching with exact sympathy whatever was noblest in his nature. Her letters are full of a simplicity, refinement, and wholesomeness of sentiment which give elegance to their unpremeditated style; and the quaint Quaker phraseology (which Bayard also used in writing to her) adds to the effect a certain old-fashioned composure and serenity. Clear, calm, candid, glowing, freighted with hope, trust, and patience, and mingling the whispers of love with the suggestions of the muse, the correspondence is itself a poem. After reading it, no one will be surprised that Taylor's early writings were distinguished by a sincerity and dignity of feeling which are the usual fruits of maturer years. Nor shall we wonder that amid the distractions to which his mind was soon exposed — the drudgery of a country newspaper office, and the still more disturbing labors of New York journalism — he was able to preserve the poetic faculty unimpaired. "To-night," he writes to a friend, "I have thanked God for one thing, and shall do so all nights henceforth, — the knowledge that I have not smothered the poetic feeling, not even weakened a spiritual nerve, by this life of toil, this perpetual struggle with the Little and the Earthly. It is purer and brighter, and I know that I can keep it so. Is it not a divine joy?"

The post to which Horace Greeley appointed him on *The Tribune*, in 1848, united employments which a leading metropolitan journal would now divide

among four or five industrious men. For the salary, which seemed munificent then, of twelve dollars a week, Taylor was sub-editor, foreign editor, leader writer, critic, man-of-all-work, and reporter. He throws down the pen with which he has been reviewing a new book or discussing the latest European complication, and rushes to Astor Place to describe the Macready riots, or to the wreck on Fire Island where Margaret Fuller has been drowned, or to some distant political gathering where a speech is to be taken for his paper. But with these multifarious employments he found opportunity for intellectual refreshment. "I reached Boston on Sunday morning," he writes to Mary Agnew, "galloped out to Cambridge, and spent the evening with Lowell; went on Monday to the pine woods of Abington to report Webster's speech, and dispatched it to The Tribune; got up early on Tuesday and galloped to Brookline to see Colonel Perkins; then off in the cars to Amesbury, and rambled over the Merrimac hills with Whittier; then Wednesday morning to Lynn, where I stopped a while at Helen Irving's; back in the afternoon to Cambridge, where I smoked a cigar with Lowell, and then stayed all night at Longfellow's; Thursday morning to Boston, where I visited some twenty places and people, and came away in the afternoon to Fall River; took the steamboat, saw Newport under a flood of crystal moonlight, walked the deck, looking over the glittering Sound, wishing for thee; at sunrise looked into the whirlpools of Hell Gate; and now I am back at my post, full of health, spirits, strength, happiness, and poetic inspiration. I am now ready for another six-months' siege, and my heart is filled with kindly recollections of kind friends." He led in fact a double life, not only at this time, but until the end of his career. He consecrated his happiest hours to love, friendship, and poetry; he gave a no less earnest and hearty de-

votion to prosaic duty, which, irksome as it certainly was to him, he accepted cheerfully as the servant of his sweeter aspirations. Hence it was that during his long and intimate connection with The Tribune he proved one of the most valuable and versatile of contributors, ready for any service, however exacting or unfamiliar, and accomplishing every task with a thoroughness, promptness, elegance, and fine workmanlike finish which left only one comment possible among his associates, — that "nobody could have done that job like Bayard." His ambition was sustained by the thought of earning a home for Mary, and leisure for his muse. Later, when time had healed the wound of Mary's loss, new and still happier ties gave him fresh incentives to exertion. But apart from these extraneous influences, Taylor was kept at a high level of effort by a sensitive conscience. He had a keen sense of the dignity of the literary calling; slovenly writing seemed to him profanation; to be ignorant of his subject was in his eyes to be insincere. The routine work of daily journalism, the letters of travel (first written for his paper), the essays, criticisms, magazine articles, miscellaneous labors for the publishers, and finally the lectures, were all part of his duty as a man of letters; and however the world regarded them, he at least must treat them with the respect due to his profession.

The persistence of his poetic facility in the midst of police reports and political speeches is less remarkable when we bear in mind the fervid, proud, and truthful spirit in which he performed his "struggle with the Little and the Earthly." Labor which is inspired by love and ambition, and dignified by sincerity and self-respect, cannot but strengthen the soul and the imagination. It was in the midst of his most prosaic duties at The Tribune office that Taylor wrote his fine Ode to Shelley, and penned the stirring Californian Ballads,

which indicate something like poetical clairvoyance, for they were made before he had seen the romantic and sturdy life they describe, and even before the discovery of gold had fixed public attention upon the Pacific coast. Hardly had the Ballads been published in a volume when the gold discovery followed. The travels which made such a conspicuous part of the achievement of his life were to a great extent, as we have already said, the fruit of his employment as a journalist, and the public has always held them distinct from his work as a poet; and yet, unaffected and direct as his books of travel are in expression, it is the latent poetical spirit in them, the clear vision, the sympathetic temper, the ingenuous and open mind, the pure and refined taste, which give them a lasting value. Except in two or three cases, moreover, it was an irresistible desire to place himself in communication with a larger intellectual life, and in closer association with poetic scenes and memories, that inspired his journeys; and all of them therefore had an important share in his poetical development. His early life was so simple and gentle, and his verse was so faithful an expression of his feeling, that he sang at first in a strain of almost artless directness. A healthy, vigorous, and courageous lad, stirred by high aspirations, buoyed by a hopeful and confident disposition, and blest with a true love, what had he to do with the vague yearnings and complex emotions of passionate poetry? When sorrow came to him, it was not in his nature to show it to the world. But with knowledge of life and affairs to which he was introduced by his employment in journalism, with the literary associations to which his position in New York admitted him, and the exceptional experience of his travels, he was always gaining depth and subtlety of thought as well as fluency and richness of diction. There was a marked growth in his poetry, and he was fully

conscious of it; but his work always showed a balance and directness which indicated a thoroughly healthy organization.

He refers more than once in his correspondence to a change in his intellectual condition; during his European tour of 1856 and 1857 especially, a period in which he wrote a great deal of good prose but very little poetry, he spoke of undergoing "a mental and moral fermentation," which he believed would bring "wine instead of vinegar, new vitality, fresh force, and a sparkling effervescence of cheerfulness and courage." But it was somewhat later than this when he reached his full mental stature. The gain in solidity of purpose, breadth of vision, and calm mastery of thought was distinctly marked after the year 1862, when he began a brief but valuable service to his country as diplomatic representative in Russia at a critical epoch. Whether it was partly the patriotic exaltation of war time, rousing whatever was best and strongest in Taylor, as it did in the case of so many other men, or only the natural expansion of his mind, stimulated by experience and study, we shall not pause to inquire; but certainly the era which flamed with heroism marked a stage in the career of this poet and scholar. The change was much greater and much quicker than any of the earlier intellectual transitions of which we find repeated record in the biography. It seemed as if, in suddenly reaching his maturity of power, he gained a higher sense of the dignity of his calling, — though that was always high, — a deeper and more complete poetic absorption, and a serener satisfaction in the expression of his best thought, without reference to public appreciation. To this last period of his life belong all his loftiest effort and most perfectly artistic achievement. "I am only just now beginning to do genuine work," he wrote while he was busy with his trans-

lation of Faust; "the past has been but an apprenticeship, my *Lehrjahre*; and now comes (so God will) the *Meisterschaft*. But if not, no difference! My life is at least filled and brightened." "I have had enough of mere temporary popularity," he wrote again, "and am tired of it; but I have now begun to do the things that shall be permanent in literature, and have not only the strength to undertake and carry them out, but they have also become necessary to me, a source of happiness as well as a means of success." "I know that I am doing better things now than ever before," he confessed to the painter McEntee; "I know also that my market value is not half what it was five years ago; yet I devoutly believe that I shall outlive many of the apparently brilliant successes which are now blazing around us. Nothing endures but genuine work: of that you may be sure. Now, my dear McEntee, I propose that we shall hold together in patience, bind each other's wounds, support each other's stumbling faith, and keep on doing our best. The joy and the reward is in the work itself, after all." There is something almost majestic in the tone of one of his letters to Stedman in 1874: "Mere grace of phrase, surface brilliancy, simulated fire, cannot endure: we must build of hewn blocks from the everlasting quarries, and then the fools who say, 'Oh, there is no color in that!' will die long before our work shall dream of decay. . . . The success of your volume of poems is an excellent sign, and delights me to the very heart. Your success means mine, and that of all honest poets. You may depend upon me: I will never flinch; my will is like adamant to endure until the end. I have large designs yet, and more real poetry in me than has hitherto come out of me. I see my way clear, recognize both capacities and limitations as never before, and bate no jot of heart or hope."

Taylor, as we have seen, took an hon-

est pride in doing thoroughly whatever literary work he undertook; and considering the mass and quality of his prose, it is not surprising that a careless public sometimes gave less prominence to his poetry than it deserved. Yet it was in verse that he not only reached his highest and most permanent achievement, but satisfied a lifelong passion. The poetical gift was dearer to him than anything else in the world, except family and friends, and is properly made the leading note of his biography. He did not care for praise of his prose; but it delighted him to be recognized as one of the immortal choir. "As for popular favor," he wrote to George H. Boker, "good God! what is there so humiliating as to be praised for the exhibition of poverty and privation, for parading those very struggles which I would gladly have hidden forever, when that which I feel and know to be true to my art is passed by unnoticed. For I am not insensible that nine tenths of my literary success (in a publishing view) springs from those very Views Afoot which I now blush to read. I am known to the public, not as a poet, the only title I covet, but as one who succeeded in seeing Europe with little money; and the chief merits accorded to me are not passion or imagination, but strong legs and economical habits. Now this is truly humiliating. It acts as a sting or spur, which touches my pride 'in the raw' whenever some true recognition sets me exulting." He was very happy in the reputation which poetry earned for him abroad. "Dresden is the literary city of Germany," he wrote to his mother from Berlin in 1856, "and I met with all the authors living there. I was delighted to find that they all knew me. When I called on the poet, Julius Hammer, he was at his desk, translating my poem of Steyermark. Gutzkow the dramatist, Auerbach the novelist, Dr. Andrée the geographer, and others whose names are known all over Europe,

welcomed me as a friend and brother author. We had a grand dinner together the day before I left. The Dresden papers spoke of me as a distinguished guest, and published translations of my poems. In fact, I think I am almost as well known in Germany as in the United States."

There is something characteristically candid in that confession, whose ingenuousness sets it on the pleasant borderline between native modesty and an innocent love of approbation. In the same spirit is his account of an interview with Tennyson, which we find in a letter to Boker: "I spent two days with him in June, and you take my word for it, he is a noble fellow, every inch of him. He is as tall as I am, with a head which Read capitally calls that of a dilapidated Jove, long black hair, splendid dark eyes, and a full mustache and beard. The portraits don't look a bit like him; they are handsomer, perhaps, but haven't half the splendid character of his face. We smoked many a pipe together, and talked of poetry, religion, politics, and geology. I thought he seemed gratified with his American fame; he certainly did not say an unkind word about us. He had read my Oriental poems, and liked them. He spoke particularly of their richness of imagery and conscientious finish. I need not tell you that his verdict is a valuable one to me. Our intercourse was most cordial and unrestrained, and he asked me, at parting, to be sure and visit him every time I came to England."

Lingering over such charming confidences, we half persuade ourselves that the genial poet, robust and gentle, whom everybody loved, is still with us. Nothing in the work of Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Scudder will please the myriad friends of Bayard more than the art with which, by well-chosen citation, by quick illustrative phrase, by sympathetic and vivid touch, they have set before

us his winning and beautiful personality. "I have been reading Rousseau's Confessions," the poet wrote, "and am struck with certain similarities which my nature bears to his. He was a man, evidently, whose very life consisted in loving. Love was the breath of his being; and the older I grow, the more I find that the same thing is true with regard to myself. I have felt all the transports and the tendernesses of passion which he describes, the same feminine devotion to the beloved object, the same enthrallment of the imagination and the affections. But as I have much less genius than he, so I have more worldly wisdom; and my affections, though they tyrannize over me completely, rarely betray themselves to the observation of others."

"So, George, you have found out my weakness, have you?" he writes to Boker. "Well, since we have it in common, there is no use in trying to conceal or suppress it. I confess to a most profound and abiding tenderness of heart toward those I love, whether man or woman." He reveled in the successes of his friends. He was never tired of praising them. His attachments were as lasting as they were fervent. The first use he made of fortune, when he began to prosper, was to share it with his relatives; when his income fell off — like that of other literary men — at the outbreak of the war, he sold part of his interest in *The Tribune* to give a thousand dollars for the defense of the Union. James T. Fields, in describing the cordial welcome given the budding poet by Longfellow and others in Boston, just after the publication of *Views Afoot*, says, "No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him." To the end of his life he had the same faculty of fascination. He went to Africa in the time of his great sorrow after the death of his first wife, and there, as he told Boker, he gained peace, strength,

and patience "from nature, but more from man." "Such kindness of heart as everywhere overflows toward me, I know not why. I have tried to fathom this mystery, but cannot; I find no particular quality in myself, no peculiarity in my intercourse with others, which can account for it. Why rigid Mussulmen should pray that I might enter the Moslem paradise; why guides, camel-drivers, sailors, and the like should show me such fidelity; why beys and pashas, to whom I had no word of recommendation, should pay me most unusual courtesies, is quite beyond my comprehension." It was on this journey that he made the acquaintance of a German traveler, Mr. August Buefle, who conceived for him at once an ardent and remarkable attachment. "He has won my love," wrote this gentleman, "by his amiability, his excellent heart, his pure spirit, in a degree of which I did not believe myself capable." The intercourse thus begun ripened into a firm and fruitful friendship. The present Mrs. Taylor is Mrs. Buefle's niece. Thackeray, as anybody might have foretold, took an instant liking to Taylor; so did Irving; so did Longfellow. "From the first," said Taylor to James T. Fields, just before his last departure for Europe, "from the first, Longfellow has been to me the truest and most affectionate friend that ever man had. He is the dearest soul in the world, and my love for him is unbounded." When he left Commodore Perry's fleet, after the expedition to Japan which he accom-

panied in 1853, the sailors of the flagship sent a deputation to the captain and asked permission to man the rigging and give him three cheers. "It is the most grateful compliment I ever received," he wrote to his mother; "for it came from a body of three hundred men, none of whom knew me as an author but only as a man, and it was all genuine; there is no humbug in a sailor's heart. It has repaid me," he says of the same season of wandering, "by inspiring me with a warm sympathy with all kinds and classes of men, and I shall have, for some years to come, friends in the desert of Nubia, the mountains of Spain, and among the hardy seamen of our navy, who, I am sure, will remember me with kindly feeling." Dumb animals instinctively loved and trusted him. At Khartoum he numbered among his friends a chained leopard whom he taught to climb upon his shoulders, and a full-grown lioness, who used to lick his hand as he sat on her back, and playfully open and close her jaws around his leg. "The birds know me already," he wrote Stoddard from Cedarcroft, "and I have learned to imitate the partridge and the rain-dove, so that I can lure them to me." Yet we doubt whether anything indicates more surely the beautiful and lovable disposition of the man than the fact, that with all his strong convictions, his ardent impulses, his hatred of what is mean, and his sharp insight, there is not in this entire collection of letters a censorious nor an ill-natured word.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE name of Worth is a familiar household word within the latitudes of fashion in all civilized countries; why then do we hear so much less of his neighbor and coadjutor, Madame Virot? For many years the two have worked in unison, the masterpieces of the former being incomplete without a finishing touch from the latter, in the shape of one of her exquisite articles of head-gear. In Paris, at least, she is no less a celebrity than he.

Virot began her career as an assistant to the milliner Laure, who was long at the head of her craft in Europe. It was while in this position that she attracted the attention of her future husband, a person almost as deserving of notice as herself. Monsieur Virot was the son of a Parisian locksmith, but chose sculpture as his own profession. He and Carrier-Belleuse were fellow-students, and afterward worked together upon a bust of the Republic, — the first order that Carrier received from the French government of 1848, and which he owed to the influence of his brother-in-law M. Arago, who was then in the ministry. M. Virot, however, gave up the pursuit of art for that of bric-a-brac in its widest signification. This took place some years after his marriage. The fair assistant of Madame Laure accepted him on the condition that she should be allowed to continue her occupation of bonnet-making. She moved into a small lodging in one of the side-streets of Paris, and set up business for herself. The story runs that her fortune was made by the Empress Eugénie's espying a bonnet in Virot's which struck her unerring eye for "a good bit" of finery, and which she immediately purchased. At all events, the milliner's fame grew apace, owing to her extraordinary native taste

and skill; she exchanged her modest abode for an expensive one in the Rue de la Paix, the headquarters of elegant extravagance, close to Worth's establishment; and there, in an incredibly short time, she became a millionaire.

It is not only as an inventor of picturesque hats and killing capotes that Madame Virot is known in Paris; her knowledge of all that pertains to the Renaissance is deep and varied, and her artistic instinct in collecting antiquities and curiosities has long been recognized by the best judges of those subjects. In this pursuit she was seconded, or rather trained, by her husband, who when he abandoned sculpture gave himself up entirely to his vocation of a collector. He passed his life in the shops of second-hand dealers, and among old, historic edifices which were being demolished, comparing his observations with the opinions of the authorities in household art. His object was to offer his wife a home in the style of the eighteenth century, which should be genuine, accurate, and artistic, and he set himself to study the subject in detail. Meanwhile he was picking up, as luck happened to favor him, bronzes, chimney-pieces, doors, mirrors, carved wood-work, and even bits of furniture, china, glass, stuff, and ornaments of all kinds belonging to that epoch. So it may be said that the house was made for its contents, rather than that the contents were made for the house.

When M. Virot had collected sufficient material to furnish his hotel, he confided the erection of it to M. Charles Duval. This distinguished architect found great difficulty in satisfying his client; they spent months in visiting together the finest buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the palaces of Versailles and the Great and

Little Trianons, the Hôtel Lambert, — a jewel of taste in design and decoration, now the property of Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, husband of the Princess Marguerite d'Orleans, — in short, all the fine châteaux and mansions of that period in or out of Paris were laid under contribution to furnish models for the smallest details, even to cornices, window-sashes, and door-knobs. From the Palais Royale they copied the dormer-windows and the beautiful balustrade that surrounds the roof. Among other charming relics which M. Virot discovered were a ceiling painted by Coypel, representing Apollo and the Muses, and he employed it to adorn a boudoir in which the goddess Pompadour herself might have displayed her graces. Besides this, there were portraits, cabinet pictures, and painted wall-panels by the eighteenth century masters, a large and valuable collection of proof engravings from Lawrence, Baudouin, and Moreau, and rare clocks and tapestries of the same date. These are some of the treasures which M. Virot gathered together, and finally placed in a small hotel which he built at the corner of the Boulevard Malesherbes and the Boulevard de Courcelles, probably the most correct specimen of the style of Louis XVI. to be found in Paris. While he was engaged in his researches, in which the fine taste of his wife was his surest guide, she continued to fabricate those wonderful Gainsborough hats with long plumes, and the coquettish little bonnets so dear to the fair sex, which have made their way over two hemispheres, thus the united artistic intelligence, knowledge, and taste of the pair erected their monument, with the help of American dollars, English pounds sterling, German marks, Russian roubles, and a few French *louis d'or*.

But when the nest was finished, the bird disappeared; M. Virot died, and his house in the Boulevard Malesherbes was lately sold to M. Hottinguer the banker

for half a million francs, or \$100,000. The collections went to auction, and the proceeds of the first day's sale alone were \$30,000. These enormous sums represent the experience and taste of a man and woman who began life, he as a locksmith, she as a milliner's apprentice. Such results can hardly be found anywhere in the world except in Paris, where the native artistic feeling of the working-classes, cultivated by the encouragement of the government, produces an incontestable superiority in the fineness and delicacy of their handiwork. There are frequent exhibitions of the Fine Arts applied to Industry, collections of furniture, wall-paper, carpets, stuffs, and ornaments, classified and arranged with a sure eye to effect and strict chronological accuracy, which create an art-atmosphere for the Parisian "ouvrier," refining his taste, educating his talent, and often making of the simple artisan a real artist.

— Who ever heard Old Age, — old age, with its long and tender memory — speak slightly of the sorrows of childhood? This is reserved for pre-occupied and callous Middle Age to do. From the indifference which many grown people exhibit toward the griefs of the very young, it might be inferred that their own childhood had become an indistinct vision, or at least that it no longer possessed aught of interest for them. The little troubles of children? But all trouble is relative, and great and small, in this respect, are movable terms. Sorrow itself grows old; even the sacred vehemence of grief felt for the lately dead suffers a mellowing change as the years lapse. How do we know but that in another life the most considerable tribulations endured in this take rank with the "little troubles of children"?

If grief may be estimated negatively, by the lack within itself of remedial expedients, then a child's grief, contrary to the belief of many, fills no shallow

measure. It is true the child may soon be diverted and soothed, but his trouble, while it lasts, is unmingled. We in our dismal day are able to command what the child cannot, the consolations of philosophy; often, also, there is present an exalting consciousness of martyrdom, or we detect in the situation a dramatic element that gives a certain zest to our bitter cup. Consider a child's view of time: how long are the day and the night in his measurement of them; he has not yet learned that the old scythe-man takes the cockles and the tares, as well as the corn, in his swath. I very well remember my first dim perception of the fact that time is on the side of the griever. It was at the close of a day that for me had been filled with disappointment and heart-ache, and I gave myself to drown misery in tears; all attempts of friends to soothe my distress were fruitless; only one thing promised relief, and for that I cried with foolish sobbing iteration, "I want it to be to-morrow!" until I dropped asleep, and so took the cross-cut to my desire. After this, none of my childish griefs was quite so inconsolable, for in some vague way I reasoned that what to-morrow would cure could not to-day be past endurance. In the mere thought of to-morrow there is something counteractive, something that steals the fire from the present's feverish feeling, whether the feeling be of excessive joy or excessive sorrow. Why should I be averse to owning that I have always drawn largely from this exchequer of comfort? In any mob of chagrins and miseries, at least, I shall not be prevented from counting on the coolness and indifference that come with the morrow. Certain it is that

"The sunrise never failed us yet."

— Following the example of Horace (Ode xx., Book II.), a bard addresses his Mæcenas:—

"Oh, not on spent or feeble wing
Up through the liquid air I spring,

Leave earth, and malice blind,
And critics far behind.

"Superior I, — then do not fear
Such worth shall die, Mæcenas dear;
The Styx's dingy flow
I shall not undergo.

"Now bristling quills and plumes I feel
Upon my arms and shoulders steal;
Now, now, my wings I loose,
I soar, — a very goose."

— I have been thinking with some wonder and disappointment, growing out of a visit to Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere, of the limitations which beset even the most enthusiastic, when trying to sustain the thrill of great memories for any length of time. When I entered Dove Cottage a little more than a week ago, and saw the rooms in which Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Hartley Coleridge successively lived, and which with the garden adjoining remain substantially as De Quincey describes them in his *Recollections*, I was overwhelmed with feeling. Below is the little parlor, about sixteen by twelve; "very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving." Above, reached by the same little staircase where De Quincey first descried Mary and Dorothy Wordsworth, is the little library-sitting-tea-room; in one corner the place where stood Wordsworth's couple of hundred ragged, uncared-for books, the beams overhead only seven feet from the floor, and the little fire-grate still unchanged. Close by is the guest room, low, small, cosey, where Southey and Lamb and Coleridge and De Quincey have slept; opposite this is William and Mary Wordsworth's room, about ten by twelve, and near by is the tiny box where Dorothy nursed her high poetical spirit. The whole cottage, once, as you remember, a village inn bearing the name of the Dove and Olive Bough, is just such a nook as one would expect to find devoted to "plain living and high thinking," Wordsworth's own phrase coined

in that little parlor. One fine touch remains that I must not overlook. In the Wordsworths' sleeping-room is a plain deal shelf three or four feet from the floor, on which their wash-basin and pitcher used to stand; beneath, another shelf for their boots and shoes. These are so rude that the present occupants of the cottage have desired to remove them in favor of a "smart" toilet stand, a wish which the owner has with good sense steadily refused. Ten guineas were offered a few days ago for one of those boards, but were declined.

Just outside is the little garden, filled with shrubs which, as in Wordsworth's time, blossom in succession from spring to autumn. The two yew trees spoken of by De Quincey still stand near the gate, the "Rocky Well" mentioned by Wordsworth is unchanged, and many of the flowers propagate themselves from year to year, from seed originally planted by the poet's hand. It is really a fascinating spot. The great tourist throngs troop by, because the street side of Dove Cottage is squat, unadorned, and even repulsive, so many ordinary buildings having been erected of late years which quite extinguish it. But take the trouble to go to the true front, which is in fact on the back side, and it is the most fascinating and poetical gem of a cottage that I have ever seen. And it is to be seen; for unlike Rydal Mount, it is not sealed up against the world, but is quite freely open to all who desire to see the place to which Wordsworth brought his wife, and where he wrote what Sara Coleridge always considered his finest poems. Here for instance were composed his incomparable

"She was a phantom of delight,"
his lines beginning

"My heart looks up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,"
and ending with

"The child is father of the man,"
and

"I could wish my days to be,
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Here, too, was written what all agree is his greatest poem, *The Intimations of Immortality*.

Now when I first saw this place, as a true Wordsworthian I was filled with a holy awe, and forthwith was not content (since the house is occasionally open to lodgers) without securing rooms in it for a week. In this I have been successful; and for this week all the rooms which are to me most sacred are quite as free as if I owned them. But the wonder is that I do not find, with all the delight of this possession, with all the charm of reading and re-reading Wordsworth on this ground, that I am capable of living over what came to me at the first glance. And I learn the lesson, one which it is very good to learn, and very useful to impart, that travelers who under a similar high and venerating regard, wish to tarry and it may be to possess the places where they cherish this emotion would probably be disappointed as I have been. We cannot twice live over what we feel when for the first time a great and precious memory becomes a living thing, — at least I cannot, and I think I utter a universal experience.

— The late Professor Lanier, in an essay on *Moral Purpose in Art*, remarks concerning the common objection to Daniel Deronda as an intolerable prig, that "examination of what is precisely meant reveals that he is a person whose goodness is so downright, uncompromising, and radical that it makes the mass of us uncomfortable."

It seems to me that this comes near to hitting the true explanation of the fact, while yet it goes a little wide of the centre. I should hardly say of Deronda that it is his goodness, too straightforward to be overlooked, too downright to be denied, that makes him disagreeable to more easy-going mortals; I should rather say that his character in its whole conception is too ideal for comprehension by the average man and woman.

What is Deronda's attitude toward the other personages of the tale? He is not found assuming the office of Mentor to any one; Gwendolen Harleth, touched by some silent influence of his presence, appeals to him, throws herself upon him; he does not seek but only accepts the responsibility of leading and upholding her in her moral struggle. And if the case were the reverse, if it were Deronda who first approached Gwendolen with counsel and direction for the moral life, this alone would not put him beyond the pale of the general reader's understanding or sympathy. The mingled dislike and contempt which such reader feels for Deronda is all on account of that absurd scheme of his for devoting himself to the redemption of the Jews. It may or may not be that George Eliot had the condition of the Jewish race at heart, — it does not matter; neither does it matter, so far as her artistic purpose is concerned, whether or not we share Deronda's enthusiasm for his people, and approve of his projects for their elevation; it is enough that we recognize the pure unselfishness of his devotion, the nobility of a life dedicated to a large disinterested aim. But the consecration of a man's being to such lofty impersonal end inevitably removes him from the comprehension and the sympathy of the majority of his fellows. Witness Mazzini, compassionated, ridiculed, despised, by men unable to appreciate the intellectual greatness of his political ideas, or the moral greatness of his self-abnegating life. Professor Lanier observes that the "direct

moral teaching in Adam Bede is far more prominent than in Daniel Deronda, yet persons who lauded the former found the latter intolerable."

This is always the case; people will bear the direct enforcement of plain moral duties, but not the setting up of a standard of devotion to high, ideal aims. The champion who comes forward to overthrow some social wrong, which the moral sense of the people acknowledges to be an iniquity, though their indifference has allowed it to stand, will meet with approval, even applause, and in time, if he persist, with support. But let a man or a set of men attempt to erect a purer ideal of political action than at present is followed, to introduce into business relations and social intercourse a higher sense of honor and a truer conception of the ends of living, and where are those who will listen or tolerate for a moment such interference with the smooth running of the social wheels on the broad road? The ordinary man feels that it would be impossible for him to live such a life of strenuous devotion to pure ideals as is proposed to him; the best way for him to dispose of the question, and set himself at ease again, is to pronounce such ideals futile abstractions, such a mode of life impossible for human beings. We have heard of the unfortunate who exclaimed, "I said the world was mad, and the world said I was mad, — and alas! the world outvoted me." The world as yet outvotes the idealists; but labor on, brother; the world will come round one day to your side.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Lal, the heroine of Dr. W. A. Hammond's story (Appleton), is short for Lalla Rookh. The shortened name carries to the ears an impression which the book confirms. A more disagreeable book to one who loves art it would be hard to find. The veneer of philosophy which covers the cheap material out of which the book is constructed only makes the novel more objectionable. Every canon of good taste is violated, and one has not even a piece of rough humanity to fall back upon. The book is a piece of artistic falsehood. — The Fainalls of Tipton, by Virginia W. Johnson (Scribners), is a painfully elaborated work, with insufficient basis of story and character. It is a pity that so careful a writer should not see that her detail obstructs the story instead of carrying it on. — Among the Chosen (Holt) is an indistinct novel, which dimly hints at a community, vaguely outlines a few shadowy characters, confusedly suggests excellent sentiments, and in effect is written as if the author were trying to conceal the story. — Rutherford, by Edgar Fawcett (Funk & Wagnalls), is a novel in which Mr. Fawcett manipulates again the material which he has so frequently used. New York society, as an epitome of American life, young women who have high ideals, but are conquered by love as by something more valiant than they, young men who bring back more European mental clothes to America than the custom house allows, — all these are made to do service, and the result is scarcely more than a variation upon a familiar theme. We think we met this story years ago in periodical form. If so, it merely shows how long Mr. Fawcett has been doing pretty much the same thing. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Lancelot Ward, M. P., by George Temple, and Matrimony, by W. E. Norris.

Biography. Elizabeth Fry, by Mrs. E. R. Pitman, is the latest issue in the Famous Women Series. (Roberts.) The abundant materials for a sketch of Mrs. Fry have been used with discrimination, and the result is an agreeable book, which ought to stimulate workers to-day. — A little nearer home is a brief sketch of Richard A. Dugdale, under the title *The Work of a Social Teacher*, by Edward M. Shepard. (The Society for Political Education, New York.) Mr. Dugdale made his name widely known by his terrible work *The Jukes*, but his modesty and singleness of purpose needed to be set forth by some one else, and this little sketch gives only too faint a portraiture of a notable man. — *The Great Composers*, by Hezekiah Butterworth (Lothrop): a small volume, designed apparently for young readers, containing scrappy accounts of Mozart, Liszt, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others, so arranged as to give a somewhat chronological review of the progress of music. We wish Mr. Butterworth had not employed a sausage machine for many of his paragraphs.

Finance and Business. Comptroller John Jay Knox has prepared a serviceable volume on United States Notes, a History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government of the United States, with an appendix containing the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and the dissenting opinion upon the legal tender question. (Scribners.) The decision upon the legal tender question has put an ominous weapon into the hands of Congress, and the historical statement of the question is of great value to all students who wish to be forearmed. — *Geology and Mineral Resources of the James River Valley in Virginia*, by J. L. Campbell (Putnam's), is a straightforward statement of the material advantages of an interesting section, and it would be well if immigrants could always have at their command so well studied a survey of the country to which they look for settlement and fortune. — *Excessive Saving a Cause of Commercial Distress*; being a series of assaults upon accepted principles of political economy, by Uriel H. Crocker. (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston.) The frankness with which the author informs the reader of the rejection by various magazines and journals to which the several contents of this volume were once offered goes far to inspire confidence in his sincerity; nor does one need to read far to know that the author is thoroughly in earnest and convinced of the integrity of his position. — *The Labor-Value Fallacy*, by M. L. Scudder, Jr. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.): a vigorous attack upon Henry George's fundamental position. — *Property in Land* is another small work, called out by Mr. George, who, if not witty himself, is the cause of wit in others. It consists of a wordy duel between the Duke of Argyll and Henry George. The Duke heads his paper *The Prophet of San Francisco*; Mr. George heads his, *The Reduction to Iniquity*; and so they go at it, with the reader's general sympathy on Mr. George's side. — A paper on *Cable Railway Propulsion*, by W. W. Hanscom, has been published by the author at San Francisco. The paper has a value for its illustration of a practical experiment which has thus far found its most successful trial in San Francisco and Chicago.

Hygiene and Physic. What is to be Done, a Handbook for the Nursery, with useful Hints for Children and Adults, by R. B. Dixon, M. D. (Lee & Shepard), is one of those serviceable little emergency books which would seem to make life more secure. There was an enthusiastic man once who was a propagandist for a little squirt gun which would put out any fire if one used it early enough, and he maintained that steam fire-engines would be rendered unnecessary. Doctors will probably lose none of their practice by reason of these little books, but they will be spared the necessity of running three miles, and waking up all the neighborhood, when a kerosene lamp is knocked off the shelf. — Tokology. A book for

every woman. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. (Sanitary Publishing Company, Chicago.) A plain-spoken book, with the customary anathema of the corset. It is singular that that article should not long ago have given way under the severe bombardment of words to which it has been subjected. It will probably disappear with that offense to beauty, the stove-pipe hat. — Notes on the Opium Habit, by Asa P. Meylert, M. D. (Putnams.) For so small a book there is far too much sentiment and far too little sense. — The Principles of Ventilation and Heating, and their Practical Application, by John S. Billings (The Sanitary Engineer, New York). Dr. Billings has collected into this volume a series of papers addressed to a young architect. It deals with principles, but it illustrates them by a great variety of examples drawn both from private and from public buildings. — Number One and How to Take Care of Him is the captivating title of a series of popular talks on social and sanitary science, by Joseph J. Pope (Funk & Wagnalls), who delivers the now well-known sensible views on food, dress, play, and so forth, with a good deal of vigor. Again war to the corset.

Politics. The season naturally brings plenty of reading matter for the American citizen, and it is a little sign of the times that political literature takes a somewhat historical form. Here, for instance, are two books on the Democratic party, The History of Democracy considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization, by Jonathan Norcross (Putnams), and The Democratic Party, its Political History and Influence, by J. Harris Patton. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Norcross is an old Southern Whig, who draws a vehement indictment against the party down to the time of the rebellion. He aims to define legitimate democracy, and then to demonstrate that the party bearing the name is like the man who kept a tavern, but kept nothing in the tavern for hungry travelers. Mr. Patton writes in a somewhat more judicial frame of mind, but with substantially the same conclusion. The only measure, he finds, which was inaugurated by Democratic statesmen, and has remained the policy of the nation, is the sub-treasury system. — Cupples, Upham & Co. publish in pamphlet form The Winning Argument in the Legal Tender Case of 1884, being the argument by Thomas H. Talbot in the

case of *Jaillard v. Greenman*. — The Eastern Pioneer of Western Civilization and the Recognition her Efforts Receive, is the title of a pamphlet by C. S. Eby, who writes from Tokio, Japan. Mr. Eby is an English missionary who discusses the relation of Japan to England, and modestly ventures into the arena of international politics. He makes a respectful but cogent protest against the present attitude of England toward Japan. Perhaps his protest gains from its coolness of tone, but those interested should re-read in connection with it the indignant paper entitled, The Martyrdom of an Empire, published in the Atlantic for May, 1881.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. W. J. Rolfe has edited Tennyson's *The Princess*, and it has been brought out in the style, so familiar to students, of the same editor's Shakespeare, Gray, and Scott. (Osgood.) The book is illustrated with cuts already used in the fine edition published by the same house last Christmas, and one discovers how much paper has to do with the excellence of wood-cuts. It is interesting to find *The Princess* thus turned into a school classic and supplied with notes. Such a book will help on the good cause of careful study of English literature as art. It is further to be commended as the outgrowth of class-work, and as giving young students the opportunity of using a variorum edition. — A Practical Method for Learning Spanish in accordance with Ybarra's System of Teaching Modern Languages, by General Alejandro Ybarra. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is also quite as convenient for Spaniards who wish to learn English, and in either case it is the English of colloquial use which is taught. — In the Dime Series of Question Books (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) is one on Temperance, relating to Stimulants and Narcotics. It teaches very little, it assumes a great deal, and is generally of no use except in the hands of a teacher who knows more than the book. — Outlines of Psychology, with special reference to the theory of education, by James Sully. (Appleton.) The author contends that "mental science is capable of supplying those truths which are needed for an intelligent and reflective carrying out of educational work," and he has consequently had teachers in mind when writing his treatise, and has aimed to make frequent practical application of the result of his studies.